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**THE ILIAD OF HOMER**  
**Translated by Arthur Gardner Lewis**



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**THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER**

**TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE**

**BY  
ARTHUR GARDNER LEWIS**

*TWO VOLUMES IN ONE*

**NEW YORK  
THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY  
MCMXI**






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TO  
EUGENE C. COULTER, A.M.,  
HEAD MASTER OF THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF CHICAGO  
WHERE I FIRST LEARNED TO LOVE THE LANGUAGE OF  
ANCIENT GREECE;  
AND TO THE MEMORY OF TWO GREAT TEACHERS OF THE  
CLASSICS NOW NO MORE  
THOMAS W. GROVER,  
MASTER IN THE SAME SCHOOL,  
AND  
PROFESSOR MORRIS H. MORGAN  
OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY:  
THIS WORK IS  
GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
BY THEIR FORMER PUPIL  
THE TRANSLATOR





**THE ILIAD OF HOMER**  
**VOL. I**



## PREFACE

IN presenting to the public another version of the "Iliad" to compete for favorable notice with the many already existing, the translator concludes a task which has occupied the leisure time of more than twelve years. His aim has been to produce a rendition which should be smooth, harmonious, and pleasing to the ear, so far as consistent with an adequate and literal interpretation of the poet's meaning; observing also, so far as lay in his power, the rules of simplicity, rapidity, and dignity, laid down by Matthew Arnold as essential. The task of the translator, however seemingly easy, is not without its difficulties and perils. The wish to substitute for the plain words of the Greek writer one's own conception of what would impress the modern reader as more tasteful, more felicitous, is one which presents itself continually, owing to the change in standards of morality, humanity, and refinement, which over twenty-six centuries have brought with them. As a matter of fact, it is occasionally necessary, in consequence thereof, slightly to gloss over or modify the blunt language of the text; yet save where good taste absolutely demands the contrary, absolute literalness of rendition has been, in this version, consistently studied from first to last.

## *Preface*

To offer to the public another version of the "Iliad," may seem presumptuous to a degree; yet as truth is prismatic and multiform, so are the possible English versions of a foreign author innumerable. It is idle to expect any one rendition to be wholly adequate. The absolutely ideal translation of Homer will never be written; yet perhaps each new attempt may contribute a little new truth, a little added beauty, just a new felicitous touch here and there, which shall be characteristic and all its own; and it seems not unreasonable that more than one modern version should be attempted in blank verse,—the vehicle, as Bryant well points out, of some of the noblest and most exalted thought in our language. Lastly, considered as a mere amusement and relaxation for idle hours, the translator's task is so thoroughly delightful, that the satisfaction of trying what he can do with the most splendid of ancient poems should be denied to no one.

The present version is based on the text of Heinze, and the Homeric Dictionary of Dr. G. Autenreith, Keep's edition. Having adopted these standards, though pretending to no critical knowledge as to their intrinsic superiority, the translator has, save where the text or definition seemed absolutely repugnant to good sense, steadfastly adhered to them. Of course, lexicographers as well as "doctors disagree" in innumerable places throughout the poem, and no attempt whatever has

## *Preface*

been made to note or reconcile the points of divergence between high authorities.

Of the noble version of Mr. Bryant, the present translator has made free use as a guide and standard of comparison; and he has nothing to add to the admirable preface of that great writer, saving that his use of the Romanized names of the gods appears to lend a false air of Latinity to the Greek conceptions. Employment has also been made of the prose version of Theodore Alois Buckley, which has the merit of profound scholarship and critical analysis of disputed passages; also, to some extent, of Keep's *Iliad*, Books I-VI, and the notes therein.

ARTHUR G. LEWIS.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 1, 1910.





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## BOOK I

### THE PESTILENCE. THE WRATH OF ACHILLES

The cause of the Wrath of Achilles narrated. Chryses, a priest of Apollo, visits the Greek camp to ransom his daughter Chryseïs, held captive by Agamemnon, the Greek king, to whom she has been assigned as a prize of war. The other Greeks are willing to accede to his request, but Agamemnon dismisses him with insult, refusing the ransom. Chryses invokes Apollo to avenge his wrongs upon the Greeks, and the god, in answer, showers his arrows upon their camp, causing a pestilence to devastate their army. A council of war being called on the tenth day of its raging, Achilles proposes that the soothsayer, Calchas, reveal the cause of the divine anger. Calchas, after appealing to Achilles, the mightiest chief of Greece, for protection, which is promised, discloses as the cause the sin of Agamemnon, requiring of him as a condition of the cessation of the pestilence the restoration of Chryseïs to her father. Agamemnon angrily consents on condition that he receive in her stead an equivalent prize: this Achilles opposes as impracticable, and a violent altercation takes place between the heroes, Achilles accusing the king of cowardice and greed. Agamemnon then threatens that he will appropriate Achilles' own trophy, the maiden Briseïs. Achilles' anger is appeased by Athena and by Nestor's words of advice; he permits the king's envoys to take Briseïs from his tent, but himself withdraws from all further



## *The Iliad*

participation in the war. An embassy led by Odysseus sails to Chrysa to restore the priest's daughter to her father, at whose prayer the pestilence is stayed. Achilles invokes the aid of his mother in his distress, begging her to call on Zeus, to whom she once has rendered signal service, to avenge her son; this she undertakes to do, and, ascending Olympus, presents to the Father of Gods her petition. Zeus, though reluctantly—on account of the certain displeasure of his consort Hera, a partisan of the Greeks,—accedes to Thetis' request, confirming his promise with the assuring nod. When the gods are assembled, Hera upbraids Zeus for his promise to Thetis, and for not sharing with her his secret plans; and Zeus, stung to anger, threatens her with violence. Hephæstus interposes in his mother's behalf, and the gods, restored to good humor, banquet and retire to rest.

## BOOK I

SING thou the Wrath, O Muse! the baleful  
wrath  
Of Peleus' son, Achilles; wrath which heaped  
Unnumbered woes upon Achæa's band.  
And hurled to Hades countless mighty souls  
Of heroes, and their bodies gave for spoil  
To dogs and birds of prey, that the design  
Of Zeus might be fulfilled thus. These things all  
Found origin that day when parted first  
In jealous bick'ring Agamemnon, lord  
Of warriors, and Achilles the divine.

Who was it then among the gods who brought  
These two to discord and to feud? The son  
Of Zeus and Leto. He, conceiving ire  
Against the monarch, caused a fearful plague  
To rage throughout the army, and the men  
Were falling fast. For Atreus' son had giv'n  
Affront to Chryses,— to that priest who came  
To the swift barks of Greece to free his child,  
Bringing a boundless ransom. In his hand  
Bore he the fillets of the archer-god  
Apollo, on a staff of gold entwined;  
Imploring all the Greeks, especially  
The twain Atridæ, marshals of the throng:

“Ye sons, of Atreus,— all ye greavèd train,

Come from Achæa, I entreat the host  
Throned on Olympus, that your lot may be  
To spoil great Priam's city, and return  
To your own homes, well prospered. Yet restore  
Me now the daughter whom I love, and take  
The proffered ransom; reverencing thus  
Apollo the far-darting, Zeus's son."

Then, with approval, all the other Greeks  
Urged that the priest be honored,— his rich store  
Received; but Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
The thing pleased not. He sent the suppliant thence  
With words of insult, and upon him laid  
Thus his stern mandate: "Let me nevermore  
Find thee, old man, beside our wide-hulled barks;  
Now ling'ring here, nor daring to return!  
Else staff and fillet of the archer-king  
May naught avail thee. For that maid of thine,  
I will not free her. Sooner shall old age  
Come o'er her there in Argos, in my halls,  
Far from her country, as she plies the loom  
And decks my marriage-couch with busy tread.  
Begone, then, and provoke me not to wrath,  
If thou wouldst find thy way unscathed from here."

He spake; the old man trembled and obeyed,  
And sorrowful roved on along the strand  
Of countless-echoed ocean. As he passed,  
Thus he invoked with many an earnest prayer  
Lordly Apollo, fair-haired Leto's child:

"Hear, Archer silver-bowed! defender thou  
Of Chrysa and of Cilla's hallowed walls,

Holding o'er Tenedos thy kingly sway!  
If ever I have roofed a shrine to thee  
That pleased thee well, O Smintheus! if I e'er  
Consumed upon thine altars the fat thighs  
Of goats or bullocks, now vouchsafe to me  
This boon I crave: that, smitten by thy darts,  
The Argive host may expiate these tears."

Thus prayed he; and Apollo heard his prayer.  
Down from the heights Olympian, full of rage,  
The Archer hastened; and his shoulders bore  
The bow and covered quiver; and the shafts  
Upon the shoulders of the angry king  
Rang, as he moved. Like night he came; afar  
From the Greek barks he sate him down, and sped  
An arrow; from the silver bow was heard,  
Dread to the ear, a twang. He first assailed  
The mules and nimble dogs; but soon he winged  
His keen shaft 'gainst the men; thick-crowded  
gleamed

The funeral pyres enkindled for the slain.

Nine fatal days the missiles of the god  
Had sped among the army; the tenth day  
Achilles summoned to a council-throng  
His warriors; Hera, the white-armed, inspired  
The chief to do so, sorrowing for the host,  
Thus to behold them perish. When the Greeks  
Were fully gathered, swift Achilles rose  
First 'mong the people and in these words spake:

"O sons of Atreus, now must we, I ween,  
Return all thwarted, even if we find



Escape from death, since pestilence and strife  
Unite to crush the Argives. Let us ask  
One of the soothsay'rs, or consult some priest  
Or dream-expounder — ay, for visions too  
Are sent by Zeus — that he may tell us why  
Phœbus the mighty hath conceived such ire  
Against us: — if he blame us for neglect  
Of vow, for hecatomb withheld; and see  
If haply, greeted by the savory smell  
Of lambs, or goats unblemished, he may deign  
To rescue from destruction this our host."

He spake, and took his seat. Then next stood  
forth

The son of Thestor, Calchas, greatest far  
Of all the augurs; he who knew all things  
Present and past and future. He it was  
Who, aided by that gift of prophecy  
Bestowed by Phœbus, brought to Ilium's strand  
Th' Achæan squadron. Wisely thus he spake:

"Achilles, loved of Zeus, 'tis thy command  
That I should tell you what hath caused the rage  
Of Phœbus, of the great Far-Archer. So  
Will I proclaim it; but do thou take heed  
And swear to me now, willingly to lend  
Thy word and hand to shield me; for I trow  
That what I say must stir to wrath a chief  
Who rules with might o'er all the Argives: — him  
Who holds th' Achæans subject to his sway.  
A monarch proves the stronger, when his ire  
Is kindled 'gainst a man of low degree;

Though he digest his anger for the space  
Of that same day, his thirst for vengeance bides  
Still in his breast till slaked. Consider then  
If thou wilt undertake to champion me."

Achilles, swift of foot, thus answ'ring spake:  
"Tell fearlessly the heav'nly word that dwells  
Within thy thoughts; for here I swear to thee,  
Calchas, by Phœbus,—him to whom thy prayers  
Are uttered, when to our Achæans here  
Thou dost disclose thine auguries — that while  
I live, and while I still behold the light  
Upon the earth, no man of all the Greeks  
Shall lay upon thee by our hollow barks  
A hand to harm thee, though the name thou name  
Be that of Agamemnon, him who claims  
Such proud preëminence 'mong all our host."

Then spake the noble augur, taking heart:  
"No vow is it, nor hecatomb, for which  
He blames you: 'tis that Atreus' scion gave  
Affront to Phœbus' priest, and would not free  
His child, refusing all his gifts. For this  
The god who speeds his shafts afar hath brought  
These woes upon you,—yea, and still will bring,  
And never from your host will thrust aside  
The loathsome pestilence, until ye yield  
The quick-eyed maid again to her fond sire,  
Unbought, unransomed, and to Chrysa bring  
A hallowed hecatomb; for only then  
Could Phœbus be appeased and reconciled."

He spake, and took his seat. Then following rose

Wide-ruling Agamemnon, hero-son  
Of Atreus, full of grief; his darkened soul  
Brimmed o'er with anger, and glowed forth his eyes  
Like burning flame. With threat'ning mien he  
turned

First upon Calchas, and in these words spake:

“Ill-boding prophet! no good word hast thou  
Yet ever uttered to me. Aye thy heart  
Delights in auguring disaster, while  
Good fortune thou hast never prophesied  
Nor brought to pass. Thy divination now  
Proclaims before the Greeks, forsooth, that this  
Hath led the Archer-god to send these ills  
Upon th' Achæans — this, that I refused  
To liberate for ransom Chryses' child,  
E'en for rich gifts. Far rather would I keep  
The maid with me; for I prefer her e'en  
To Clytemnestra,— her, my wedded wife:  
Since nowise is this damsel worse than she,  
In form, in face, in mind, in skillful lore.  
Yet if 'tis best, I none the less consent  
To render up the maid; for 'tis my will  
The people should be saved, and not be lost.  
Yet do ye straightway — since 'tis e'en disgrace  
That I alone among our Argive band  
Should unrewarded go — prepare for me  
Some fitting gift; for ye do all behold  
How mine allotted prize escapes my hands.”

Then answered thus Achilles, swift of foot:  
“O son of Atreus, thou of all mankind

Most glorious and most greedy, how, I pray,  
Shall the great-souled Achæans grant to thee  
The gift thou askest? Nowhere we behold  
Such things as these laid by as common store;  
Nay, all the spoil of pillaged towns has now  
Been parceled out amongst us. It would ill  
Become our host to gather up once more  
This once-divided treasure. Prithee yield  
Thy damsel for the nonce to Phœbus; then  
Threefold, yea, fourfold shall the Argive host  
Requite thy loss, if Zeus shall grant to us  
Well-guarded Ilium's city for our spoil."

The monarch Agamemnon thus replied:  
"Godlike Achilles, though indeed thou be  
A mighty hero, think not thus to hide  
The thoughts within thy heart; for thou shalt not  
Elude me, nor persuade me. Then wouldst thou  
Enjoy, forsooth, thine own prize undisturbed,  
Whilst, shorn of honors, I sit idly here?  
Thou bid'st me free the maiden:— if the Greeks,  
Mighty of soul, shall duly honor me  
With some meet gift adapted to my mood,  
That I may have th' equivalent — be it so;  
But if they grant it not, myself will I  
Seize upon Ajax' guerdon or on thine,  
Or else Odysseus'— he to whom I come  
May well be wroth, I trow. But this may be  
Later considered. Quickly let us draw  
Down to the dusky deep a hollow bark,  
Gath'ring on board such oarsmen as we need,

And place within a hecatomb, beside  
The rosy-cheeked Chryseïs. Let there come  
Some man, some counsel-bearer, who shall be  
Leader on board; Idomeneus, perchance,  
Or Ajax, or Odysseus, godlike chief,  
Or thou, O son of Peleus,— of all men  
Most dread,— by sacrificial rites to win  
The great Far-Worker's favor for our host."

Then swift Achilles, with a darkling mien,  
Thus answered him: "Ah, man of greed and guile,  
And clothed in shamelessness! Can any one  
Among th' Achæans yield obedience, save  
With grudging spirit, unto thy behests,  
When that thou bid'st them journey, or contend  
Stoutly 'gainst foes? No cause of war I had  
With the spear-bearing Trojans brought me here.  
The quarrel with them is not mine. They ne'er  
Have driv'n my herds of cattle from my lands,  
Nor yet my steeds, nor in rich Phthia, where  
Heroes are nurtured, have they ever laid  
My grain-fields waste. Full many a league, I trow,  
Of shadowy steep and sounding ocean lies  
Dividing us. O, lost to shame! 'twas thou  
We followed, that thou might'st be gratified;  
For Menelaüs' sake, thou dog, and thine  
We sought to wring requital from Troy's race  
For wrongs that they had done you. Naught of this  
Dost thou give heed to nor consider now.  
And now thou threat'nest me, with thine own hand  
To seize my guerdon-meed of painful toil,

Bestowed upon me by the Grecian braves.  
When the Greeks waste a populous town of Troy  
I never win a trophy matching thine;  
Mine are the hands that bear the heavier part  
Of furious combat; yet, whene'er is made  
Division of the spoil, the richer share  
Passes to thee, while, worn with warfare, I  
Take to my ships a portion which though small  
Is dearly cherished. Now shall I return  
To Phthia, since 'tis better that I fare  
Homeward with curvèd barks; nor yet, I ween,  
Here, where I suffer such affronts, wilt thou  
Succeed in gath'ring wealth and golden store."

Then thus King Agamemnon made reply:  
"Flee, then, by all means, if 'tis thus thy heart  
Prompteth thee. I am not the man to crave  
That for my sake thou tarry. Others yet  
Have I to win me honor; chief of all  
The couns'lor Zeus. Of all heav'n-nurtured kings  
I hate thee most. Thy heart is ever prone  
To bickerings, to quarrels and to strife.  
Though thou art mighty, yet it was a god  
Gave thee thy might. Haste homeward, then, with  
all

Thy ships and men, and o'er the Myrmidons  
Hold petty sway. No heed I give to thee;  
I care not for thy wrath. This, furthermore,  
Shall be my threat to thee. Since Phœbus wrests  
From me the fair Chryseïs, I'll send back  
The damsel with my followers, in my bark:

Then to thy lodge will I myself proceed,  
And take from thee Briseïs, rosy-cheeked,  
That prize of thine; that thou mayst know full well  
How far am I the mightiest of us twain,—  
That other men may dread to style themselves,  
Before my face, my peers and equals here."

Thus spake the monarch. Anguish filled the soul  
Of Peleus' son; within his shaggy breast  
His heart betwixt two courses wavered; one  
To draw from by his thigh his whetted brand  
And, startling all the others, to lay low  
Atrides and to spoil him of his arms;—  
One, to restrain his fury and to quell  
His raging spirit. Whilst he pondered thus,  
Perplexed in mind and heart, and from its sheath  
Was drawing the huge brand, Athena came,  
Descending from the skies; she had been sent  
By white-armed Hera the divine, who loved  
And cherished both the heroes equally.  
Behind the chief she stepped, and laid her hand  
Upon his yellow hair;— to him alone  
Appearing, and by all the rest unseen.  
Achilles, marv'ling, turned, and instant knew  
Pallas Athena; fiercely gleamed her eyes,  
As thus to her in wingèd words he spake:  
" Ah, why, thou child of ægis-bearing Zeus,  
Art thou come hither? Was it to behold  
The hateful arrogance of Atreus' son?  
Nay, this I tell thee plainly, and, I ween,  
Soon shall it be fulfilled. This boundless pride

Shall cost his life, and at no distant day."

Then thus returned the goddess, lustrous-eyed  
Pallas: "To still this rage of thine I came  
From heav'n, if thou wilt heed me. Sent was I  
By divine Hera the white-armed, who loves  
You both, and cherisheth both equally.

Come, cease this strife; let not thy mighty hand  
Seize on thy sword to draw it; yet with speech  
Upbraid him as thou mayst. For thus do I  
Declare, nor of fulfillment shall it fail;  
That, through this arrogance of his, one day  
Rich gifts, yea, thrice as many, shall be thine;  
Restrain thyself, and to our voice give heed."

Then answered her Achilles, passing fleet;  
"The mandate, goddess, of you two must be  
Heeded in sooth, though bitterly my heart  
Be raging. Thus 'tis best; the prayer of him  
Who pays the gods obedience, gains their ear."

He spake, and laying on the silver hilt  
His mighty hand, he thrust the huge sword back  
Into its scabbard, failing not to heed  
The words of Pallas, who had sought meantime  
Th' Olympian heights, where ægis-bearer Zeus  
With all the other pow'rs celestial dwells.

Then Peleus' son once more with taunts addressed  
Atrides, nor abated yet his ire:

"Wine-sodden man, dog-eyed, with faint hind's  
heart!

Never hast thou yet dared to don thine arms  
To lead thy soldiers boldly to the fray:



Nor ventured to go forth to ambushade  
Among the other chieftains of our host;  
Sure death it seems to thee. Far better, sooth,  
Throughout the wide Achæan camp to range  
And spoil of trophies all who dare to raise  
Protesting voice against thee. King that feeds  
Upon his people! Surely thou dost reign  
O'er phantom warriors; else, Atrides, this  
Of all thy foul affronts should be the last.  
Yet plainly will I tell thee, and beside  
Swear a great oath upon this rod I wield:  
So surely as it ne'er again shall bud  
With leaves or shoots, since first it left behind  
Its stock upon the steep, nor ever teem  
Again with blossoms; for the brazen axe  
Hath stripped from every side the leaves and bark  
And now th' Achæans bear it in their hands,  
Warders of justice, they that well defend  
Laws in Zeus' name; yea, this of mine shall be  
A mighty oath: One day o'er all this host  
Shall come a yearning after Peleus' son:  
Then — howe'er bitter be thy sorrow — thou  
Shalt lack the pow'r to save them when they fall  
In throngs beneath the deadly Hector's hand;  
And thou shalt rend thy spirit with remorse  
That thou didst slight the bravest of the Greeks."

Thus spake the son of Peleus; on the ground  
He threw the sceptre, studded o'er with nails  
Of gold, and took his place. Meantime the son  
Of Atreus nursed his bitter wrath apart.

Then rose sweet-speaking Nestor, counselor  
Clear-voiced of Pylus; he whose speech flowed forth  
More sweet than honey from his lips. Erenow  
Had this man seen two generations pass  
Of mortals born and bred in bygone years  
With him in sacred Pylus; and 'twas now  
The third o'er which he ruled. He, well disposed,  
Addressed them in these words:

“Alas the while!

Some fearful woe now cometh on the land  
Of the Achæans. Verily great joy  
Would fall to Priam and to Priam's sons,  
And mightily the other men of Troy  
Would feel their hearts exult, if they should hear  
The tale of all this strife 'twixt you who stand  
In war and council first among this host.  
Hearken to me now; ye are younger both  
In years than I. For comrades have been mine  
Braver than ye; and never yet did they  
Despise me. Never have I seen such men,  
Ne'er shall see more, as were Pirithoüs once  
And Dryas, called the shepherd of his host,  
Cæneus, Exadius too, and he who vied  
With gods, great Polyphemus; and that son  
Of Ægeus, Theseus, of immortal form.  
The mightiest of earth-nurtured men were they;  
Mightiest, and with the mightiest dared contend —  
With monsters of the mountains; terribly  
Did they destroy them. Of these men was I  
A comrade, when from mine own Pylos, far

Away, within a distant land, I came;  
For they had called me to their aid. There I  
Battled alone; and none would dare to cope  
With these,—no earthly mortal now alive.  
These hearkened to my counsels and obeyed  
My warnings. Now do ye as well give heed;  
'Tis best to hearken. Do not wrest away  
The maid from him, though strong indeed thou art;  
But suffer him to keep her, since the host  
Assigned her for his meed. Nor yet do thou,  
O son of Peleus, venture with thy king  
To strive with hostile might; for never yet  
Hath sceptred monarch, Zeus-endowed with pow'r,  
Attained such honor as hath Atreus' son.  
Though great thou art and goddess-born, he still  
Is mightier, ruling a more numerous host.  
Thou, son of Atreus, cease thine anger now;  
Abate thou, I myself implore, thine ire  
Against Achilles, deemed by all the Greeks  
Their strong sure bulwark 'gainst the fearful fray."

To him in answer thus the monarch spake,  
Great Agamemnon: "Yea, all this, old sire,  
Thou seasonably hast spoken. Yet this man  
Years to be greater than all men beside,  
To rule o'er all, to lord it over all,  
And give commands to all. There's one, I ween,  
Who'll not obey him. Though th' immortal gods  
Made him a mighty spearman, is't for this  
They suffer him to utter taunts like these?"

Divine Achilles, interrupting, cried:

"Yea, for I justly should be called poltroon  
And base, if I in all things were to yield  
Obedience to thine every uttered speech;  
Enjoin thou others thus, but unto me  
Give no such mandates, since I am resolved  
No more to heed them. Yet another thing  
I'll tell thee — store it well within thy heart:  
Not for the damsel shall these hands contend  
With thee nor others, seeing that ye who gave  
Are takers. But of all mine other goods  
Beside my dusky galley, dare not move  
One whit without my license. Come, forsooth,  
And try, that these may see the outcome; soon  
Around my spear-head shall the dark blood flow."

Thus having waged their wordy war, the two  
Arose, dispersing thus the council-throng  
By the Greek squadron. Now did Peleus' son,  
His men-at-arms, and Menœtiades,  
Pass to the lodges and the shapely barks;  
Atrides ordered a swift ship to be  
Drawn to the deep, and oarsmen chose, a score,  
To sit within; and to appease the god  
Placed in the ship a hecatomb, and last  
He led on board Chryseïs, fair of cheek,  
While as commander went Odysseus, he  
Of many counsels. Thus did they embark,  
And sailed the watery ways; and Atreus' son  
Meantime bade all the host be purified.  
And so they did, and cast the off'rings down  
To Ocean, and unblemished hecatombs

Of goats and bullocks slew they there beside  
The wild sea's marge, to Phœbus; the sweet scent,  
In smoke-wreaths whirled, sped upward to the sky.

So through the camp they labored. Neither yet  
Desisted Agamemnon from the feud  
With which he late had menaced Peleus' son;  
But called Talthybius, and spake to him  
And to Eurybates — his heralds these  
And swift attendants: "Get ye to the lodge  
Of Peleus' son, Achilles; by the hand  
Take ye Briseïs, rosy-cheeked, and bring  
The damsel hither. If he will not yield  
Her to me freely, then myself will I  
Gather a force and come to seize her; he  
Shall find the issue worse." 'Twas thus he spake,  
And sent them, weighted with stern words, away.

Onward, reluctantly, the envoys passed  
By barren ocean's strand, until they neared  
The Myrmidonian tents and galleys. There  
Beside his lodge and dusky bark they found  
The warrior seated; nor did Peleus' son  
Rejoice to see them come. In trembling fear,  
Yet rev'rencing the king, the twain stood still,  
With silent lips, nor uttering a word.  
Yet well he guessed their errand, and thus spake:

"Hail to you, heralds, messengers of Zeus  
Alike and men. Approach; no cause of blame  
I find in you,— none save in Atreus' son,  
Who for the maid Briseïs sent you here.  
Come then, Patroclus, sprung from Zeus, and bring

The girl, that they may take her. These same two,  
Before blest gods and mortals, and before  
This tyrant king, shall bear me witness then,  
If ever he require mine aid to save  
The rest from shame and ruin. Verily  
He rages with a fell, infuriate heart;  
Nor understands he how at once to heed  
The past and future, that th' Achæan host  
Might battle on unconquered by their barks."

He spake; Patroclus had obeyed meanwhile  
His loved friend's mandate. From the lodge he  
brought

Briseïs of the comely cheeks and gave  
To be led thence. The two, returning, came  
To the swift ships of Greece again; and she  
Followed, reluctant. But Achilles sate  
Aloof from his companions, and, with eyes  
That welled with tears, beside the hoary strand  
Of Ocean, gazing o'er the wine-hued tide.  
Then to his mother loved, with outstretched hands,  
Breathed he an earnest prayer:

"O Mother, since  
Thou brought'st me forth to live but little while,  
High-thund'ring Zeus, th' Olympian, ought at least  
To have endowed me with some share of fame.  
But now no whit of honor doth he yield;  
For Agamemnon, the wide-reigning son  
Of Atreus, hath disgraced me; his own hand  
Hath torn from me my guerdon and doth keep."

Thus said he, weeping. In the briny depths,

Seated beside her ancient father, heard  
The mighty queen his prayer; and instant rose  
Out from the gray sea like a mist; before  
Him sat she, as he wept, and with her hand  
Caressed him fondly, calling him by name:

“Why weepest thou, O son? and why hath grief  
Come o'er thee thus? Tell frankly; let thy heart  
Hide nothing from me, that we both may know.”

And then, deep-sighing, swift Achilles spake:  
“E'en now thou know'st it; why need I tell all  
To thee who knowest? Late to Thebes we fared,  
Eëtion's sacred city; this we sacked,  
And all its treasures brought away. Our Greeks  
Presently portioned 'mong themselves the spoil,  
Fairly; for Atreus' son they chose, and gave,  
Rose-cheeked Chryseïs. Then to the swift barks  
Of the bronze-mailed Achæans Chryses came,  
Priest of Apollo, him whose shafts fly far;  
A boundless ransom brought he. In his hand  
Bore he the fillets of the archer-god  
Apollo, on a golden staff entwined,  
Entreating all the Greeks, especially  
The two Atridæ, marshals of the throng;  
And all the other Greeks, approvingly,  
Gave voice that rev'rence should be shown the priest  
And his rich gifts accepted. Yet the son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, sore displeas'd,  
Sent him away with harsh insulting speech,  
Laying on him stern mandates. Then returned  
The aged man in anger; and his prayer,

As that of one beloved, Apollo heard,  
And aimed his bitter arrow at our host.  
And now the men were falling thick and fast,  
As through the wide camp of Achæa sped  
The missiles of the god to every hand.  
Then for us did a skillful seer make known  
The oracles of Phœbus. First was I  
To urge that we propitiate him; and then  
Forthwith Atrides rose, possessed with rage,  
Utt'ring a threat, which is accomplished now,  
For her the quick-eyed Greeks to Chrysa take  
In a swift bark, with off'rings to the king  
Phœbus. But maid Briseïs, whom the Greeks  
Assigned me as my share, two heralds late  
Have seized from out my tent, and borne away.  
If thou art able, round thy brave son cast  
Thine arms to shield me. Seek th' Olympian steep:  
If thou, by word or deed, didst ever give  
Aid unto Zeus, entreat him; for I oft  
Have heard thee boasting, in my father's hall,  
How thou alone among the gods didst save  
The son of Chronus, whom dark clouds enfold,  
From shameful ruin, when the rest that bide  
On high Olympus willed to bind him fast,  
Both Hera and Hephæstus, and as well  
Pallas. Thou camest, goddess, to set free  
The monarch from his chains; for thou didst call  
To long Olympus him of hundred hands,  
Briareüs named among th' immortal host,  
But by all men Ægeon; who in might



Excelleth his own father. He, in pride  
Exultant, took his seat by Chronus' son;  
Then feared the blissful gods, and bound not Zeus.  
Recall to him these things now; by his side  
Sit and embrace his knees; invoke his aid  
For Ilium's men, that he may grant them strength  
To slay the Argives, crushed betwixt their barks  
And Ocean's strand; that all may find at last  
Delight in this their king — that also he,  
E'en Atreus' son, may learn his folly soon  
In spurning thus the bravest of his band."

Then weeping answered Thetis: "O my son,  
Why did I rear thee, since 'twas but to woe  
I bore thee? Would thou wert beside thy barks  
Seated unharmed and tearless; for thy day  
On earth can be but brief, nor long can last.  
But now of all men most short-lived thou art  
And eke most wretched. Ill, then, was the fate  
To which I bore thee in my palace. Still  
Will I repair to the Olympian steep,  
Mantled in snow, and carry this my tale  
To Zeus that wields the thunderbolt, if he  
Haply may hearken. Sit thou here meantime  
By thy swift galleys — sit and vent thine ire  
Upon th' Achæan army, from the strife  
Abstaining utterly. For yesterday  
Went Zeus to Ocean's stream, to banquet there  
Amid the excellent Æthiopians, all  
The gods attending; but in twelve days' time  
He must return Olympus-ward; then I

Will seek the brazen threshold of Zeus' hall,  
And clasp his knees, with hope to win him o'er."

She spake, and went again her way and left  
Achilles there, consumed with grief at heart  
For that fair-girdled maid whom from his arms  
They tore in spite of him. Odysseus sped  
To Chrysa with the hallowed hecatomb;  
And when they drew within the harbor deep,  
They furled the sails, and in the dusky hold  
They laid them, dropping to its crutch the mast  
By drawing down the forestays with due speed;  
Then rowed the bark with oars to anchorage,  
Cast forth the stones for mooring, and bound fast  
The cables; forth they stepped upon the strand  
Of ocean, bringing forth the hecatomb  
For great Apollo, Archer-king; and forth  
Chryseis stept from out the roving bark.  
Odysseus, many-counselled, leading her  
On to the altar, to her father's arms  
Restored the child he loved, and said to him:

"O Chryses, Agamemnon sent me here,  
That king of men, to bring to thee thy child  
And render Phœbus holy sacrifice,  
For all the Greeks a hecatomb that we  
May thus appease the sov'reign who hath sent  
Full grievous suff'rings on the Argive band."

He spake, and placed her in her father's arms,  
And he with joy received his own loved child.  
Then round the well-built altar's slope the Greeks  
Arranged in order meet, and speedily,

The god's pure hecatomb; their hands they laved,  
And took the barley-grains; and Chryses prayed  
An earnest prayer for them with lifted hands:

“Hear me, thou Archer of the silver bow,  
Guardian of Chrysa and the sacred walls  
Of Cilla, who o'er Tenedos dost hold  
Thy mighty sway; as thou before didst heed  
My supplication, and didst honor me,  
And fearfully chastise th' Achæans, so  
Now grant to me this second boon and save  
From this fell pestilence the Argive band.”

'Twas thus that Chryses prayed; and Phœbus  
heard.

And when their prayers were done, and they had  
strown

The grains upon the victims, back they drew  
Their heads, despatched and flayed them, and cut  
\* forth

The thighs, and doubly these o'erlaid with fat  
And uncooked flesh. The aged priest burned all  
On spits, and poured upon them sparkling wine,  
While youths stood near with five-pronged fork in  
hand.

When the thigh-pieces were at length consumed  
And they had tasted of the entrails, then  
They cut the rest to pieces, and with spits  
Piercing the flesh, they roasted it with care  
And drew it off once more. And when at last  
Their toil was done, and all the food prepared,  
They feasted; no man's appetite was kept

From equal portion. Now when the desire  
For food and drink was sated, the young men,  
Brimming the wassail-bowls, outpoured the wine  
In chalices with rituals meet, and made  
Then their libations, to each guest his share  
Duly apportioning. Then all the day  
Labored th' Achæan youths with song to gain  
The favor of the god; and chanted loud  
Their pæan sweet; of Him who works afar  
Was all their song. The god rejoiced at heart  
To hear their strains. When sank the sun and came  
O'er them the dark, they laid them down to rest  
By the ships' cables. Now when brake the dawn,  
That rosy-fingered goddess, child of day,  
They put to sea for the broad Grecian camp;  
And the Far-worker caused a favoring gale  
To blow upon them. In its place they set  
The mast, the white sails spread. The fair breeze  
filled

The swelling sail, and round the stem roared loud  
The purple wave, as onward sped the bark;  
So through the waves she flew, and traversed soon  
Her course. When now the wide Greek camp was  
gained,

They beached the dusky vessel on the strand  
High on the sands, and 'neath her set long stays  
As props, and soon dispersed 'mong tents and fleet.

But swift Achilles, Peleus' son divine,  
Still sate in anger by his rapid barks,  
Nor e'er the council, man-ennobling, more

Frequented, nor the battle; but remained  
There where he was, whilst grief consumed his heart,  
Yet yearning for th' alarum and the fray.

But when the twelfth dawn from this day ap-  
peared,

Returned Olympusward th' eternal band  
All in one concourse, Zeus the first. Nor proved  
Thetis unmindful of her son's behest;  
Out from the deep at break of day she came  
And climbed Olympus to wide heav'n, and there  
Found wide-seeing Zeus, who from the others far  
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak  
Was throned. Before him sat she down, and threw  
Her left arm round his knees; her dexter hand  
Placed underneath his chin; and suppliantly  
Thus made petition unto Chronus' son:

“ O Father Zeus, if e'er by word or deed  
I did thee service 'mong the deathless throng,  
Fulfil now this my wish, and honor yield  
My son, of all men marked for swiftest doom.  
For now hath Agamemnon, lord of men,  
Humiliated him; the king's own hand  
Seized my son's trophy and withholds it still,  
But yet, Olympian couns'lor Zeus, do thou  
Vouchsafe to glorify him and to yield  
Prevailing strength to Ilium, till the Greeks  
Shall load my son with honors and with fame.”

Thus prayed she; but the Cloud-compeller lon  
Sat silent, naught replying. Thetis then,  
As she had clasped his knees, so now clung fast

To them, imploring him a second time:

"Give me thy word, unfailing, and thy head  
Bow in assent, or else refuse, since thou  
Hast naught to fear — that I may know how far  
I am most scorned among the heav'nly throng."

Then Zeus, the Cloud-compeller sorrowing spake:  
"Fatal petition! thou wilt bring me soon  
To enmity with Hera, when with words  
Upbraiding she shall rouse my wrath. E'en now  
Continually among th' eternal here  
Doth Hera chide me, saying that I lend  
Aid in the strife to Troy. But leave me now,  
Lest Hera should perceive thee; I will heed  
This thy request until it be fulfilled.  
Come, I will unto thee assenting nod  
My head, that thou mayst trust me; this with me  
Is surest token 'mong the immortal throng:  
For that to which I nod is ne'er recalled,  
Nor e'er deceives, nor fails to come to pass."

Thus spake great Saturn's son; with his dark  
brows

He nodded; down the locks ambrosial streamed  
From that undying head; while all the peaks  
Of high Olympus shook with awful sound.

Thus parted now the twain, their counsel done:  
The goddess sprang from the resplendent crest  
Olympian to the deep salt sea; Zeus passed  
To his own hall. Then all the heav'nly band  
Rose from their seats when they beheld their sire;  
And none dared wait his advent, but they all

Uprose, and went to meet him. On his throne  
He took his seat; and Hera marked full well  
That silver-footed Thetis, she, the child  
Of that old ocean king, had with her lord  
Framed counsels and concerted. Tauntingly  
The queen addressed Chronides, and thus spake:

“Thou wily one! who now among the gods  
Hath formed designs with thee? Thou lovest aye,  
Apart from me, to harbor hidden thoughts  
And pronounce judgments. Ne'er yet hast thou  
deigned  
To tell me thine intentions readily.”

Then answered her the sire of gods and men:  
“Hope not, O Hera, that thou canst know all  
My thoughts: 'twill prove too hard for thee, though  
thou

My consort art. That which is fit for thee  
To hear, no deity shall sooner know,  
Nor any 'mong mankind: but what, apart  
From th' other gods, I choose to ponder,—ask  
Thou not of this, nor question what it be.”

Then thus made answer Hera, large-eyed queen:  
“What words are these, Chronides, dreaded lord?  
Never have I aforesaid asked thy thoughts  
Nor sought to know them; unmolested quite  
Dost thou deliberate at thy free will.  
But now my mind is full of fear that she,  
That Thetis of the silv'ry feet, the child  
Of that old ocean-lord, hath won thee o'er;  
For, when the day dawned, seated at thy side,

She clasped thy knees; and thou didst nod, I ween,  
To her assurance that thou wouldst not fail  
To vindicate Achilles and destroy  
Full many an Argive warrior by the barks."

Then the Cloud-gath'rer Zeus rejoining spake:  
"Perverse one! ever 'tis 'I think' with thee;  
Naught that I do escapes thee. None the less,  
Thou canst accomplish nothing, but shalt be  
The further from my heart, and worse shalt fare.  
If thus it be, 'tis that I will it so.

Sit down in silence, heeding my behest,  
Lest haply I come nigh, and all gods here  
Upon Olympus fail to shield thee, when  
I lay upon thee mine unconquered hands."

He spake, and Hera of the tender eyes,  
Daunted, sate silent down, and bowed her will,  
While sorrow smote the heav'nly-mansioned band  
Throughout the house of Zeus. Hephæstus then,  
The skilled artificer, stood forth to speak,  
And loving service did his mother dear,  
The white-armed Hera: "Bitter times, alas,  
Shall come, and unendurable, if thus  
Ye two o'er mortals bicker, raising din  
Among the gods; no pleasure shall be found  
In sumptuous feasts, since mischief reigneth. I  
Counsel my mother,— though she understands  
The thought I have,— to bend before the will  
Of my dear father Zeus, that he no more  
Upbraid her, and disturb our banquets here.  
If but th' Olympian — he to whom the gleams



Of lightning flash obedient — choose to hurl  
All from our thrones, the pow'r is his; for he  
Is far the mightiest. But bespeak him now  
With soothing words; and the Olympian soon  
Will look upon us graciously once more."

Thus said Hephæstus. Leaping up, the god  
Placed now a double goblet in the hands  
Of his loved mother, saying thus to her:

"Be patient, mother mine, and bear thine ill,  
Although thy heart be sore; that ne'er mine eyes  
May see thy dear form stricken; then could I  
Lend thee no aid, though sad — a fearful task  
It is to cope with the Olympian King.

Erenow, when once I strove to rescue thee,  
He seized me by the foot, and hurled me down  
From heav'n's high threshold. All the day I fell,  
And at the set of sun to earth I came  
In Lemnos; little breath remained in me;  
The Sintians raised me up from where I lay."

Thus said he; and the white-armed goddess smiled  
And took the beaker from her dear son's hand.

For all the other gods, from left to right,  
Hephæstus poured sweet nectar, dipping it  
From out the wassail-bowl. The blissful host  
Burst into mirth unquenchable to see  
Hephæstus bustling breathless through the hall.

Thus feasted they all day, till set of sun;  
And no one's appetite now lacked its share  
Of th' equal feast; nor did they yearn in vain  
For Phæbus' glorious lute, nor Muses, who

With their sweet voices sang responsively.

But when the bright light of the sun had sunk,  
Each to his home, the others turned to rest,  
Where famed Hephæstus, ambidextrous god,  
For each, with cunning skill, a house had framed.  
Olympian Zeus, the god of lightning, passed  
To his own couch where he was wont to lie  
When over him sweet slumber cast its spell.  
Ascending it, the monarch laid him down,  
With gold-throned Hera by his side, and slept.



## BOOK II

### THE DREAM AND TRIAL OF THE ARMY — CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS

#### PART I. LINES 1-483

Zeus, in pursuance of his plan to avenge Achilles, sends to Agamemnon a deceitful dream assuring him that the time is at hand when Ilium may be captured by the Greek forces. The king, calling the leaders together, narrates to them his dream and expresses his confidence in the assurance given therein. A council of war is called of the whole army. The assembly is addressed by Agamemnon, who to try the temper of his troops feigns to urge a return to Greece. The army is persuaded, and hasty preparations for decamping are begun, when Pallas, at Hera's instigation, descends to interpose, and urges Odysseus to restrain the Greeks from their mad project. Receiving the royal sceptre from the king's hand, Odysseus passes through the camp, checking the haste of those whom he meets. The soldiers seat themselves once more in council, save Thersites, who for his abusive tirade against Agamemnon is chastised by Odysseus. Odysseus recalls to the multitude the wondrous heavenly signs which had appeared to them at Aulis when they set sail, auguring therefrom the capture of Troy in this the tenth year of the siege. Nestor urges a resolute continuance of the struggle, and advises the king to marshal the army by tribes, to test their valor. Agamemnon commands the evening meal to be prepared, and the soldiers partake of it after sacrifice and



## *The Iliad*

prayer to Zeus led by the king. A call to battle is sounded, the appearance of the host and its commanders being vividly described in the famous Six Similes.

### PART II. LINE 484-END.

Catalogue of the Greek ships: enumeration of the host by geographical divisions; their leaders named in order.

Continued wrath of Achilles and idleness of his troops. Iris, in the guise of Polites, bids Hector to cause preparation for battle to be made by the Trojans and their allies: with an enumeration of whom the Book closes.

## BOOK II

SO all the other gods, and warrior-men  
That fight with chariots, all night slumbered  
well;

But balmy sleep came not to Father Zeus,  
And in his heart he pondered how to win  
Honor for him, Achilles, and destroy  
Full many a hero by th' Achæan barks.  
This plan at length seemed best,— to send a dream  
Of baleful import unto Atreus' son.  
He called the Dream, and thus in winged words  
spake:

“Up, baleful Vision; speed thee to the swift  
Achæan galleys; to the lodge repair  
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son; the words  
With which I charge thee, see that thou repeat  
With lips unerring. Bid him arm with speed  
The long-haired Greeks for war; for now the town,  
Wide-streeted Troy, may fall his prize at last.  
No more th' immortals in Olympian halls  
Differ in purpose; Hera hath won o'er,  
By her entreaties, all their hearts; and now  
Upon the Trojan people woes impend.”

Thus spake he; and his words the Vision heard,  
And hast'ning forth, the galleys quickly gained  
Of Greece; anon to Atreus' son it sped,  
Great Agamemnon. Him it found within

His tent reposing; o'er him, as he lay,  
Ambrosial sleep was shed. It took its stand  
Above his head, disguised as Neleus' son,  
Nestor, whom Agamemnon most esteemed  
Of all the elders. Taking such a form,  
The heav'n-sent Vision to the monarch spake:

“Son of bold Atreus, tamer of the steeds,  
So, art thou sleeping? Ill doth it beseem  
A counsel-bearer — one that hath a host  
In charge — weighed down with burdens great as  
thine —

To slumber the night through. But now do thou  
Quickly give ear. The messenger am I  
Of Zeus the mighty, who, though far away  
Enthroned, yet hath for thee a tender care  
And mourns thy woes. He bids thee arm with speed  
The long-haired Greeks for war; for now the town,  
Wide-streeted Troy, may fall thy prize at last.  
No more th' immortals in Olympian halls  
Differ in purpose; Hera hath won o'er,  
By her entreaties, all their hearts; and now  
Upon the Trojan people woes impend  
Sent on them by our Father. Yet do thou  
Heed well my words; let not forgetfulness  
O'ercome thee when thou'rt loosed from honeyed  
sleep.”

Thus spake he and departed, leaving him  
Pond'ring on what fulfilled should never be;  
For that same day — insensate one! he thought  
To capture Ilium's city; little dreamed

The king, what happ'nings Zeus in fact designed:  
For woes and sighings still was Zeus to heap  
On Greeks and Trojans, from their desperate strife.  
He woke from sleep; still in his ears there rang  
That voice divine. Upright he sat, and laid  
Round him the yielding tunic, new and fair;  
His ample cloak threw o'er him, binding fast  
The beauteous sandals to his shining feet;  
And o'er his shoulders slung the massive brand  
With silver-studded hilt. Then taking last  
Th' unwasting sceptre which his fathers bore,  
He sought the squadron of the Greeks, bronze-  
mailed.

Upon the crest of high Olympus now  
The goddess Dawn stepped forth, proclaiming light  
To Zeus and to th' immortals, when he bade  
The clear-voiced heralds call the Greeks unshorn  
To council. Soon they gave the word; the braves  
Were swiftly massed. A council first he called  
Of elders, great of soul, by Nestor's bark,—  
Nestor, the monarch Pylus-born. When all  
Were gathered, thus his artful plan he framed:  
"Hear me, O friends: for in th' ambrosial night  
A heav'n-sent Dream appeared to me in sleep,  
In stature, form and face the counterpart  
Of Nestor the divine. Above my head  
The Vision rested, and in these words spake:  
'Son of bold Atreus, tamer of the steeds,  
So, art thou sleeping? Ill doth it beseem  
A counsel-bearer — one that hath a host



In charge — weighed down with burdens great as  
thine —

To slumber the night through. But now do thou  
Quickly give ear. The messenger am I  
Of Zeus the mighty, who, though far away  
Enthroned, yet hath for thee a tender care  
And mourns thy woes. He bids thee arm with speed  
The long-haired Greeks for war; for now the town,  
Wide-streeted Troy, may fall thy prize at last.  
No more th' immortals in Olympian halls  
Differ in purpose; Hera hath won o'er,  
By her entreaties, all their hearts; and now  
Upon the Trojan people woes impend  
From Zeus. Heed well.' He spake, and winged  
away

His course; sweet slumber loosed me from her spell.  
Proceed we now to arm th' Achæan bands;  
But first my words shall — as 'tis fitting — test  
Their spirit. I will bid them board their barks  
Of many oars, and fly from hence, while ye,  
On diff'rent sides, shall speak to stay their speed."

Thus spake he, and resumed his seat. Then rose  
Nestor, the king of Pylus' sandy shore;  
Who thus, with wise intent, before them spake:

"O friends, ye captains and ye couns'lors all  
Obeyed by Argives, if this dream were told  
By any other Greek, we should account  
The tale deceit, and hold aloof the more  
From such advice. But he hath seen the dream  
Who boasts to be the foremost of us all.

Proceed we then to arm th' Achæan bands."

Thus spake the sage, and left the council-throng.  
Then rose the sceptered monarchs, heeding soon  
The people's shepherd. Now the greater host  
Came flocking to the council in a crowd;  
As rush forth swarms of densely-gath'ring bees  
New-pouring ever from the hollow crag;  
Clust'ring they hover round the buds of spring,  
And hither, thither, fly in multitudes;  
So many nations now from tents and barks  
Came trooping forth along the deep-bayed shore  
On to the place of council. 'Mid the host  
Blazed Rumor forth — our Father's envoy she,—  
Spurring them onward. Thus they gathered, while  
An uproar filled the gath'ring-place; the ground  
Groaned underneath them; loud the tumult rose  
As sate the warriors down. Nine heralds strove  
With shouts to check them, and to still their cries,  
That they might hearken to the heav'n-reared chiefs.  
Scarce could the throng be seated and restrained,  
Their clamor hushed. Lord Agamemnon rose,  
Bearing that sceptre which Hephæstus wrought  
With toilsome labor, and on Chronus' son  
Bestowed; then to his messenger, the slay'r  
Of Argus, Zeus in turn the sceptre gave:  
By Hermes it was giv'n to Pelops, hight  
The smiter of the steeds; in turn who passed  
The wand to Atreus, shepherd of the host.  
He, dying, left it to Thyestes, lord  
Of countless flocks; to Agamemnon's sway

He left it last, to rule o'er many isles  
And o'er all Argos. Leaning on it now,  
Before the Argives Atreus' son thus spake:

“ Friends, squires of Ares, heroes of the Greeks  
In folly, net-like, ruinous, hath Zeus  
Chronides fast ensnared me. Cruel god!  
He promised me aforetime,— yea, he gave  
His nod assuring,— that I might return  
The spoiler of strong Ilium's stately walls.  
Yet am I now aware that he contrived  
Cruel deception; and 'tis his behest  
That I must seek again the Argive shore  
Dishonored, with the loss of many a brave.  
Thus doth th' exalted monarch Zeus decree,  
Who hath laid low ere now the citadels  
Of many a city, and shall yet lay low,  
Since unto him surpassing might pertains.  
A shameful tale to reach yet unborn ears,  
That vainly thus a band of Greeks, so strong  
In courage and in numbers, uselessly  
Hath warred and striv'n against a scantier race,  
And yet no end appeareth. For, indeed,  
If firm alliance were by Greece with Troy  
Concluded with due rites, and we desired  
That both our hosts be reckoned, and the sons  
Of Ilium native-born should all be told,  
And we, th' Achæans, should be marshalled all  
In tens, each ten one cup-bearer to choose  
From 'mong the Trojans, many a decade  
Would be without its bearer. Yea, so far

I count the sons of the Achæans more  
Than they of Troy, that dwell within the walls.  
Yet allies bide there, brandishers of spears,  
From many a city; these repel me far,  
Permitting not that I should bring to pass  
My heart's desire and waste the populous town  
Of Ilium. Now already have nine years  
Rolled o'er us, sent of mighty Zeus; decayed  
With age are all the timbers of the barks,  
The cables parted; still do they — our wives  
And infant children,— sit, and vainly wait  
Within our halls; all unaccomplished still  
The task, for which we journeyed to this shore.  
Then let us all to my command give heed:  
Back let us fly to our dear fatherland  
With all our galleys; for this city of Troy,  
Ample of streets, we ne'er may capture now."

Thus spake he; in the hearts of all the throng  
That had not heard the council, fierce desire  
Was roused; and all the gathered host was tossed  
Like the long wave-crests of th' Icarian main,  
Stirred by the east and south winds as they spring  
Forth from the stormy clouds of Zeus their sire.  
As when upon a field all deep with grain  
Rusheth the Zephyr, swiftly swooping down;  
Bowed are its teeming ears; so all the host  
Was stirred. With clamor sped they toward the  
barks,  
While dust rose from beneath their feet and hung  
In clouds above them; some bade others lay

Hands on the ships, and drag them to the tide;  
The channels cleared they likewise; shrill cries rang  
To heav'n, as, eager for their homes, they drew  
The props from underneath the vessels' keels.

Then surely had the men of Greece, despite  
What fate ordained, returned to their own shores;  
If Hera to Athena had not said:

“Unwearying child of ægis-bearing Zeus,  
Thus must the Argives, o'er the broad-backed main,  
Flee homeward now to their loved fatherland?  
Then should they leave behind them, gloated o'er  
By Priam and his Trojans, Helen, pride  
Of Argos; for whose sake full many a Greek  
On Trojan shore hath giv'n his life, afar  
From his loved land. Now hie thee to the host  
Of bronze-mailed Greeks; and with thy soothing  
words

Curb each man's haste, nor suffer them to draw  
Their curving galleys to the salty deep.”

Thus spake she; and the goddess, lustrous-eyed  
Athena, disobeyed her not, but sprang  
Down from th' Olympian peaks, and soon arrived  
Nigh the swift ships of Argos. There she found  
Odysseus standing, whom in counsel Zeus  
Surpasseth not; he had not laid his hand  
On his well-decked black vessel, for his heart  
Was full of sorrow. To the hero's side  
Came Pallas of the brilliant eyes, and spake:

“Laërtes' Zeus-born son, Odysseus, thou  
Of many counsels, must ye hasten thus

To fill the many-seated ships and fly  
Thus vainly homeward to your own home-land?  
Then should ye leave behind you, gloated o'er  
By Priam and his Trojans, Helen, pride  
Of Argos, for whose sake full many a Greek  
On Trojan shore hath giv'n his life, afar  
From his loved country. Haste, nor pause to rest,  
Throughout Achæa's host; with soothing words  
Curb each man's haste, nor suffer them to draw  
Their curving galleys to the salty deep."

She spake; and well he marked the heav'nly tones  
As she addressed him. Forth he sped, and cast  
Aside his mantle; this Eurybates,  
Herald of Ithaca, his follower, found.  
He, passing on, met Atreus' son and took  
From the king's hand the sceptre of his sires,  
Unwasting ever; wielding this, he passed  
Among the galleys of the Greeks bronze-mailed.

Whene'er he met a monarch, or a man  
Conspicuous in rank, he came and stood  
Beside him, checking him with courteous speech:

"It ill becomes thee, foolish one! to fly  
In panic, coward-like; resume thy seat,  
And bid the others sit; for thou dost yet  
Not clearly know the mind of Atreus' son.  
'Tis but a trial now he makes of you,  
And swiftly shall chastise Achæa's host.  
Not all of us have heard the words the king  
Spake in the council. Let his wrath not rise,  
Else may he do the Argives grievous wrong.

Fierce is the fury of a Zeus-bred king,  
For him the Couns'lor loves and glorifies."

But when some common man he saw, or found  
Shouting aloud, he smote him with the staff,  
And thus rebuked him: "Silly churl! sit still,  
And to the words of better men give heed;  
Unwarlike and weak-spirited thou art,  
In council reckoned not, nor in the field.  
Ill can the Greeks all play the monarch here;  
The rule of many is no blessing: one  
Must be the master, one the king,— whom Zeus,  
The son of crafty Chronus, hath endowed  
With laws and sceptre, o'er them to hold sway."

Thus lording it he moved throughout the host;  
Back from the barks and lodges surged the throng  
With din, as when the sounding ocean's tide  
Thunders upon the spacious strand, and noise  
Of roaring waters echoes o'er the main.

The rest were in their seats, in order kept:  
Alone Thersites, endless babbler, ceased  
His noisy prating not. His mind was filled  
With many a speech unbridled; 'twas his wont,  
In wanton spirit and unseemly wise,  
To quarrel with the chiefs, with taunts designed  
To move to merriment th' Achæan braves.  
The ugliest man was he of all the host  
That came to Ilium; bandy legs had he,  
Was lame in one foot, and his shoulders both  
Were humped, and drawn together on his chest;  
His head atop was sugarloafed, and grown

Sparsely with hair. This man was odious most  
To Peleus' son and to Odysseus; these  
He chided ever. Now, with clamor shrill,  
He heaped his foul abuse upon divine  
Atides; whilst th' Achæans, wroth at heart,  
Were stirred to fury. He, with outcries loud,  
Ceased not to hurl reproaches at the king:

“What fault, O son of Atreus, find'st thou now?  
What is it that thou cravest? Filled are all  
Thy tents with bronze, and many a woman sits  
Within, of chosen beauty, whom we Greeks,  
Whene'er we sack a town, give first to thee.  
Or is it gold thou lack'st? Some man of Troy,  
Steed-taming, shall bring gold from Ilium's walls  
To free his son, a prisoner bound and led  
By me, or by some other of our band.  
Or wouldst thou have a maid to trifle with  
In love, to keep her for thyself apart?  
It ill becomes thee, reigning as our king,  
To bring the Greeks to ruin. Wretches we,  
Base coward caitiffs, Greeklings, Greeks no more!  
Homeward repair we now with all our barks,—  
Leave him in Ilium to digest and joy  
In all his trophies, that he soon may see  
If we do truly profit him or no.  
E'en now hath he humiliated one  
Braver by far, Achilles; his own hand  
Hath torn from him his guerdon and still keeps.  
No spirit hath Achilles; weak of will  
And lax is he; else surely, Atreus' son,



This of thy foul affronts should be the last."

Thus did Thersites there revile his king,  
Great Agamemnon, shepherd of the host.  
Swift to his side divine Odysseus stept,  
And frowning, thus rebuked him with stern  
speech:

"Thersites, babbler of unbridled tongue,  
A clear-voiced orator art thou; yet hold  
Thy pratings; venture not with single hand  
To cope with monarchs. None I count more me  
Than thou, of all that followed to this coast  
The son of Atreus. Then harangue no more  
With kings upon thy lips; reproach them not,  
Nor ever for return thy vigil keep.  
As yet we know not fully how these things  
Shall be, nor if th' Achæans are to fare  
Back to their homes to good or evil end.  
Thou, seated here, dost heap abuse upon  
Atrides Agamemnon, whom the host  
Owns as its shepherd,— for that Argos' braves  
Grant him, forsooth, rich gifts, while thou with v  
Taunts dost assail him. Yet I tell thee plain,  
Nor shall my threat of due fulfillment fail:  
If e'er again I find thee uttering  
Such silly chatter as thou didst e'en now,  
Upon his shoulders may Odysseus' head  
No longer rest, may I no more be called  
Sire, to Telemachus, if, seizing thee,  
I strip thee not of tunic, cloak, and all  
That hides thy nakedness, and with base stripes

Scourging thee from the place of gath'ring, send  
Thee bellowing to where lie the rapid barks."

Thus spake he; with his sceptre then he beat  
Thersites' back and shoulders; down he bent,  
Dropping a bursting tear; and on his back  
'Neath the gold rod a bloody weal upsprang.  
He sat affrighted down, and full of pain,  
With foolish look, he wiped the tear away.  
And at him all laughed gaily, though their hearts  
Were anxious; each upon his neighbor gazed,  
Thus saying: "Ha, full many excellent deeds  
Odysseus hath performed, who counsels sage  
Proposes, and in armor clothes the strife;  
But this is far the best of all his feats  
Among the Argives,—stopping the harangues  
Of this vile slinger of abuse. I ween,  
His reckless mood no more will prompt him now  
To hurl his foul tirades against the chiefs."

Thus spake the people. Now, with wand in hand,  
Stood forth Odysseus, spoiler of strong walls;  
Whilst bright-eyed Pallas, in a herald's guise,  
Standing beside him, bade the host be still,  
That all the Argives, those that nearest sat  
And farthest too, might hear his words and mark  
His counsel. Thus he spake, with skillful art:

"O monarch, Atreus-sprung, the Greeks would  
now

Render thee infamous in all men's sight;  
The promise they fulfil not, which they made  
Whilst still they journeyed hither, from the land

Of Argos, nurse of steeds — that thou shouldst  
waste,

Ere thy homecoming, Ilium's noble walls.  
For now, like tender boys or wives bereft,  
Each unto each makes moan and utters sighs  
Of yearning for his home. The labor, sooth,  
Hath been enough to weary out the soul  
Of any man, and prompt him to depart.  
A husband one month severed from his wife  
Grows weary in his galley, many-oared,  
By wintry blasts held storm-bound and by rage  
Of ocean; but o'er us, since first we came,  
There passeth now the ninth revolving year.  
I cannot therefore blame the Greeks, that they  
Grow restive here beside their beakèd barks;  
Yet none the less, a shame it is for thee  
So long to tarry here, and then depart  
All empty-handed. Patience, friends! abide  
Yet for a season, till we ascertain  
If soothsay'r Calchas speak the truth or no.  
For well ye all do know this in your hearts,  
And all to this bear witness — all of you  
Whom the death-angels have not borne away;  
Yesterday, or the day before, it seems,  
When there in Aulis all Achæa's fleet  
Gathered, to bring on Priam and his race  
Calamity,— how we, about a spring,  
Upon the hallowed altars, sacrificed  
To the immortals spotless hecatombs,  
Beneath the shadow of a fair plane-tree,

Whence welled the glorious water; then appeared  
An awful portent. Blood-red-hued of back,  
Fearful to see, a serpent, which the king  
Olympian had himself sent forth to-day,  
Forth from beneath the altar darting, made  
Straight for the plane-tree; there a sparrow's young  
Were lying, tender infants, crouched beneath  
The shelt'ring leaves upon the topmost bough.  
Eight were the young; the mother-bird, that hatched  
The brood, the ninth. Then did the snake devour  
The young, whose piteous shrillings filled the air;  
While round the mother circled, and bewailed  
Her cherished young; he, coiling, as the bird  
Hovered round screaming, caught her by the wing;  
But when he had devoured the sparrow's young,  
All, with their mother, then the god, who showed  
The serpent, made him wondrous; for the child  
Of crafty Chronus turned him into stone;  
Whilst, standing by, we viewed the marvel wrought  
With dumb amazement. Then, as monsters dire  
Intruded 'mong the heav'nly hecatombs,  
Did soothsay'r Calchas soon to us unfold  
The oracles; 'Why stand ye speechless thus,  
Ye Greeks of flowing hair? A portent great  
Is this that couns'lor Zeus hath shown us here.  
Late is it seen, and late fulfilled shall be,  
Yet ne'er its fame shall perish. As this snake  
Consumed the sparrow and her young — the young  
Eight, and the mother ninth, that hatched the brood,  
So many years shall here endure our strife,

But in the tenth year spacious-streeted Troy  
Shall fall our prize.' Thus spake the seer; and all  
Finds due accomplishment. Then hearken, braves  
Well-greaved of Greece, and tarry all of you  
Till we can capture Priam's ample walls."

He ceased; the Argives raised a mighty shout,  
Approving what divine Odysseus spake;  
And fearful echoes sounded from the barks  
About them as they shouted. Next arose  
Gerenian Nestor to address the throng:

"Alack, ye hold your council as might lads  
Of tender years, unschooled in arts of strife.  
What then shall be the outcome of our oaths  
And our agreements? Then must flames consume  
All the deliberations and designs,  
The pure libations and the leagued right hands,  
To which we trusted. Vainly we contend  
In wordy quarrels; and, though long we here  
Have tarried, we can find no remedy.  
Do thou, Atrides, steadfast as of yore,  
Still lead the Argives to the mighty fray;  
These — one or two — abandoned to their fate,  
Th' Achæans who do now conspire apart —  
Success shall not attend them — to return  
To Argos, not yet knowing if the thing  
Promised by ægis-bearing Zeus, be found  
Falsehood or truth. For, I maintain, the child  
Omnipotent of Chronus gave that day  
His nod assenting, when in their swift ships  
Embarked the Argive braves, to Ilium's sons

Bearers of bloodshed and disastrous fate;  
Through lightnings flashed upon our right, he  
showed

To us auspicious signs. Then let no man  
Haste homeward ere he take his rest beside  
A Trojan consort, and requite the pangs  
And sighs of Helen. Yet, if one there be  
Filled with a mighty yearning for his home,  
Let such a man but touch his dusky bark,  
Well-decked, to launch her; him shall death and fate  
O'ertake before the rest. O King, decide  
Wisely thyself, and others' warnings heed;  
Not to be reckoned lightly is the word  
That I shall speak to thee. Divide the host  
By tribes and clans, Atrides! that each clan  
May aid its fellow-clan, each tribe a tribe.  
If thus thou do, and if th' Achæans yield  
To thee obedience, then shalt thou discern  
Who prove the cowards 'mong the men and chiefs,  
And who the valiant be; for they shall fight  
Each by himself; soon shalt thou learn if thou  
Art still forbidden by divine decree  
To pillage Troy, or only by mankind —  
Folly of men and ignorance of the strife.”  
Him royal Agamemnon answered thus:  
“Once more, sooth, aged chief, dost thou surpass  
All Greeks in counsel. Would to father Zeus,  
Athena and Apollo, that I had  
But ten of such advisers 'mong the host!  
Speedily should King Priam's city bow

Its head, the prize and plunder of our hands.  
But Chronus' ægis-bearing son hath heaped  
Upon me countless woes, involving me  
In fruitless feuds and quarrels. Yea, for I  
And he, Achilles, battled for a girl  
With angry words; and first was I enraged.  
If e'er again our counsels shall agree,  
Not for one moment shall the Trojans know  
Postponement of their downfall. Now proceed  
To noonday meal, that we may join the fight.  
Let every man whet well his spear, set well  
His buckler, nourish well his rapid steeds;  
Let every man scan well on every side  
His battle-car, providing for the fray,  
That all day may be measured in grim strife  
Our rival hosts. No respite shall befall —  
No, not one moment — till the night descends  
To part the furious foemen. Many a brave  
Shall drench with sweat the band that round his  
breast

Sustains the man-protecting shield; and sore  
Shall grow the hand that still the jav'lin clasps;  
And many a courser sweat, that drags apace  
The well-planed car. Yet whomsoe'er I see  
Far from the fight, preferring to abide  
By the beaked barks — he shall not 'scape, but yield  
His limbs to dogs and vultures for their food."

Thus spake he; and the Argives clamored loud  
As sea-waves surging 'gainst a lofty coast's  
Protruding cliff, when storm-tossed is the main

By breath of Notus; waves with every gale  
Constantly smite it, surging on each hand.  
The warriors rose, and hast'ning to the barks.  
Dispersed among them, kindling fires before  
The tents, and made their meal. Each sacrificed  
To one or other of th' undying band,  
Praying escape from death and mortal strife.  
To Chronus' mighty son the king of men,  
Great Agamemnon, offered up a bull,  
Fat, five years old, and called the elder chiefs  
Among the Panachæan captains; first  
Nestor and Lord Idomeneus, and next  
The twain called Ajax, and Tydides too,  
And sixth Odysseus, who in counsel vied  
With Zeus; and Menelaüs, great in call  
To arms, unsummoned came; for well his heart  
Discerned his brother's cares. They stood around  
The bull, and took the barley-grains in hand,  
Whilst thus the monarch prayed before his chiefs:

“O Zeus, most great, most glorious, wrapt in dark  
Clouds and enthroned in ether, let the sun  
Not sink, nor darkness come, till I lay low  
King Priam's smoky roof, and burn his doors  
With blazing fire, and cleave o'er Hector's breast  
His coat of mail, all shattered by my spear;  
And may his men-at-arms around their chief  
Fall prone upon the ground and bite the dust.”

Thus prayed the king; nor yet did Chronus' son  
Grant his petition; but the sacrifice  
Received, yet made th' inevitable task



More grievous still. When now their prayers were  
o'er,

First having strown the grains of barley, next  
Backward they drew the victim's head and slew  
And flayed him; then they cut the thighs away,  
O'erlaying these with fat in double folds  
And fragments of raw flesh above the whole.  
And these they burned on billets stripped of leaves,  
And pierced with spits the vitals, holding them  
O'er the bright fire. When now the thighs were  
burned,

And of the entrails they had tasted, then  
They cut to pieces all the other parts,  
And spitting these, they roasted them with care  
And drew them from the fire. When toil was o'er  
And all the feast prepared, they banqueted,  
And no man vainly yearned for equal share.  
And when their appetite for food was past,  
And thirst for drink, Nestor, Gerenian knight,  
Arose, and in these words addressed the host:

"Atrides Agamemnon, prince far-famed,  
Consume we no more time in speeches here,  
Nor long postpone the task which heav'n doth now  
Set to our hands. Let now their heralds call  
The host of bronze-mailed Argives to the barks;  
We, as now gathered, through the wide Greek camp  
Shall go, and sooner wake the furious strife."

Thus spake he; monarch Agamemnon soon  
Complied, and bade his heralds, clear of call,  
Summon to arms the long-haired Grecian braves.

The heralds called; and swiftly gathered they,  
Led by their sov'reign the heav'n-nurtured chiefs  
Sped, marshalling the host; amongst them moved  
Bright-eyed Athena, wielding in her hand  
The precious ægis, ageless, perishing not;  
An hundred golden tassels round it waved,  
Well-woven each, each worth a hecatomb.  
With this, agleam like lightning, Pallas sprang  
Through the Greek files, and urged men onward;  
still

Awak'ning strength in every hero's heart  
To fight a fight unceasing; sudden seemed  
The strife more sweet to them, than the return  
In hollow vessels to their loved homeland.

As wasting flame consumes a mighty wood  
Upon a mountain's crest; from far away  
Its brightness beams; thus, as the men advanced,  
Their wondrous panoply's resplendent gleam  
Shone through the ether, glowing to the sky.

And e'en as countless flocks of winged wild-fowl,  
Cranes, geese, and long-necked swans, in Asia's  
mead,

Around Caÿster's flood, fly here and there  
On wings exultant, settling with loud cries,  
That all the mead resounds; so throngs of Greeks  
From ships and lodges to Scamander's plain  
Streamed ever onward; 'neath the trampling feet  
Of men and steeds the earth with awful sound  
Echoed. On Scamander's flowery lea  
Halted the warriors, countless as the leaves

And blossoms that are born in days of spring.

And like the swarms of buzzing flies that float  
In springtime round the sheep-fold, when fresh milk  
Moistens the pails; innum'erable as they,  
Eager to crush their foemen, on the plain  
The long-haired Argives faced the sons of Troy.

And as the herdsmen separate with ease  
Wide-roaming goats that herd in mingled mass  
Upon their pasture, here and there the chiefs  
Rushed, marshalling the host, and bade men take  
The field. Among his warriors stood the king,  
The son of Atreus: like to Zeus, that joys  
In thunderbolts, he seemed in brow and eye:  
His waist the waist of Ares looked, his chest  
The chest of Lord Poseidon. Like a bull  
That stands preëminent o'er all the herd,  
And tow'rs amid the kine that gathered feed;  
E'en such did Zeus make Atreus' son that day,  
Chief among many, eminent 'mong chiefs.

#### CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS

**T**ELL me now, Muses — ye who dwell above  
In halls Olympian; goddesses are ye  
At all times present, knowing all things well,  
While we but hear report, and nothing know;  
Tell me the chiefs and marshals of that host.  
Their multitude I might not tell nor name,  
Nay, not though I possessed ten tongues, ten mouths,  
A voice ne'er wearied, and a brazen heart;

Unless th' Olympian muses, daughters they  
Of ægis-bearing Zeus, recalled to me  
The men who came to Troy. Now will I name  
The captains of the ships, and all the barks.

Peneleos, Leïtus, and Clonius,  
Arcesilaüs, Prothoënor,— these  
Were chiefs of the Bæotians; those who dwelt  
In Hyria and in Aulis' craggy steep,  
In Schœnus, Scholus, Eteonus' glens  
Abounding; Graians and Thespeians too,  
And all from Mycalessus' ample lawns,  
And from Ilesius, Harma, Erythræ;  
And all th' inhabitants of Eleon,  
Of Hyla, Peteon, and Ocalea  
And Medeon's well-laid city, Copæ too  
And Thisbè, haunt of doves; and Eutresis;  
And all who came from Coronæa's walls  
And grassy Haliartus; they who kept  
Plataea, Glisa, Hypothebæ strong  
Of bulwarks: and Onchestus hallowed, where  
Poseidon's glorious grove was; all who dwelt  
In Arnè rich in grapes, in Midea  
And holy Nisa, and the far-off walls  
Of Anthedon. Full fifty ships were theirs:  
In each sixscore of young Bæotians came.

Next o'er the men of Aspledon, and those  
From Minyeen Orchomenus, held sway  
Two sons of Ares, one Ascalaphus,  
Ialmenus the other; they were born  
Within the home of Actor, Azis' son,

Of her, Astyochè, a modest maid ;  
Ares the mighty met her secretly,  
Seeking her upper chamber. From their land  
Went thirty hollow vessels to the fight.

Epistrophus the Phocians owned as chief,  
And Schedius; and their sire was Iphitus,  
The generous son of Naubolus. They ruled  
The bands from Cyparissus and the crags  
Of Python, Daulis, Crisa's sacred shrine,  
Anemorea and Hyampolis  
And Panopeus, and those who dwelt beside  
Divine Cephissus' stream: Lilæans too  
That held the sources whence Cephissus flows.  
Forty dark ships with these commanders came.  
They marshalled well the Phocians' armèd files  
That close to the Bœotian left were ranged.

The men of Locris followed Ajax fleet,  
Oïleus' son; much smaller was this prince  
Than Telamonian Ajax; slight of frame,  
Arrayed in linen corselet; yet among  
Achæans all and Panhellenes, chief  
In skill to wield the lance. His followers came  
From Cynus, Opus and Calliarus,  
Bessa and Scarpha, and the lovely meads  
Augeian; Tarpha too and Thronium, by  
Boagrius' tide. Twoscore black galleys went  
With Ajax, filled with Locrians, dwellers all  
Beyond Eubœa's isle of hallowed name.

Th' Abantes from Eubœa, breathing might,—  
They who from Chalcis and Eretria came

And vine-clad Histiaëa; clans that kept  
Sea-girt Cerinthus and high Dium's walls;  
Carystus too and Styra; all were led  
By Elephenor, Lord Calchodon's son,  
Scion of Ares, whom th' Abantes, great  
Of soul, obeyed. They followed in his train;  
A warrior race, fleet-footed, streaming-haired,  
Eager to break, with thrust of ashen spears,  
The corselets on their foemen's breasts. With him  
Twice twenty galleys dark of hue had sailed.

And they from Athens' stately town,— the seat  
Of mighty-souled Erechtheus reared of yore  
By Zeus' daughter, Pallas, though the child  
Of bounteous Earth; whom in Athenian walls  
The goddess set, within her own rich shrine,  
Where youths of Athens, in the hope to win  
Her favor, pay to her their tribute meet  
Of bulls and lambs with each revolving year;  
All these were led by Prince Menestheus, son  
Of Peteüs. Never man of earthly race  
Could equal him in skill to marshal steeds  
And buckler-bearing braves for battle. One  
Only contended with him, since in years  
He was the elder,— Nestor. With their chief  
Followed a fleet of fifty sable barks.

Twelve ships from Salamis had Ajax brought,  
And ranged them close beside th' Athenian squares.

And those from Argos and the ramparts strong  
Of Tiryns, and those cities of deep bays,  
Hermionè and Asinè, and those

Who in Eïonæ and Træzen dwelt,  
And vine-clad Epidaurus; Mases' men  
And Æginetans,— these, Achæans all —  
Were led by Diomed the valiant, great  
In shout of battle, and by Sthenelus,  
Illustrious Cæpaneus's cherished child:  
As their third leader went Euryalus,  
Son of Mecisteus, from Talaüs sprung;  
A godlike man was he; yet o'er them all  
Was Diomed, the great in call to arms.  
And with them eighty dark-hulled galleys came.

They of Mycænæ's city, the strong-walled,  
Of wealthy Corinth, and Cleonæ fair,  
And they who held Orneia and the fields  
Of lovely Aræthyrea, and they  
Of Sicyon, where Adrastus ruled of old,  
And those of Hyperesia and the steeps  
Of Gonoëssa, and Pellenè's braves;  
Th' inhabitants of Ægium and the tribes  
Of all the "Coast-land" and wide Helicè,  
Filled fivescore vessels, under Atreus' son.  
The monarch Agamemnon; and he led  
By far the bravest and most numerous band.  
He stood among them mailed in shimm'ring arms,  
Proud to be foremost of the chiefs — himself  
Most brave, and captaining far the mightiest throng.

And they who dwelt within the deep ravines  
Of hollow Lacedæmon, Pharians both  
And Spartans, men of dove-filled Messa, all  
Who kept Bryseiæ and the pleasant land

About Augeiæ and Amyclæ's walls  
And Helos' city reared beside the deep,  
And those of Laäs and of CÆtylus,  
Followed his brother Menelaüs, strong  
In call to combat. Sixty were his barks;  
Far from the rest his warriors donned their arms.  
Himself, all confident and full of zeal,  
Traversed their lines and urged them to the fray;  
For eagerly his spirit longed to take  
Vengeance for Helen's agonies and sighs.

Next, those of Pylus and Arenè fair,  
Of Thryon, where th' Alpheius hath its ford;  
Of Æpy with its noble halls; the sons  
Of Cyparisseis, Helos, Pteleos, came;  
They of Amphigeneia and the walls  
Of Dorium, where the Muses, as 'tis said,  
Met Thamyris, that Thracian, as he passed  
From Eurytus within CÆchalia's land  
And robbed him of the gift of voice; for he  
Had boasted, saying he would surely gain  
The palm in song, though e'en the Muses, sprung  
From Zeus the ægis-bearer, should contend:  
And they in anger blinded Thamyris,  
And took his godlike gift of song away,  
That he forgot to wake the lyre. O'er all  
Of these did Nestor, the Gerenian knight,  
Hold sway; with him came ninety hollow barks.

And they who held Arcadia 'neath the crest  
Of steep Cyllenè, there beside the tomb  
Of Æpytus, where men fight hand to hand,



The sons of Pheneus and Orchomenus  
Of countless herds, of Ripa, Stratia too,  
Wind-swept Enispè and Tegea's walls,  
Of Mantinea fair, and Stymphalus  
And of Parrhasia; these obeyed as lord  
King Agapenor, from Ancæus sprung.  
Threescore their ships were; in each vessel came  
Countless Arcadians versed in arts of strife.  
Monarch Atrides' self had giv'n to them  
Their well-decked barks to sail the wine-hued main:  
Since small concern had they with ocean's tasks.

The dwellers in Buprasium and the fields  
Of hallowed Elis,— all confined between  
Hyrminè and far-distant Myrsinus,  
And by Alisium and th' Olenian crag;  
Followed four chieftains, each by rapid barks,  
Twice five, attended; bearing multitudes  
Epeian. Thalpius and Amphimachus  
Were leaders of their first division; one  
Was son of Eurytus, from Actor sprung;  
The other's sire was Cteatus. The son  
Of Amarynceus, brave Diores, led  
The third command; their last division came  
Following Polyxenus, that godlike prince,  
Sprung from Agasthenes, Augeas' son.

They of Dulichium and the isles divine  
Called the Echinæ, those that lie beyond  
The briny ocean, facing Elis' strand,  
Were led by Meges, Ares' peer in strife:  
A son of Phyleus, lord of Zeus, who once

Quitted his home-land, 'gainst his sire enraged,  
And to Dulichium came to dwell. With him  
Came to the conflict sable barks twoscore.

Odysseus led the Cephalenians, strong  
Of courage; all the Ithacans, and those  
Of Neritum, that mount of quiv'ring leaves;  
Dwellers in Crocyleia and the steeps  
Of Ægilips; those of Zacynthus' isle,  
The dwellers too in Samos, the main coast  
And the lands opposite; over these, I say,  
Odysseus ruled, in counsel peer to Zeus,  
And twice six red-cheeked galleys formed his train.

Of the Ætolian men was Thoäs chief,  
Andræmon's son; o'er those he held command  
Who dwelt within Pylènè, Olenus,  
Pleuron, and Calchis, by the briny main,  
And craggy Calydon. Their chief was he,  
For now those sons of Ceneus, great of soul,  
Were dead; their sire, too, was no more: and slain  
Was Meleager of the yellow hair.

On Thoäs thus devolved the sov'reign sway  
O'er all Ætolia's warriors: and with him  
To join the fight twoscore black vessels came.

Idomeneus, for skill with lance far-famed,  
Was captain of the Cretans; all the braves  
Of Cnosus and Gortyna, massive-walled;  
Miletus, Lyctus, and Lycastus, throned  
On gleaming cliffs; Phæstus and Rhytium too,  
Cities well-peopled; and all men beside  
That dwell in Crete, the hundred-cities isle,

And with Idomeneus, that chief renowned  
In strife of spears, Meriones held sway,  
Peer of the god of bloodshed. With these two  
Full fourscore sable-sided galleys came.

Tlepolemus, a son of Heracles,  
Brought vessels nine from Rhodes, and each was  
filled

With Rhodian men, impetuous in the fray.  
And all the dwellers in the isle were ranked  
In threefold order; those of Lindus first,  
The Ialysians next; the yeomen last  
Of white Camirus. Of these warriors, chief  
Was brave Tlepolemus, a lance of note:  
His mother was Astyoche, his sire  
The stalwart Heracles, who led his bride  
From Ephyre, beside Selleis' flow,  
When many a city manned by youthful braves,  
Divinely nurtured, had been by his hand  
Despoiled. When new Tlepolemus attained  
His manhood, reared within those massive halls,  
He slew the cherished uncle of his sire,  
Licymnius, a son of Ares, then  
Stricken in years. Then straightway, framing  
barks

And gath'ring a great host, he fled, and sailed  
Far o'er the deep; for they,— the other sons  
And grandsons of great Heracles, the strong,  
Menaced his life. So wandered he, and, spent  
With suff'ring, came to Rhodes; and there his bands  
Dwelt in three tribes, and were by Zeus held dear,

Sov'reign of gods and mortals; on their race  
Chronides show' red a rain of wealth untold.

Nireus from Syma's isle three vessels led,  
Shapely of hulls; the son of Charopus  
The king and of Aglaia;— Nireus, who  
Excelled in beauty all the Greeks who came  
To Troy, save only Peleus' blameless child;  
Yet weak in war, and with a scanty band.

They of Nisyros, Casus, Crapathus,  
And Cos, the city of Eurypylus,  
And isles Calydnian, followed brother-chiefs,  
Antiphus and Phidippus, the two sons  
Of Heraclides Thessalus, the king,  
And came to Troy with thirty hollow barks.

But now o'er those who dwelt in Argos, hight  
Pelagian, men of Alos, Alopè,  
And Trachis, denizens of Phthia's coast  
And Hellas, famed for comely dames; all they  
Called Hellenes, Achæans, Myrmidons;  
Filled fifty barks; Achilles was their lord:—  
Heedless these heroes now of horrid strife;  
No chief had they their lines to marshal, since  
The son of Peleus, he, divine and fleet,  
Lay in his ships, lamenting her,— the maid,  
Fair-haired Briseïs, whom he captive brought  
From out Lyrnessus, after toils and pains,  
When he had spoiled that city with the walls  
Of Thebè, and had slain two spearmen strong,  
Epistrophus and Mynes, scions both  
Of King Evenus, him Selepius' son.

Her in his ships Achilles mourned,— but yet  
Was destined speedily again to rise.

The men of Phylacè and Pyrasus  
Of flowery meads, Demeter's hallowed land,  
And they of Iton, mother of the herds,  
Antron sea-girt, and Pteleos's grassy lea:  
Were marshalled by Protesilaüs, brave  
As Ares, in his lifetime; but the earth  
In her dark bosom held the chieftain now.  
His consort, with her fair cheeks rent with grief,  
And hall half-finished, he had left behind  
At Phylacè, and soon by Dardan dart  
Was slain, as foremost of th' Achæan throng  
He bounded from his vessel. Yet his men,  
Though sorrowing for their chief, had captains still;  
Podarces, Ares' scion, ranged their files,  
The son of Iphiclus Phylacides  
Rich in vast herds. Own brother was this prince  
Of brave Protesilaüs, but in years  
The younger; and that hero Ares-born  
Was both the elder and more valiant man.  
Though lacking not a leader, yet his men  
Mourned for Protesilaüs, their strong chief.  
With Iphiclus came dusky barks twoscore.

The men of Pheræ by Bœbeïs' lake,  
Dwellers in Bœbè and in Glaphyræ,  
Those from Iolcus' massive ramparts, manned  
Eleven barks; their chief Admetus' son  
Eumelus; born of Pelias' fairest child,  
Alcestis, among mortal maids divine.

O'er the Methoneans and Thaumacians, all  
From Melibœa, and Olizon's crags,  
Was Captain Philoctetes the expert  
In archery; seven were the ships they manned,  
Each holding fifty oarsmen, strong and skilled  
To wield the bow. But he, their chieftain, lay  
There in an isle, on sacred Lemnos' strand,  
Enduring bitter anguish; there the sons  
Of Greece had left him, sorely suffering from  
A wound, from deadly water-snake received.  
There languished he in torment; yet the Greeks  
Beside their ships were doomed to think full soon  
Of their Prince Philoctetes. Yet his braves,  
Though sorrowing for their chief, had captains still;  
For Medon marshalled them, the basely born  
Son of Oïleus; Rhena bore this son  
Unto Oïleus, waster of town-walls.

Next they of Tricca and Ithomè, land  
Of rocky steeps, and from Cœchalia's town,  
The seat of Eurytus, th' Cœchalian chief,—  
By two of Æsculapius' sons were led,  
Both skilled physicians — Podalirius,  
Machaon, too; with thirty ships they came.

Then these who held Ormenium and the font  
Of Hypereia and Asterium's seat,  
And gleaming spires of Titanus, were led  
By famed Eurypylus, Evæmon's son;  
And twoscore dusky galleys formed his train.

Then from Argissa and Gyrtone's town,  
Orthè, Elonè, and the shining walls

Of Oloösson, came the armèd band  
Of Polypœtes, furious in the fray,  
Son of Pirithoüs, who in turn was sprung  
From Zeus th' undying; that illustrious dame,  
Hippodamia, was his mother. She  
Unto Pirithoüs bore the chief, that day  
On which the sire chastised the Centaur race  
Of shaggy manes, and thrust them from the steeps  
Of Pelion, mingling them among the tribe  
Of th' Æthices. But yet did he not wield  
Sole sway; Leonteus, Ares' scion — he,  
Son of the bold Coronus, Cænus' child,—  
Was with him. Forty sable ships had these.

Next out of Cyphus twice eleven barks  
Were led by Guneus; the Perrhæbians, strong  
In battle, and the Enienes,— these  
Followed him. Round Dodona, winter-swept,  
They built their homes, or tilled the lovely lea  
Where Titaresius pours his limpid tide  
Into Peneüs; yet doth it not blend  
With silver-waved Peneüs, but like oil  
Swims on its surface; since its current forms  
A branch of Styx, in oaths a fearful name.

Then Prothoüs next, Tenthredon's son, was chief  
Of those Magnetes, who round Pelium's crest  
Quiv'ring with leaves, and near Peneüs, bide.  
O'er these swift Prothoüs held command; with him  
Attending came dark-bodied barks twoscore.

These were th' Achæans' marshals and their chiefs.  
And which of them was bravest, thou declare,

O Muse! to me, and which the fairest steeds,  
Of all that followed Atreus' sons to strife.

The noblest of the chargers were the steeds  
That prince Eumelus, Pheres' scion, drave;  
Birdlike and fleet, of equal age and hue,  
And by the plummet matched in height: both bred  
By him, the silver-bowed Apollo, there  
Within Pereia; both were mares, and bore  
The battle-monarch's panic in their train.  
And strongest far among the warrior-braves  
Was Telamonian Ajax, whilst apart  
Achilles sat in wrath; for Peleus' son,  
The blameless, was most brave of all, and steeds  
The fairest drew him field-ward. Yet he now  
Lay in his beakèd vessels, swift to sail,  
In wrath against the shepherd of the host,  
Atides Agamemnon; and his band,  
Beside the ocean's marge, diversion found  
In throw of discus, and the jav'lin's cast,  
And archery; each warrior's chargers stood  
Beside his car, and cropped their lotus-leaves,  
And marsh-grown parsley. Covered o'er with care,  
The chariots of the chieftains idle lay  
Within the lodges; whilst their masters roved  
Hither and thither through the camp, and yearned  
For their brave captain, nor bore part in fight.

The squadrons came apace like burning flame  
Consuming the wide earth; beneath their tread  
The ground gave groanings as when wrathful Zeus  
Doth with his bolt of lightning scourge the land



At Arima about Typhœus — (There,  
Or so men say, the giant makes his bed;)   
So groaned the earth beneath th' advancing feet  
Of that vast host; swift o'er the plain they passed.

Now to the Trojans came that courier fleet  
As wind, e'en Iris, from the hall of Zeus  
Who wields the ægis; grievous words she bore.  
There beside Priam's portals stood they all  
In gathered council, elders both and youths.  
Nigh them fleet Iris took her stand, and called,  
With voice of Priam's son, Polites, one  
Who, in his fleet feet trusting, sat upon  
The summit of old Æsyetes' tomb,  
And served as sentinel the Trojan bands,  
To give the signal when from out their barks  
He saw the Greek host sally. In his guise  
Swift Iris spoke before the gathered throng:

“O aged monarch! thou art ever fond  
Of endless words, as once while peace still reigned:  
But now a conflict not to be escaped  
Hath ris'n upon thee. I have borne my part  
In many a fray of warriors; yet I ne'er  
Beheld so mighty and so vast a host:  
For countless as the leaves or grains of sand  
They cross the plain, and will contend full soon  
Close 'gainst our city. Thee, O Hector, now  
I specially enjoin my words to heed,  
And thus to do: In Priam's spacious walls  
Countless allies are waiting; they are come  
From scattered nations; many tongues they speak;

So let each chieftain give the sign to these  
Whom he commands; and when his citizens  
Are fairly marshalled, let him lead them forth."

She spake; and Hector failed not to discern  
The goddess' speech, and straight dissolved the  
throng

In council gathered; and they sprang to arms;  
Wide all the gates were flung; with clamor loud,  
Both horse and foot, forth sallied all the host.

There lies before the town a lofty hill  
Apart, upon the plain, on every hand  
Quite isolated; Batiea called  
By mortals; but in heaven yclept the tomb  
Of the fleet Amazon Myrinè. Here,  
Divided, Trojans and allies were ranged.

Hector the great was chief of Ilium's host,—  
The son of Priam, by his bright crest known;  
And far the mightiest and most numerous band  
Formed round him, furious in the strife of spears.

By strong Æneas were the Dardans led,  
Anchises' son, whom Aphroditè bore,  
A goddess, to Anchises, mortal man,  
Within the vales of Ida. Not alone  
Æneas was in pow'r; Archelochus  
And Acamas — Antenor's scions these —  
Were with him, learnèd in all lore of strife.

Those Trojans of Zeleia's town, beneath  
The lowest slope of Ida — rich in store,  
Who drink the black tide of Æsepus,— all  
Followed brave Pandarus, Lycaon's son,

To whom Apollo's self his bow had giv'n.

Then those of Adrasteia and the land  
Apæsiàn, those of Pityeia too,  
And the high mountain of Tereia; — these  
Followed Adrastus, and his brother dressed  
In linen corselet, Amphius; both were sons  
Of Merops the Percosian, the most skilled  
Of men in divination. He forbade  
His sons to enter the destructive fray:  
Yet to his voice they hearkened not; for fate  
Allured them onward to their gloomy end.

Those who by Practius and Percotè dwelt  
And held Abydus, Sestus, and that place  
Of sacred name, Arisbè; all obeyed  
Asius Hyrtacides — from out the town  
Of fair Arisbè, by Selleis' stream,  
Borne by his great sleek chargers to the fight.

The clans Pelasgian, mighty with the spear,  
Who held Larissa's fertile realm, obeyed  
Hippochoüs as their captain; and beside  
Hippochoüs owned Pylæus as their chief,  
Scion of Ares. The Pelasgian king,  
Lethus Teutamides, was sire to these.

Next Piroüs bold, and Acamas, were chiefs  
Of Thracia's dwellers in the lands confined  
Within the Hellespont's fast-flowing tide.

Euphemus led the Cicones strong-speared,  
Son of heav'n-reared Træzenus, Ceas' son;

Next the Pæonians with their curving bows  
Followed their chief Pyræchmes from the shore

Of far-off Amydon, and Axius wide —  
That Axius, that of all the streams of earth  
Outpours the clearest current o'er the lands.

The valiant-hearted prince, Pylæmenes,  
Came marshalling forth his Paphlagonian bands  
From out the country of the Eneti,  
Where first was reared the race of mules untamed;  
Those men he ruled who in Cytorus dwelt,  
And Sesamus, and in famed halls beside  
Parthenius' banks; and in Ægialus  
And Cromna, and on Erythinian steeps.

Next Odius and Epistophus led forth  
The Halizonians from far Alybè,  
Known as the land where silver hath its bed.

Chromis the Mysians led, and Ennomus,  
The seer, whose gift of divination failed  
To save him from black fate; for he was slain  
By swift Æacides in that fell stream  
Where he smote others of the Trojan braves.

Then Phorcys and Ascanius, heav'nly fair,  
From far Ascania led the Phrygian train;  
Impetuous for the fight was his command.

The two sons of Talæmenes were chiefs  
Of the Mæonian squadron — Antiphus  
And Mesthles; and their mother was the nymph  
Of lake Gygæa's waters; chiefs were they  
Of all Mæonians born 'neath Tmolus' crest.

Then Nastes led the Carian host, that race  
Of barbarous speech, who held Miletus' walls,  
As well the Phthirians' leafy mount, beside

The currents of Mæander, and the steeps  
Of lofty Mycalè. Amphimachus  
And Nastes led the Carian host to strife;  
Amphimachus and Nastes, sons renowned  
Of Prince Nomion, who like foolish girl  
Went gold-bedecked to war; it could not shield  
From cruel fate; he perished by the hand  
Of fleet Æcides within the stream;  
And of his gold the fierce foe spoiled the slain.

    Last did Sarpedon lead the Lycian bands  
With blameless Glaucus, from the distant bounds  
Of Lycia, and the eddying Xanthus' tide.

## BOOK III

### DUEL OF MENELAÛS AND PARIS

As the Greek and Trojan armies advance against each other, Paris, in the Trojan van, is confronted by Menelaüs and retreats. Upbraided by Hector, he proposes to Hector to engage Menelaüs in single combat with Helen as the prize, the issue of the combat to terminate the war. Hector repeats the proposal to the two armies, and Menelaüs, accepting the challenge, urges a treaty, to be confirmed by a sacrifice. Heralds are dispatched to fetch the intended victims. The news of the impending duel is conveyed to Helen: she repairs to the Scaean gate, where are seated the Trojan elders viewing the field. Helen points out and describes to her father-in-law, Priam, the leading chiefs of Greece upon the field: Agamemnon, Ajax, Odysseus, and others; noting the absence of her brothers Castor and Pollux, of whose death she is unaware. Priam is sent for to ratify the treaty, which is now concluded: Agamemnon in behalf of the Greeks vowing to Zeus that if Paris defeat Menelaüs the Greeks will depart from Troy, relinquishing Helen to the victor; while corresponding vows, in the event of Menelaüs' victory, are taken by the Trojans. Priam, unable to bear the sight of the duel, retires to the city. Amid the prayers of the hosts, lots are cast to determine who shall first throw the spear; the lot falls on Paris. The warriors arm and encounter: Paris is overthrown by Menelaüs, who is dragging him toward the Greek lines, when Aphroditè comes to her favorite's rescue, freeing him



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from the grasp of the Greek by breaking the chin-strap of his casque; and snatching him away, shrouded in darkness, to his bed-chamber, whither she summons Helen to attend him. Helen obeys under protest; and after she has taunted Paris with his defeat, the pair retire to their couch. Menelaüs meantime vainly searches for his vanished antagonist, and Agamemnon claims the victory and its fruits for his brother.

### BOOK III

WHEN now each host was marshalled round  
its chiefs,

Each man in place, the sons of Ilium came  
With clamor on, like wild-fowl, and loud cries,  
Like cries of cranes, resounding from the sky;  
Those cranes that, flying from the wintry storm  
And rain unspeakable, toward Ocean's flow  
Wing with shrill screams, and to the Pygmy bands  
Are harbingers of death, at early day  
Beginning the fell combat. But the Greeks,  
Breathing forth fury, came in silence on,  
And each man yearned to lend his comrades aid.

As when the South-wind sheds o'er mountain-  
crests

A heavy mist,—no welcome sight to eyes  
Of shepherds, yet more safe than night to hide  
The thief's approach, since only a stone's cast  
One sees before him; dense as such a mist,  
A dust-cloud rose beneath the warriors' feet  
Advancing; quickly o'er the plain they passed,

When now each host to th' other had drawn nigh,  
There in the forefront of the Trojan braves  
Stood Paris, godlike youth, his shoulders decked  
With leopard-skin; a curvèd bow he bore  
Slung o'er them, and his brand; two bronze-tipped  
spears



He waved, and challenged all the Argive chiefs  
To fight in deadly combat hand-to-hand.

When Menelaüs, dear to Ares, saw  
The prince advancing thus before his host  
With mighty strides, his heart rejoiced within  
Like heart of lion, hunger-faint, that finds  
The ample carcass of a hornèd stag  
Or a wild goat, and greedily consumes  
The body, though beset by lusty youths  
And hounds fleet-footed; Menelaüs thus  
Exulted to behold the form divine  
Of Alexander; for he thought to take  
A fitting vengeance on the miscreant now;  
Down from his car he sprang all armed for strife.

When godlike Alexander saw the king  
Appear among the champion Greeks, his heart  
Was sorely smitten; back among the press  
Of his companions shrank the prince to shun  
The death that threatened him; as one that sees  
A serpent on a mountain's seamy side,  
And, trembling-kneed, with pallor on his cheek,  
Recoils from it in terror; thus shrank back  
Heav'n-featured Paris 'mid the armed array  
Of eager Trojans, fearing Atreus' son.  
Him Hector saw, and bitterly reprovèd:—

“Thou ill-starred Paris, first in naught but fact  
Thou woman-mad, beguiling womankind!  
Would that thou never hadst been born, or ne'er  
Before thine end hadst wedded! Yea, e'en this  
Would be my prayer, and better far 'twould be

Than that thou thus shouldst shame us, in the sight  
Of other men despised. The long-haired Greeks,  
I ween, will laugh aloud, that champion brave  
And hero deemed thee for thy comely face,  
When in thy breast nor strength nor spirit bides.  
Could such a man as thou with journeying barks  
Sail o'er the ocean with a gathered band  
Of trusty followers — on a distant shore  
Mingle with men of alien blood, and bring  
Thence a fair woman, wife of one whose kin  
Are mighty spearmen,— her, a grievous bane  
Unto thy father and to Ilium's town  
And all its populace, but unto thy foes  
An exultation, to thyself a shame?  
Couldst not abide the onslaught of this man,  
King Menelaüs, Ares-cherished? Soon  
Then hadst thou learned to know the might of him  
Whose blooming consort thou didst take and keep.  
No more thy lyre and Aphroditè's gifts,  
Thy flowing hair and beauteous countenance,  
Should then avail thee, overthrown in dust.  
Yet surely are the Trojans timid souls;  
Else before now hadst thou, for all the sins  
Thou hast committed, worn a garb of stone.”  
Then noble Alexander thus replied:  
“Fittingly, Hector, hast thou chidden me,  
And hast in no wise passed the measure meet.  
Aye is thy heart unwearied like the axe  
That cleaves a tree-trunk, swung within the grasp  
Of one that hews the timbers for a bark

With skill, the axe augmenting human might,  
So staunch the heart that in thy bosom bides.  
Yet blame me not, that I possess fair gifts  
Of golden Aphrodite; ne'er to be  
Rejected is the glorious largess giv'n  
By hands divine; of his own choice no man  
May obtain this. If now thou wouldst indeed  
That I should strive in combat, bid the rest,  
The Trojans and the Argives all, resume  
Their seats; and in the middle space set me  
And martial Menelaüs, to contend  
For lovely Helen's self and all her store.  
Whichever gains the victory and shall prove  
The better, let him take the treasures — all,  
Ay, all of them,— and Helen, and repair  
Back to his home; let all the others here  
Found a firm friendship sealed by faithful truce,  
That ye may ever dwell in rich-soiled Troy,  
While these return to Argos, nurse of steeds,  
And to Achæa, land of matrons fair."

He spake; and glad was Hector's heart to hear  
His valiant words. Midway he grasped his shaft  
And passing through the Trojan files, pressed back  
Their serried ranks, till all resumed their seats.  
At him meantime th' Achæans, flowing-haired,  
Had aimed their ready arrows and had bent  
Their bows, and would have cast stones; but the  
king

Of men, great Agamemnon, checked their zeal,  
And loudly shouted, "Hold, ye Argive men;

Wing not your missiles, youths of Greece; some  
word

Hath Hector of the glancing crest to say."

Thus spake the king; mute grew the warriors all  
And speedily desisted from the strife.

Then there betwixt the armies Hector spake:

"Hear from my lips, ye Trojan braves and  
Greeks

Well-greavèd, what saith Alexander — he  
That caused our strife. He bids the sons of Troy,  
And all the Greeks, lay down their glinting arms  
Upon the nurturing earth, while he himself  
And Menelaüs, dear to Ares, stand  
Betwixt the hosts, to strive for Helen here  
And all her treasured wealth in single fight.  
Whiche'er of them shall conquer and shall prove  
The better, let him take the riches — all,  
Ay, all of them — and Helen, and repair  
To his own home; while we, the rest, shall found  
With trusty treaty-oaths a friendship sealed."

Thus said he; all were mute in silence. Then  
Spake Menelaüs, great in shout of strife:

"Hear me too, since most keenly to my soul  
This sorrow pierceth; I do counsel you,  
Both Greeks and Trojans, now as friends to part,  
Since many are the sorrows ye have borne  
Caused by this strife of mine and by the wrong  
That Paris at the outset did to me.  
Whiche'er of us two fate hath marked for death,  
Let that man die; the rest shall separate

Quickly in amity. Bring now two lambs,  
 One white, and black the other, for the Earth  
 And Sun; another we to Zeus shall yield.  
 Bring too the mighty Priam, that himself  
 May be at hand to seal our treaty here,  
 Since arrogant and faithful are his sons;—  
 Lest some one by transgression violate  
 The plighted oaths of Zeus. Unstable aye  
 Are young men's minds; but when the elder sit  
 Among them, past and future things he sees  
 At once, regarding what for each is best."

Thus spake he; and the Greek and Trojan  
 Rejoiced, in hope to end the bitter strife.

Then to the ranks they drave, and stayed,  
 steeds,

And from their cars dismounting, stripped t  
 selves

Of all their mail, and laid their suits of arms  
 Upon the ground, each near the other piled:  
 And round each pile but little space was seen.

Then straightway Hector to the city sent  
 Two heralds, who should fetch the lambs and  
 King Priam thither. Agamemnon too  
 Dispatched Talthybius to the roomy barks,  
 And bade him bring from thence a lamb; and h  
 To noble Agamemnon's words gave heed.

Then unto white-armed Helen Iris sped,  
 Bearing a message; she assumed the guise  
 Of her, that consort of Antenor's son,  
 King Helicaon, sister of the lord

Of Helen, called Laodicè, most fair  
Of Priam's daughters. In her hall she found  
The lovely Helen weaving a great web  
Of double-folded purple, broid'ring in  
The many combats of the bronze-clad Greeks  
And knightly Trojans; all that for her cause  
The armies had endured at Ares' hands.

Beside her stood fleet Iris, speaking thus:

"Come hither, bride beloved, that thou mayst see  
What wondrous deeds the knightly Trojan braves  
Are doing, and the Greeks, the brazen-armed;  
They who aforetime, mad for deadly strife,  
Against each other waged the grievous fray  
Upon the plain, all sit in silence now,  
Their conflict over, resting on their shields;  
Planted beside them their long lances stand;  
And presently shall Alexander there  
With Menelaüs, Ares-loved, contend  
For thee; the victor's consort shalt thou be."

The goddess spake, and into Helen's heart  
Infused a sweet desire for her first lord,  
Her city and her parents; and forthwith,  
Veiled and in linen raiment snowy sheen,  
She left her chamber, letting fall soft tears,  
And not alone — two handmaids followed her,  
Æthra, the child of Pittheus: tender-eyed  
Clymenè also; and without delay  
Proceeding, soon the Scæan gate they gained.

Now Priam and his followers, Panthoüs,  
Thymætes, Lampus, Hicetaon sprung

From Ares, Clytius, and Ucalegon  
And wise Antenor — prudent sages both,—  
The elders of the people, sat beside  
The Scæan port. Long had they ceased through  
age

To fight; yet glorious orators were they,  
Like the cicadas settling on the trees,  
Emitting through the grove their lily tones.  
Such were the chiefs of Ilium seated round  
The turret-wall. When Helen now they spied  
Advancing toward the tow'r, each unto each  
Said in low voice that wingèd accents bore:

“Small blame must Trojans bear, or greavèd  
Greeks,

That they for such a woman long endure  
The pangs of strife; for strangely is her mien  
Like that of the immortals: yet e'en thus,  
Fair as she is, let her by ship depart,  
And let her not remain, a source of woe  
To us and of our sons in after-time.”

Thus spake the elders. Priam called aloud  
To Helen: “Come and sit, belovèd child,  
By me, to look upon thy former spouse,  
Thy friends and kinsmen. Thee I cannot blame;  
The fault is with the gods, who brought on me  
This lamentable war with Argos' host.  
And now I would have thee name to me this man  
Of massive frame — this Argive, tall and brave;  
In truth, in stature others taller show;  
Yet ne'er mine eyes have seen a man so fair

Or stately; for a monarch's mien hath he."

Divine of women, Helen made reply;

"Dear father of my lord! I rev'rence thee  
And fear to see thee. Would that shameful fate  
Had been my choice when hither with thy son  
I came, and left my bridal couch behind,  
And brethren, and the child I loved so well;  
My cherished comrades too, in age the same.  
Yet was this destined not to come to pass;  
And for this cause am I dissolved in tears.  
But what thou askest will I tell. This chief  
Is Agamemnon; offspring, wide of sway,  
Of Atreus; noble monarch both is he  
And sturdy spearman. He it is who once  
Was husband's brother to myself,— to me,  
The shameless,— if indeed 'twas ever so."

Thus answered she. The old man marvelled  
much,

And spake again: "Atrides, fortune-blest!  
Of birth auspicious, happy in thy star!  
Vast is the multitude of Grecian youths  
That pay thee homage. In days past did I  
Visit the vine-clad Phrygia, where I saw  
The countless hordes of Phrygian warriors borne  
On glancing steeds; Mygdon, of heav'nly form,  
And Otreus, led them. These in bivouac lay  
Beside the banks that bound Sangarius' flow,  
And I was reckoned, serving as ally,  
Among their host, what time the Amazons,  
Matching with men, assailed us. Yet ev'n these



Less numbered than Achæa's quick-eyed bands."

The ancient man beheld Odysseus next,  
And questioned thus: "I pray thee, dear my child,  
Name me this hero also; less is he  
In height than Agamemnon, Atreus-sprung,  
Yet in his chest and shoulders broader still;  
Upon the fruitful soil his arms lie cast,  
And to and fro he roves among the files  
Of heroes; ev'n as roves a thick-fleeced ram —  
So I compare him — passing here and there  
'Mid a great herd of sheep as white as snow."

Then Helen, Zeus-descended, answered him:  
"Laërtes' son is this, Odysseus, he  
Of many counsels, reared on rocky steeps  
Of Ithaca; well-versed is he in all  
Subtle designs and stratagems of skill."

Then wise Antenor thus replied to her:  
"Ay, lady, these thy words indeed are true;  
For he erstwhile, divine Odysseus, came  
Hither on embassy concerning thee  
With martial Menelaüs. Then was I  
Their host, and welcomed them within my hall;  
I learned to know the features of both kings  
And their wise counsels. When they mingled stood  
Amid th' assembled band of Ilium's braves,  
And both were standing, Menelaüs rose  
By his broad shoulders o'er his fellow-chief;  
Yet when they both were seated, statelier man  
Odysseus seemed. When now before the throng  
They wove their web of words and counsels, then

The words of Menelaüs fluent came,  
Terse, yet most clear; no man of garrulous speech  
Is he, nor rambling, though of younger age  
Than was his mate. But when upsprang to speak  
The man of craft, Odysseus, he stood still,  
And fixed his gaze upon the ground. His wand  
Nor back nor forward swayed he, but held firm  
With rigid grasp. A witless churl, aye, e'en  
A very fool one might have deemed the king.  
But when his chest hurled forth that mighty voice  
And words like flakes of winter snow fell fast,  
None other mortal with Odysseus then  
Could hope to vie; and now, as we beheld,  
Odysseus' mien less strange seemed than before."

The king saw Ajax next, and asked again:  
"Who is this other Greek of mighty frame  
And valor,— he that tow'reth by a head  
And ample shoulders o'er the Argive braves?"

Then trailing-mantled Helen, passing fair,  
Divine among all women, answered, "This  
Is mighty Ajax, bulwark of the Greeks.  
And on the other side Idomeneus  
Among the Cretan warriors godlike stands;  
Round him the chieftains of that island throng.  
Him oft hath Menelaüs, Ares-loved,  
Received within our palace when he came  
Thither from Crete. Now other quick-eyed Greeks,  
Ay, all, I see, whom well I know — whose names  
I well might call; but two I fail to mark  
Of those who should be marshals of this host;

Steed-taming Castor, and the boxer skilled,  
E'en Polydeuces. Brothers own of mine  
Were these; a single mother bore us all;  
Hither from Lacedæmon's lovely strand  
They followed not the rest, or, here arrived,  
In ships seafaring, yet perchance now shrink  
From ent'ring the heroic strife, in dread  
Of my disgrace, and all the taunts I bear."

Thus Helen spake; not knowing that ere this  
The twain lay shrouded in the teeming earth  
In Lacedæmon, in their own loved land.

Then through the Trojan city heralds bore  
The trusty pledges of the host on high:  
Two lambs, and cheering wine, the fruit of earth,  
Within a goatskin. One, Idæus, came,  
With a bright bowl and beakers wrought of gold,  
Close to the ancient king, and called to him:

"Thou son of King Laomedon, arise:  
The captains of th' Achæans brazen-armed  
And knightly Trojans bid thee hasten down  
Into the plain to seal the sacred truce;  
And presently thine Alexander, there,  
And Menelaüs, Ares-loved, shall fight  
For Helen with long spears; the victor gains  
The treasures with the dame; whilst all the rest  
Conclude a treaty sealed by trusty oaths,  
We Trojans still in fertile Troy to bide,  
While these return to Argos, nurse of steeds,  
And to Achæa, land of matrons fair."

Thus spake he; and the old man, shudd'ring, bade

His steeds be coupled to his chariot; soon  
His men obeyed his word. And now the king  
Ascended, and drew back the reins; and next  
Antenor climbed within the splendid car  
And sat beside him; through the Scæan gate  
Drive they upon the plain the rapid steeds.

Now when they gained the Greek and Trojan  
files,

To the rich earth dismounting from their cars  
They passed within the space betwixt the hosts.  
Straight rose then Agamemnon, lord of men,  
And many-wiled Odysseus; heralds, high  
Of birth, now brought the binding off'rings, prized  
Among the gods, and mixing in a bowl  
The wine, poured water o'er the rulers' hands.

Atrides drew the sacrificial knife  
He wore,— the knife that ever hung beside  
His brand's great sheath; and from the lambs' heads  
shore

The fleece, which 'mong the chiefs of Greece and  
Troy

The heralds then divided. Atreus' son  
Prayed loud before them with uplifted hands:

“O Father Zeus, most great, most glorious thou,  
Ruling from Ida's crest; and thou, O Sun,  
That seest all things and hearest; and ye Streams  
And Earth, and ye who in the realms below  
Chastise the dead that perjured oaths have sworn;  
Bear witness all, and guard the vows we take.  
If Paris now slay Menelaüs, he

May keep fair Helen and her golden store,  
While we to Greece return in roving barks;  
But should the tawny Menelaüs fell  
Brave Alexander, then the sons of Troy  
With all her treasures must restore the dame,  
And make the Greeks atonement meet, to be  
Remembered 'mong mankind through future years—  
Should Priam and his sons, when Paris falls,  
Refuse the payment, here I stay to fight  
For expiation till the strife shall end.”

He spake, and severed with the ruthless blade  
The victims' throats, and laid them quiv'ring down  
Upon the ground all breathless; for the bronze  
Had robbed them of their life. From out the bowl  
Men dipped and into beakers poured the wine  
With prayers to the immortals, while the Greeks  
And Trojans thus to one another said:

“ O Zeus, in pow'r and majesty supreme,  
And all ye other gods undying, give  
That those of us who first shall break this truce  
By act of wrong, be with their children doomed  
To wet the ground with flow of ebbing brain  
As now this wine bedews it; that their wives  
May be the wives of strangers.” So they prayed:  
Yet Zeus denied fulfillment to their prayer.

Then Priam, Dardanus-descended, spake:  
“ Hear me, ye Trojans and ye Greeks, well-greaved:  
To wind-swept Ilium I must turn once more,  
For never can these eyes endure to see  
My dear son strive with Menelaüs, friend

Of Ares. Zeus and th' other gods alone  
May know for which of them death lies in store."

Thus spake the godlike mortal; and the lambs  
Placed in his car; then, mounting, backward drew  
The slackened reins. Antenor took his place  
In that fair car beside him, and the two  
Turned backward and regained the Trojan walls.

Then did divine Odysseus and the son  
Of Priam, Hector, measure first the space,  
And next within a brazen-mounted casque  
Placing the lots, they shook them, to decide  
Which hero first should launch the brazen dart.  
With hands upraised to heav'n, the people prayed  
The gods, while thus the Greeks and Trojans spake:

"O Father Zeus, in pow'r and glory chief,  
Ruling from Ida's summit! grant that he  
Who wronged and brought this evil on our hosts,  
May fall, and to the halls of Hades fare;—  
To us give friendship and a truce to last."

Thus prayed they. Mighty Hector, gleaming-  
helmed,  
Shook now the lots with gaze averted; soon  
Forth leaped the lot of Paris. Then the hosts  
Resumed their seats, by ranks, where each had placed  
His prancing steeds and variegated arms.

Then did the godlike Alexander, spouse  
Of fair-haired Helen, round his shoulders bind  
His beauteous armor. On his ankles first  
Closing the shapely greaves secured by clasps  
Fashioned of silver, next about his breast

He girt the corselet of his brother, named  
Lycaon; and it suited well his frame.  
About his shoulders slung he the bronze sword  
With silver studs, and added then the shield  
So strong and vast. Then on his valiant head  
He set the well-forged helm, with horsehair crest,  
While nodded terribly the swaying plume  
Above him. Last his trusty lance he seized,  
Well fitted to his grasp; and e'en as he  
Was now the martial Menelaüs armed.

When now on either side of that great throng  
The heroes were equipped, with fearful mien  
Strode they betwixt the lines of Greece and Troy:  
Wonder held all who viewed them, both the Greeks  
Well-greavèd, and steed-taming Trojan braves.  
Hard by each other in the measured space  
The warriors stood, and brandished their raised  
spears

With ireful hearts. Then Alexander cast  
First his long-shadowed lance. Its brazen edge  
Smote on the orbèd shield of Atreus' son;  
Yet pierced it not; but bent within the mass  
Of that strong buckler. Menelaüs then,  
The son of Atreus, rose to hurl his dart,  
And breathed a prayer to Father Zeus the while:

“O sov'reign Zeus, vouchsafe me vengeance now  
On beauteous Alexander, who in wrong  
First harmed me; let him bow beneath my hand;  
That men as yet unborn may dread to wrong  
The friend that gives them welcome as a host.”

Thus prayed he; hurling then the brandished shaft,

He struck the rounded shield of Priam's son;  
Right through the shining shield the huge spear  
sped,—

Forced onward through the well-wrought corselet,  
tore

The chief's soft tunic, grazing last his side;

And Paris stooped, escaping thus dark fate.

Atrides now his silver-studded brand

Drew forth, and lifting it he smote the crest

That topped the helm of Paris. At the blow,

Shivered in fragments four, the weapon fell

From out his grasp. The son of Atreus turned

To the broad heav'n his gaze, and groaned aloud:

"O Father Zeus, no other god is more

Cruel than thou. For verily I thought

To punish Alexander for his crime;

But now my sword is shattered in my hand,

And from my grasp the spear has leapt away

All fruitlessly, nor laid the miscreant low."

Thus prayed he. Springing swiftly up, he seized

The son of Priam by his plumèd crest,

Spinning him round, and strove to drag him on

Among the greavèd Greeks; the tender neck

Was crushed beneath the richly-broidered thong

Bound 'neath the chin to hold in place the casque.

Then Menelaüs would have dragged him thence

And would have won untold renown; but she,

Fair Aphroditè, Zeus's child, was swift



To mark her Paris' peril; and she burst  
The stout thong fashioned from the slain bull's hide.  
Empty the helm remained in that strong grasp.  
The warrior sent it whirling through the throng  
Of greavèd Greeks; his trusty followers made  
Prize of the spoil; then, mad to slay, the chief  
Rushed back, bronze lance in hand. The goddess  
then,

As none but deities may do, with ease  
Snatched Alexander thence, and veiling him  
In mist impenetrable, bore his form  
To his sweet-scented chamber's odorous shade.

Then went she to call Helen, whom she found  
On the high tow'r; and, seated round, a throng  
Of Trojan women. Plucking with her hand  
The princess' fragrant robe, she took the guise  
Of an old dame, a carder, who had combed  
Fair fleeces for queen Helen when she dwelt  
In Lacedæmon, and who loved her well;  
To her, disguised thus, Aphroditè spake:

"Come hither; for thy Paris calls thee home;  
Within his chamber, on his polished couch,  
Radiant and fair and richly-garbed, he lies,  
Thy consort; ne'er couldst thou divine that he  
Came from a battle with an armèd chief;  
More like one bound for choral dance he seems,  
Or one who thence returned sits down to rest."

She spake, awak'ning wrath in Helen's heart;  
Perceiving now the goddess' beauteous neck  
And lovely breast and eyes of sparkling glow,

All in astonishment she looked, and spake:

“Ah, cruel one, why seek'st thou to beguile  
My spirit thus? Wouldst lead me farther still  
From Lacedæmon, through the populous towns  
Of Phrygia, or the fair Mæonian land,  
If thou shouldst chance to have some favorite there  
'Mong short-lived mortals? Is it then for this,—  
That Menelaüs hath e'en now o'erthrown  
Heav'n-featured Alexander, and would fain  
Take back my hated self to his own land,—  
Thou now dost seek me with thy guileful arts?  
Go, sit thou by him; paths divine forsake;  
Nor let thy feet again Olympus-ward  
Return; but suffer aye at Paris' side,  
And o'er him keep thy vigil, 'till he make  
Of thee or spouse or slave. No more will I  
Go thither to adorn his marriage-bed;  
'Twould be a sin in me; the dames of Troy  
Would all henceforth reproach me; and my heart  
Is burdened with th' unnumbered woes I bear.”

The goddess Aphroditè, stirred to wrath,  
Thus made reply: “Perverse one! goad me not  
To fury, lest, when once is roused mine ire,  
I may forsake thee, utterly, and come  
To hate thee greatly as I love thee now.  
Beware that I implant not 'twixt the hosts  
Of Greece and Ilium seeds of bitter strife,  
And bring thee to a most unhappy end.”

Thus spake she. Helen, child of Zeus, in fear,  
And shrouded in her shimm'ring robe of snow,

Silent, by all the Trojan dames unseen,  
Descended, following her celestial guide.

When now they came to the resplendent halls  
Where Paris had his dwelling, at their tasks  
The handmaids soon were busied; and meantime  
She, the divine of women, sought once more  
Her high-roofed chamber. Aphrodite then,  
The laughter-loving goddess, brought for her  
And set in place a seat that faced the chief.  
On this did Helen, child of Zeus who wields  
The ægis, sit, and with averted eyes  
Upbraided in these words her wedded lord:

“Hast then returned from battle? Would that  
thou  
Hadst perished there; ay, would that valiant man  
Had laid thee low — my spouse of former years!  
Thy vaunts but now were loud, how far in might  
And strength of arm and spear thou didst surpass  
King Menelaüs, dear to Ares. Nay,  
Go challenge Menelaüs yet once more  
To single fight; yet would I counsel thee  
To cease,— not recklessly again to vie  
With Menelaüs of the tawny mane,  
Lest by his spear thou meet thine overthrow.”

Then Alexander in these words replied:  
“Forbear, O woman, with harsh words like these  
To taunt me; for, though Menelaüs gained  
This time the vict'ry through Athena's aid,  
Next day may I the conqu'ror prove; divine  
Helpers have I too. Let us to the couch

And quickly turn to thoughts of fond desire;  
For ne'er till now hath passion cast its spell  
O'er all my being,— nay, not e'en the day  
I tore thee first from Lacedæmon fair  
And sailing thence in roving vessels found  
The joys of love with thee in Cranaë's isle,  
As now I long for thee, and yearning sweet  
O'ercometh me." He spake, and onward passed,  
His consort following, to the nuptial bed,  
And on that perforated couch both slept.

Meantime Atrides like a wild beast roved  
Among the warriors, seeking everywhere  
The godlike Paris. But no man of all  
The Trojans and illustrious allies  
Could show to martial Menelaüs where  
Lay Alexander. Sooth, no love they bore  
To Paris would have sheltered then the chief,  
If any had espied him; all alike  
Hated him as the blackness of the tomb.

King Agamemnon now addressed the host:

"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans and allies:  
Since martial Menelaüs, as it is  
Now evident to all, hath gained the day,  
Restore ye now with Argive Helen all  
Her treasure, paying seemly recompense  
That shall be told 'mong men in after-years."  
Thus spake he; and the other Argives gave  
Approval to the words of Atreus' son.



## BOOK IV

### THE BREAKING OF THE TREATY

At a council of the gods Zeus narrates the outcome of the combat between Menelaüs and Paris, taunts Hera and Athena with their failure to aid the Spartan king, and asks the pleasure of the gods regarding the continuance of the war, showing his own inclination towards the terms of the treaty. Hera, however, persists in advocating the utter overthrow of the city. Zeus reluctantly consents, Hera agreeing that Zeus in return may destroy those cities which she herself holds most dear whenever it is his pleasure so to do. Pallas is dispatched to the field to cause a breach of the treaty. Disguised as Laodocus, she induces the archer Pandarus to let fly an arrow at Menelaüs. The arrow, deflected by Pallas, gives Menelaüs but a slight wound. Agamemnon, however, thinking it fatal, and incensed at the outrage, laments over his brother's supposed speedy death, but is reassured by him, and Machaon is summoned to dress the wound. Agamemnon exhorts his troops to valor. He accosts various Greek leaders:—Idomeneus, who assures the king of the temper of his Cretan command; the two warriors Ajax; Nestor, who is marshalling the cavalry; Menestheus and Odysseus, whom he stings by his reproof; and Diomed, to whom he recalls the prowess which his father once displayed against the Thebans. The hosts again encounter with great slaughter on both sides. Ajax slays Simoïsïus; Democoön, son of Priam, is slain by Odysseus. The Trojans are rallied by Phœbus, the Greeks by Pallas. Dioces, Piroüs, and other warriors fall, and the battle continues to rage fiercely.



## BOOK IV

IN Zeus's hall assembled sat the gods  
Upon the gold-laid floor in council-throng:  
While august Hebe poured the nectar round  
Among them, and in golden cups they pledged  
Each other, gazing down on Ilium's walls.

Now essayed Zeus by taunts to chafe to ire  
His queen, and spake insinuatingly:

"Two champions Menelaüs hath among  
The goddesses; e'en Hera, Argive queen,  
And Pallas The Defender. Yet these sit  
Apart, amused to view the strife from far;  
While Aphroditè, queen of smiles, hath e'er  
Stood beside Paris aiding, and doth still  
Shield him from death. E'en now, and when he  
thought

To perish, hath she succored him; but yet  
Hath martial Menelaüs gained the day.  
Ponder we now what may the outcome prove  
Of all this strife. Shall we awake once more  
The woes of war, the horrid din of arms?  
Or shall we 'stablish friendship 'twixt the hosts?  
If ye approve it, all who gather here,  
Let monarch Priam's city still be filled  
With populace; while Helen, Argive dame,  
Shall follow her first lord to his own land."

He spake, but Hera and Athena heard



His words with murmurs; for they sate hard by,  
Devising sorrows for the Trojan race.  
In silence sat Athena, speaking naught,  
Indignant with her father Zeus; fierce ire  
Possessed her. Yet could Hera's bosom not  
Contain her anger; thus to Zeus she spake:

“What mean'st thou, dread Chronides, by these  
words?

So wouldst thou then make barren, void of gain,  
My toil and sweat? My swift-paced steeds are  
worn

With marshalling on the army that brings doom  
On Priam and his sons. Yet do thy will:  
Not all the gods commend thy deeds of wrong.”

In wrath the cloud-compeller Zeus returned:  
“Perverse one! how have Priam or his sons  
So harmed thee, that such fierce desire is thine  
To o'erthrow Ilium of the massy walls?  
If thou within the Trojan gates shouldst pass,  
And the high bulwarks, and devour alive,  
With all the other men of Troy, the sons  
Of Priam with their sire, thy rage at last  
Might sated be! Do then whate'er thou wilt:  
Let not this grudge 'twixt me and thee portend  
A grievous feud hereafter. But do thou  
Mark well what I do now declare to thee:  
Hereafter, when my heart again shall burn  
To give to spoil some city where are born  
Men whom thou lovest, strive not to delay  
My wrath, but suffer me to do my will;

Since of free choice, though with reluctant heart,  
Thy wish I now have granted. For of all  
Cities wherever men of earth abide  
Beneath the sun and starry heav'n, I most  
Have cherished sacred Ilium, and its king,  
Priam the ashen-speared, and all his race.  
Ne'er has my altar lacked its fitting share  
Of flesh at banquets, nor of savor sweet,  
Or outpoured wine; so have they honored me."

Hera, large-eyed and queenly, thus returned:

"Three cities are there that I cherish most,  
Sparta and Argos, and Mycenæ, wide  
Of avenues. Thou mayst destroy all these  
Whene'er they shall offend thee. I shall ne'er  
Stand shelt'ring them, nor grudge them to thy will;  
E'en though I should refuse them, and essay  
To rescue them from overthrow, yet all  
Would avail naught; for mightier far thou art.  
Yet 'tis not seemly that my toil should prove  
Thus fruitless; for I also am divine,  
Thy lineage is mine also; for the child  
Was I of Chronus, crafty-minded king,  
And first in dignity accounted, through  
My birthright, and since I am wife to thee  
Who over all th' immortals holdest sway.  
Each then to each shall make concessions now,  
Both thou to me, and I to thee; and all  
The other deathless gods shall follow. Send  
Instantly now Athena to the field  
Where Greece and Troy their bitter conflict wage;

And urge the sons of Troy to violate  
The treaty oaths they swear, and to assail  
With the first blow the Greeks' exultant host."

Thus spake she: and the sire of gods and men  
Hearkened, and winged words to Pallas spake:

"Repair thou straightway to the field of strife,  
'Twi'x the Trojans and Achæans, where they stand,  
And urge the sons of Troy to violate  
The treaty-oaths they swear, and to assail  
With the first blow the Greeks' illustrious host."

Thus spake he, urging Pallas, who before  
Yearned to be gone. Adown th' Olympian steep  
e'en then

The goddess sprang; a shining star she seemed  
By wily Chronus' son sent down, a sign  
To mariners or wide-camped warrior-throng,  
Show'ring its sparks of flame; like such a star  
Pallas Athena leaped to earth, and sprang  
Betwixt the hosts; all marvelled who beheld,  
Chivalrous Trojans, Argives nobly-armed.  
And one upon another looked and spake:

"Again the bitter war, the horrid strife,  
Shall be awakened now, or else it is  
That Zeus, dispenser to our human race  
Of wars, ordaineth friendship 'twixt our lands."

Thus said the men of either army. Now  
The goddess had descended 'mid the throng  
Of Trojans, and assumed a warrior's guise,  
That of Laodocus, Antenor's son,  
A mighty spearman. Pandarus the divine

Sought she, and found Lycaon's scion there,  
Blameless and valiant, standing 'mid the files  
Of strong shield-bearers, followers of their chief  
From the far streams Æsepiæ. To his side  
Approached Athena, and in winged words spake:

"Lycaon's fiery-hearted son, wouldst thou  
Obey my guidance? Then thou wouldst not fear  
To let thy speedy arrow fly to fell  
This Menelaüs. Gratitude and fame  
Should be thy meed 'mong all the sons of Troy,  
And most of all from Paris, princely chief;  
He shall be foremost to bestow rich gifts  
Upon thee, on beholding Atreus' son,  
Brave Menelaüs, slain beneath thy shaft,  
The mournful pyre ascending. Wing thy dart  
At far-famed Menelaüs; pray the while  
To Phœbus, glorious Archer born of light,  
And vow to offer him an hecatomb  
Of noble first-born lambs, when in thy home,  
Zeleia's hallowed town, thou art arrived."

Thus spake Athena, and his thoughtless heart  
Persuaded. Of its cov'ring stripped he soon  
His bow, well-polished, fashioned of the horns  
Of a fleet wild-goat he himself had slain.  
Ensnared in ambush, waiting it, he lay,  
And as from out its rocky cave it sprang,  
Wounded its breast; back on the cliff it fell.  
From the goat's brow the horns in length had spread  
To sixteen palms; and these th' artificer,  
The polisher of horn, had joined with skill,

And, smoothing all the parts, had added last  
A tip of gold. Upon the bow, whose end  
He braced against the ground, the warrior leaned,  
And strung it thus, and laid it down with care.  
Before him valiant comrades held their shields,  
Lest the strong Argives should assail their chief  
Ere he had laid the bold Atrides low.  
Meanwhile did Pandarus from his quiver lift  
The lid, and culled from it a wingèd dart  
That ne'er had sped — an arrow doomed to bring  
Dark anguish where it flew. The bitter shaft  
He fitted to the bowstring soon, and vowed  
To Phœbus, glorious Archer born of light,  
To slay to him a splendid hecatomb  
Of first-born lambs, when his own home, within  
Hallowed Zeleia's walls, should be regained;  
Then to the string of sinew drew the notch  
Cut in the arrow; to his breast he strained  
The string, and to the bow the iron head.  
When to a circle that great arc was drawn,  
Then twanged the bow, the bowstring shrieked  
aloud,  
And, mad to meet its mark, the piercing dart  
Leaped forth to where the thronging warriors  
pressed.

But, Menelaüs, thou wert not forgot  
By blest immortals in thine hour of need;  
Foremost was Zeus's booty-gath'ring child  
To guard thee; for before thee Pallas stood,  
Warding the piercing arrow from thy heart.

So far from Menelaüs' flesh she turned  
Aside the missile, as is brushed a fly  
By a fond mother from her child that lies  
Folded in gentle sleep. She made it speed  
To where were set the golden clasps that bound  
The baldric, where o'rlapped the breastplate's mail  
In double folds. The piercing arrow smote  
The girdle fitting well the chieftain's form,  
And driven onward through its rich-wrought folds,  
And through the breastplate forged with cunning  
art,

It reached the plated mail, the inner band,  
Worn by the warrior next the skin,— most sure  
Defence to break the force of flying spears.  
E'en this the arrow penetrated; last  
It grazed the hero's flesh: and instantly  
Gushed from the wound the blood in sable flow.  
As when some Carian or Mæonian dame  
Stains the white ivory with purple dye,  
To deck a charger's cheeks; within her room  
'Tis laid, though many a champion for the prize  
Entreats her,— destined to delight a king,  
A glory for the steed, a source of pride  
To him who drives the chariot; so the flesh,  
O Menelaüs! of thy comely thighs,  
Legs, and fair ankles, was with blood defiled.

When monarch Agamemnon saw the blood  
Well from his brother's wound, a sable tide,  
He shuddered; martial Menelaüs too  
Trembled as he beheld; but presently

Perceived the cord that bound the arrow's head  
Protruding, and the barbs; and hope once more  
Was kindled in his bosom. But the king,  
Great Agamemnon, clasped his brother's hand  
Deep-sighing, while his followers sighed around

“Thy death, dear brother, lurked within the  
I ratified, that hour I sentenced thee  
To fight alone, as champion of our host,  
With Ilium's men; for they have stricken thee  
And trampled under foot the oaths they swore  
Yet not in vain are covenants, nor blood  
Of lambs, nor the libations of pure wine  
As off'rings poured, nor pledges of right hands  
To which we trusted. Though Olympian Zeus  
Hath for the present left the treaty vain,  
Complete fulfillment shall he bring at last,  
And great shall be their penance;— severed he  
And captive wives and babes. Of this am I  
Assured within my soul: a day shall be,  
When hallowed Ilium's town shall meet its fate  
And Priam shall be slain, the ashen-speared,  
And Priam's people. For Chronides Zeus,  
High-dwelling, shall from his ethereal throne  
Shake his dread ægis in all Trojans' sight,  
Enraged at this deceit. These things shall gain  
Their due accomplishment; but yet shall I  
Mourn greatly for thee, brother, if thou now  
Perish, fulfilling thine allotted fate.  
I should return most scorned of all mankind  
To thirsty Argos; for the Greeks will soon

Call to their minds their native coasts once more,  
And we shall leave behind, a trophy rare  
For Priam and the Trojans, Helen, pride  
Of Argos; while in Trojan soil thy bones  
Moulder, and all undone remains our task.  
And thus shall say some insolent Trojan foe,  
Leaping upon famed Menelaüs' tomb:  
'So may the son of Atreus sate his ire  
Upon all men as he on us hath done:  
All to no purpose brought he here the throng  
Of his Achæans, and he now hath sailed  
Away to seek his home and native land  
With empty vessels, and abandoning here  
Brave Menelaüs.' Such shall be their words;  
Then may the broad earth yawn and swallow me."

But Menelaüs, tawny-haired, rejoined  
With cheering words: "Take heart; awake not  
fear

Among th' Achæans; this keen shaft hath gained  
No vital spot in me;— before it pierced  
The gleaming belt, the apron underneath  
And last the plated band, with cunning skill  
Wrought by the smith, preserved me well from  
harm."

In answer then King Agamemnon spake:  
"O may thy words prove true, dear brother mine!  
Yet must a surgeon probe the wound, and spread  
O'er it his balms, the cruel pangs to quell."

The sov'reign spake, and to the herald called,  
Divine Talthybius: "Summon with all speed



Hither Machaon, Æsculapius' son,—  
Sired by that good physician — to attend  
Atrides Menelaüs, great in strife:  
Him hath an arrow, sped by practiced hand,  
Trojan or Lycian, wounded: 'tis to us  
Sorrow, but fame to him that winged the dart."

He spake: the herald heard, and soon complied,  
Speeding amid Achæa's bronze-mailed files,  
Seeking the great Machaon: him he spied  
Standing among his ranks of stalwart braves,  
Bearers of bucklers, followers of their chief  
From courser-breeding Tricca. To his side  
Advanced the herald, utt'ring wingèd speech:

"Haste, son of Æsculapius; for the king,  
Great Agamemnon, calls thee to attend  
On Menelaüs, whom th' Achæans own  
As their brave captain; for the chief hath been  
Pierced by an arrow, sped by practiced hand,  
Trojan or Lycian; bringing to ourselves  
Sorrow, but fame to him that winged the dart."

Thus spake he, and Machaon's heart was moved  
To pity; and athwart the press they flew,  
Crossing the wide Achæan camp; and now  
When they arrived beside the fair-haired king,  
Pierced with the shaft, the godlike hero stood  
Amid a circle of the gathered braves,  
The mightiest of the champions, pressing round.  
Soon from the close belt did Machaon draw  
The arrow; as he drew it, the keen barbs  
Were broken short. Undoing then the bright

Baldric, and apron underneath it, last  
He loosed the inner band of plated mail  
Wrought by the coppersmith with skilful art;  
And when he saw the place where that fell shaft  
Had pierced the warrior, sucking forth the blood,  
He spread upon the wound, with hand well-skilled,  
The soothing ointments once upon a time  
Bestowed by kindly Chiron on his sire.

Whilst Menelaüs, great in battle-call,  
Was thus attended, onward pressed the files  
Of buckler-bearing Trojans, who were armed  
Anew and filled with fury for the fray.

Then hadst thou not seen Atreus' royal son  
Heavy with sleep, nor cow'ring, lacking heart  
To join the fight; but busily intent  
On man-ennobling war. His battle steeds  
And chariot, rich with bronze, he left behind,—  
Giv'n to Eurymedon, his squire,— the son  
Of Ptolemy Piræides, who reined  
The coursers, panting still, outside the fight:  
And sternly bade him keep them nigh at hand  
Till his own limbs in weariness should fail  
From marshalling so great a host. On foot  
The monarch threaded now the warrior-files.  
Where'er he saw the Argives of swift steeds  
Busied in preparations, he came near,  
Embold'ning them with cordial praise, and spake:  
"Relax not, Argives, in your furious zeal;  
Never shall Zeus the shield of liars stand!  
Those who in violation of the truce

Did the first wrong, shall have their tender flesh  
Devoured by vultures, whilst we bear away,  
In our swift vessels, when we capture Troy,  
Their cherished consorts and their helpless babes."

But where he saw men shrinking from the toil  
Of hateful war, he cried upbraidingly:

"Ye Argives, coward boasters that ye are,  
Feel ye no shame? Why stand ye thus distraught,  
As stand the fawns outworn from coursing o'er  
Some spacious plain, when in their breasts abides  
Courage no longer? Thus ye wond'ring stand,  
Bearing no part in battle. Wait ye then  
Until your foes of Ilium shall come nigh  
To where upon the hoar sea's marge lie beached  
Your galleys, fair of prow, to see if Zeus  
Will hold above you then a shelt'ring hand?"

Thus exercising lordly rule, he passed  
On through the ranks of heroes, and the throng,  
Until he came to where the Cretan braves,  
Around their valiant king, Idomeneus,  
Arrayed themselves for battle. Fierce in might  
As a wild boar, Idomeneus stood forth  
Amid the champions; whilst Meriones  
Urged on the hindmost columns. At their sight  
Atrides, king of men, was glad at heart,  
And thus with pleasant words addressed their chief:

"Idomeneus! of all the Greeks that drive  
Swift battle-chargers, I most value thee:  
As in thine other labors, so in strife,  
And at the feast, when Greece's noblest-born

Mix in the wassail-bowl the glowing wine;  
For while the other Greeks of flowing hair  
Only by portion drink, thy cup is brimmed  
Ever, as is my own, that thou mayst quaff  
At thy heart's pleasure. Rouse thee to the fray;  
Be such as thou didst boast thyself of yore."

Idomeneus, the Cretan chief, returned:  
"Thy trusty follower I shall ever prove,  
Atrides, e'en as once I promised thee  
With nod confirming. Urge the other Greeks  
Of flowing hair to battle; let us fight  
Without delay, since Ilium's sons have made  
Their treaty vain; yet death and doom shall be  
The meed hereafter of the men that first,  
Regarding not their oaths, committed wrong."

Thus spake he, and Atrides, overjoyed,  
Passed on amid th' embattled host, and found  
The two who bore the name of Ajax. These  
Donned their array for warfare; following came  
All the unmounted fighters in a cloud.  
As when a goat-herd from his lookout marks  
A cloud descending o'er the main, by blast  
Of shrieking west-wind driv'n; when seen from far,  
Blacker than pitch it shows, as o'er the deep  
It rushes, bringing tempest in its train;  
And he, with terror smitten, drives his flock  
For safety 'neath a cavern; round the chiefs  
Thus to fierce battle moved the close-massed squares  
Of lusty youths of heav'nly nurture, mailed  
In dusky blue, with bucklers and with spears

All bristling. Agamemnon, lord of men,  
Was glad, and called to them with wingèd speech:

“Ye twain named Ajax, leaders of the Greeks  
Arrayed in bronze, I give you no command  
To spur your followers on; such words to you  
Would be ill-suited, seeing with what zeal  
Ye urge your warriors to the hard-fought fray  
Of your own impulse. Would to Father Zeus,  
Athena, and Apollo, that the hearts  
Of all the host with equal ardor burned!  
Soon then should Priam's city bow its head,  
Captured and spoiled by our victorious hands.”

Thus spake the monarch. Leaving them, he  
pressed

Onward to others. Nestor soon he found,  
The clear-voiced orator of Pylus, where  
He marshalled his command, and bade it speed  
To strife. About him stood strong Pelagon,  
Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon too, the king;  
And Bias, shepherd of the people. First  
In order, with their battle-cars and steeds,  
He set the horsemen; and th' unmounted troops,  
Many and brave, behind them, thus to be  
The mainstay of the combat. To the midst  
Drove Nestor the faint-hearted ones, that these  
Might be against their will constrained to fight.  
First to the cavalry his charge he gave,  
And bade them stay their coursers — not to rove  
Wildly amid the throng. ’Twas thus he spake:—

“Let no man trust so far his skill with steeds

And courage, as to dare to charge alone,  
Before the others, on the Trojan bands;  
And let him not shrink back, for your array  
Would then be weakened. Let that man whose car  
Comes within reach of one by foeman driv'n,  
Stretch forth his spear, and smite; 'tis better so.  
Such was the knowledge, matched with zeal like  
yours,

Possessed by heroes of the olden time  
Who devastated cities and strong walls."

'Twas thus the aged Nestor urged his host,—  
He who long since had learned the art of strife,  
And Agamemnon, king of men, rejoiced  
To see him, and these wingèd words he spake:—

"Would, aged king, that thou hadst strength of  
limb

Unspent as is the ardor of thy heart,  
And undiminished vigor! But old age  
Outwears thee,— that common lot of all;  
Yet would it might afflict another man,  
While thou wert counted 'mongst the youthful  
braves."

Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, returned:

"I too could wish, Atrides, that I still  
Were such a warrior as when I laid low  
Brave Ereuthalion. But at no one time  
Do gods give all their gifts to humankind;  
I now, who then was young, am overborne  
By weight of years. Yet none the less will I  
Mingle among the knights, directing still

By word and counsel. This prerogative  
Old age may fully claim; let spears be waved  
By younger men reliant on their might."

Thus spake he; and Atrides, glad at heart,  
Passed on, and found the son of Peteüs there,  
Menestheus, him the smiter of the steeds,  
Standing among the men of Athens, swift  
To raise the shout of battle. By his side  
Odysseus, many-counseled, stood; and nigh  
The Cephallenians, tireless in the strife,  
In ranks were standing; they had not yet heard  
The war-cry, since the phalanxes of Greece  
And of the knightly Trojans had been stirred  
But lately to the struggle; so they stood  
Expectant till some other Grecian troop  
Should charge the Trojans and begin the fight.  
And monarch Agamemnon, seeing them stand  
Idle, reprovèd them, speaking wingèd words:

"O scion thou of Peteüs, that king  
Divinely nurtured, and thou man of guile,  
Trained well in treachery! Why stand ye thus  
Aloof from battle, as in cringing fear,  
Waiting till others move? 'Tis ye should stand —  
Such is your place,— among the foremost here  
To bear the brunt of the impetuous fray.  
For ye are aye first bidden to my feasts,  
When banquets for the elders are prepared  
By our Achæans. There ye love to taste  
Well-roasted flesh, and cups of honeyed wine  
To drink at will. Yet gladly would ye now

Stand still to see ten columns of the Greeks  
Go before you to war with cruel spears."

Odysseus, many-counselled, frowned, and said:  
"What words are these, Atrides, that have fled  
The barrier of thy teeth? How canst thou charge  
That we neglect the fray? Whene'er the Greeks  
Wake the fierce conflict with the Trojans trained  
In taming coursers, then thou soon mayst see —  
If thou dost wish, and dost for such things care —  
The father of Telemachus contend  
Among the very vanguard of the braves  
Of Troy. Thy taunts are vain as idle wind."

The monarch Agamemnon, when he marked  
Odysseus' anger, smiled on him once more,  
And thus, his former words retracting, spake: —

"Laërtes' noble son Odysseus, man  
Of many counsels, I have no desire  
To chide thee undeservèdly, nor to give  
Commands to thee; for well I know, the heart  
Within thy breast is friendly unto me,  
And e'en as mine thy purpose. Let it pass;  
Later we may be reconciled; if words  
Unseemly have been uttered now, may heav'n  
Render such utt'rance altogether vain."

Thus spake the king, and left those braves to pass  
To other knights. Now found he Tydeus' son,  
High-hearted Diomed; he stood beside  
His firmly-fashioned car and battle-steeds:  
And Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus,  
Stood by his side. Atrides, king of men,



Saw, and upbraided him with wingèd speech:

“Alas, thou son of Tydeus, him so bold  
And chivalrous! Why cringest thou in fear,  
Why gazest on the open pathways seen  
Betwixt the ranks? He, Tydeus, was not wont  
To cow’r in terror; nay, he loved to fight  
Far before all his comrades, as those say  
Who saw his deeds of warlike toil: for I  
Ne’er saw nor met with Tydeus. Yet ’tis said  
He was the foremost man of all his host.  
For once, without an escort of armed men,  
He came, a stranger, to Mycenæ, with  
Brave Polynices, to collect a band.  
Their plans they laid to smite the hallowed walls  
Of Thebes; and earnestly entreated us  
To furnish them illustrious allies  
From out our city; and our men would fain  
Have done so; and applauded what they spake;  
But Zeus, by showing unpropitious signs,  
Deterred us. When the heroes had advanced  
Yet further in their journey, and had neared  
Asopus, deep with reeds, with grassy bed,  
The Greeks sent Tydeus with an envoy’s charge  
To Thebes. He came, and found Cadmeians th  
Feasting in multitudes within the halls  
Of stout Eteocles. Although alone,  
A stranger, ’mid the great Cadmeian throng,  
No fear felt Tydeus, driver of swift steeds,  
But to gymnastic contest challenged them,  
And all he easily o’ercame; such might

Athena gave him. The Cadmeians then,  
Goaders of steeds, were filled in rage, and laid  
An artful ambuscade of fifty youths  
To watch for him when backward he should fare.  
Two were their leaders: Mæon, Hæmon's son,  
Like to the gods; and Polyphontes, staunch  
In battle, scion of Autophonus;  
And all these Tydeus sent to shameful death;  
Ay, all of them he slew, but one; and him  
Sent to his home; 'twas Mæon whom he freed,  
And with the heav'n-sent omens thus complied.  
Such was Ætolian Tydeus; but his son  
Is worse in battle, though of readier speech."

Thus spake the king. The stalwart Diomed  
Naught answered, feeling shame at the reproach  
Of the august commander. Sthenelus,  
Son of brave Capaneus, instead replied:

"Nay, speak not false, O King! for thou dost  
know

The truth full clearly. Rather 'tis our boast  
To be far better than our sires; for we  
Captured the seat of Thebes' seven-gated town  
With fewer soldiers; to the martial walls  
We led them, trusting to the heav'nly signs  
And in the aid of Zeus, whilst they of old  
By their own folly fell. Then never set  
Our sires in honor equal to our own."

Brave Diomed returned with darkling mien:  
"Sit silent, father, and obey my words;  
I cannot blame Atrides, whom the host

Owens as its shepherd, for that he incites  
The well-greaved Greeks to battle. For renown  
Shall be his portion, if the Greeks shall slay  
The sons of Troy, and take their hallowed walls:  
And great his woe, if we at their hands fall.  
Be our breasts too with ardent valor filled."

He spake, and from his chariot, all in arms,  
Leaped to the ground; and fearfully the bronze  
Rang on the shoulders of the hast'ning king—  
A sound to thrill with dread the bravest heart.

As when the surf of ocean, 'neath the breath  
Of west-wind, dashes on the echoing strand  
With beat incessant; first a billow rears  
Its head within the deep, but presently  
Breaks with a fearful crash upon the shore,  
Lifting on high its arched and lofty crest  
Round the high headlands, and its briny foam  
Spewing afar; so in succession moved  
The Grecian squadrons, with unfalt'ring feet,  
On to the fray. Each chief his orders gave  
To his own men; the rest in silence came;—  
One would have said the breasts of that great host  
Were voiceless; yet 'twas fear of them who led  
That held them mute. Bright flashed the rich-  
wrought arms

Upon them as they marched. But they of Troy,—  
As sheep that in unnumbered multitude  
Throng in a rich man's fold, and yield white milk,  
Bleat without ceasing when they hear the cry  
Of their young lambs that call; so loudly now

Echoed the cry of battle which the sons  
Of Ilium raised through all their wide-ranked host;  
For the same voice and language was not heard  
From all; their tongues were all confused, the men  
Convoked from many lands: some urged to war  
By Ares, some by bright-eyed Pallas: more  
By Flight and Terror were impelled to strife,  
And madly-raging Discord, sister she  
Of Ares, man-destroying, and close friend,  
Who small of stature rises first, but soon  
Uprears her head to heav'n, and treads the lands.  
'Twas she, advancing through the throng, who  
hurled

Into the hearts of all upon the field  
A common hate, that men should groan the more.  
When now th' advancing armies in one place  
Encountered, then the oxhide bucklers crashed,  
And clashed the spears; encountered too the rage  
Of braves in brazen breastplates; bossy shields,  
Hurling against each other, made the air  
Re-echo. Then were heard victorious cries  
Of slayers and dying groans of them they slew:  
And streamed the earth with blood. As when the  
floods

Of winter, rolling from the mountains' crests,  
Hurl to a basin in a deep ravine  
Their mingled torrents, from full fountains fed:  
And far away the herdsman on the steep  
Hears the dull thunder; thus resounded now  
The shouts and tumult of the mingling hosts.

Antilochus first slew an armèd knight  
Of Troy — Echeplus, Thalysius' son ;  
A stalwart vanguard champion of their band.  
He smote him on the crest that held the plume  
Of bushy horsehair ; the bronze point remained  
Fixed in the forehead ; through the bone it passed.  
Gloom gathered o'er the hero's eyes ; he fell  
As falls a tow'r beset in furious fray.  
And Elephenor, from Calchodon sprung,  
Who led the generous Abantes, seized  
The falling warrior's feet, and from the show'r  
Of missiles dragged him, seeking to despoil  
The victim of his arms with utmost speed.  
Short-lived his effort proved ; for seeing him  
Dragging the dead, Agenor, great of heart,  
Pierced with his polished, brazen-mounted spear  
The warrior's side, which, as he stooped, was seen  
Exposed beside the shield ; and made his limbs  
Sink lifeless down. Then, as his spirit fled,  
Around his form began a fearful strife  
Of Greeks and Trojan warriors, who like wolves  
Rushed at each other, man o'erthrowing man.

Then Ajax, son of Telamon, struck down  
Anthemion's son, a boy in youth's full prime,  
Called Simoïsius, since upon the shores  
Of Simoïs his mother bore her child ;  
For thither with her parents had she fared  
From Ida's crest to view the herds ; and hence  
They called him Simoïsius. Ne'er might he  
Reward his tender parents for their care,

And brief his span of life proved, since he fell  
Beneath the lance of Ajax, great of heart.  
For, as he charged, th' Achæan pierced his breast  
By the right nipple; through the shoulder passed  
The brazen point, and in the dust he fell  
Like a black poplar in a broad morass,  
Grown in moist earth; smooth-stemmed, with  
branches high

Above at top — felled by the shining axe  
Of one that fashions chariots, and would bend  
The poplar to a felloe for the wheel  
Of his fair battle-car; — it seasoning lies  
Beside a stream; so noble Ajax spoiled  
Young Simoïsius, from Anthemion sprung.  
But Antiphus, the bright-cuirassèd son  
Of Priam, cast at Ajax his keen spear  
Through the dense throng. It missed its mark, but  
smote

The groin of Leucas, in Odysseus' train  
A trusty follower, as he strove to drag  
Aside the body of the dead. He now  
Fell on the corse, that slipped from out his hands.

Fierce was Odysseus' anger when he saw  
His comrade slain; all mailed in glist'ning brass  
Through the front ranks he hastened; close beside  
The foe he came, and looking cautiously  
To every hand, let fly his gleaming spear;  
And, as he hurled the lance, the men of Troy  
Shrank back before him. Neither sped the dart  
Without result, but struck Democoön,

A son of Priam, though of spurious birth:  
Forth from Abydus he had come to fight,  
And from his swift mares there. Odysseus, filled  
With rage for his dead comrade, hurled the shaft  
Full on his temple; and the brazen point  
Passed through the other temple; o'er his eyes  
Deep darkness came; he fell with heavy crash  
And clang of rattling mail. And now the chiefs  
Who formed the vanguard, and famed Hector too,  
Gave way; the Argives raised a mighty shout  
And dragged away the dead, advancing far  
Beyond their former place. Apollo then  
Looked down from Pergamus with angry eye,  
And to the host of Ilium sent his call:

“Steed-taming Trojans, rouse yourselves, nor  
yield

The victory to the Argives; not of stone  
Their bodies are, nor iron, to endure  
Your piercing darts of brass. No longer now  
Achilles, son of fair-haired Thetis, fights  
Among the rest; but sits beside his ships  
Nursing the anger that consumes his heart.”

Thus from the city dread Apollo cried:  
While Zeus' illustrious daughter, Triton-sprung,  
Threaded the files of Argives, spurring on  
Whome'er she saw desisting from the strife.

Diores, Amarynceus' son, was now  
Ensnared by fate. A jagged stone was cast  
Against the hero's right leg, close beside  
The ankle. He who hurled it was the chief

Of Thrace's warriors,— Piroüs, the son  
Of Imbrasmus, arrived from Ænus' walls.  
And both the sinews and the bones were crushed  
By that remorseless rock; Dioces fell  
In dust, face upward, stretching forth both hands  
To his loved friends, and breathed his life away.  
Then Piroüs, he that smote him, hastened up  
And pierced his navel with his spear; and forth  
The entrails welled, while darkness dimmed his  
gaze.

Ætolian Thoäs, as the Thracian sprang  
Back from the fallen, struck him in the breast  
Above the nipple, fixing in the lung  
The jav'lin's brazen head. Then Thoäs came  
Close to his victim's side, and from the wound  
Plucked the huge spear: next, drawing his keen  
brand,

Transfixed his waist and took his life. His arms  
He could not strip away; for round him pressed  
His Thracian comrades with their hair coiled high  
Above their heads, who brandished their long spears,  
And thrust the hero, though of mighty frame,  
High-born and stalwart, backward: thus con-  
strained,

Thoäs gave way. Thus lay the warriors both  
Stretched side by side in dust upon the field,—  
The chieftain of the Epeans, brazen-armed,  
And he that led the Thracians; whilst around  
Fell many another warrior. Then no man  
Present to view the battle could have seen



Cause of reproach,— no man who through the midst  
Traversed the field of strife, and still remained  
Unwounded, and by stinging spears unharmed,—  
Led by the hand of Pallas, safe, beneath  
Her shelter, from the force of threat'ning darts.  
For many a Greek and Trojan on that day  
Fell prone, and in the dust lay side by side.

## BOOK V

### THE VALOR OF DIOMED

Diomed, son of Tydeus, is inspired and glorified by Athena, who induces Ares to withdraw from the battle. The Greeks rout the Trojans, slaying many of their warriors. As Diomed drives the foe before him, Pandarus wounds him with an arrow; it is plucked forth by Sthenelus; Athena, at Diomed's prayer, gives him new strength, but forbids his encountering any of the gods save Aphroditè. He continues to deal havoc among the Trojans. Æneas seeks Pandarus, urging him to attack Diomed once more, and takes him into his own chariot; the two hasten to meet the Greek champion, who is admonished by Sthenelus, in the event of his victory, to seize upon the famous steeds of Æneas. The chiefs encounter; Diomed slays Pandarus and disables with a huge stone Æneas as he guards his comrade's body: Æneas is borne from the field by his mother, Aphroditè. Sthenelus, having secured the horses of Æneas, follows Diomed, who pursues Aphroditè, wounding her wrist; she lets fall Æneas, who however is again rescued by Apollo. Aphroditè, borrowing the steeds and car of Ares, returns with Iris to Olympus; she is comforted by her mother Dionè, who relates how the gods have often suffered injuries at the hands of mortals. Diomed pursues Apollo and Æneas, desisting at last when menaced by the god, who conveys Æneas to Pergamus, leaving an image of him upon the field, round which the battle continues to rage. Apollo stirs up Ares

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against Diomed: Ares rallies the sons of Priam. Hector, reproved by Sarpedon, cheers his troops to battle. Æneas is brought back upon the field by Ares, who continues to aid the Trojans. The Greeks are rallied by their own leaders. Slaying Crethon and Orsilochus, Æneas confronts Menelaüs, but retreats when Antilochus comes to the latter's aid. Ampheius is slain by Ajax, and Tlepolemus, a son of Heracles, by Sarpedon, who is borne wounded from the field to the beech-tree of Zeus. Odysseus deals havoc among the Lycians of Sarpedon; Hector hastens to their rescue, disregarding Sarpedon's prayer for aid; the Greeks slowly retire before him. Hera and Athena prepare to take the field for the Greeks; the chariot of the goddesses and the armor and ægis of Zeus, worn by Athena, described. Permission having been granted them by Zeus to drive Ares from the field, they descend to Troy; Hera, in the guise of Stentor and with his powerful voice, encourages the Greeks; while Athena persuades Diomed to attack Ares, promising her aid and taking the place of Sthenelus beside Diomed in his chariot. Ares, who has been despoiling the body of Periphas, whom he has slain, casts his spear ineffectually at Diomed, who wounds him; Ares retired to Olympus, complaining of his ill-treatment to Zeus, who upbraids him for his perverse disposition, but commands Pæon to heal his wound; while Athena and Hera return to the halls of Zeus, having achieved their object in driving Ares from the field.

## BOOK V

THEN Pallas unto Diomed, the son  
Of Tydeus, granted courage and fierce might,  
That he might shine forth glorious among all  
The Argives, and might reap untold renown.  
And from his helm and buckler, kindled by  
That hand divine, blazed never-wearying flame,  
Like that autumnal star, that glows most bright  
When washed in waves of ocean; not more dim  
The rays that Pallas round the hero's head  
And shoulders made to shine. She urged him now  
To the mid-fray where wrestled countless throngs.

Among the Trojans was a blameless man,  
Dares, Hephæstus' priest, an opulent lord;  
Two sons had he well-trained in all the arts  
Of battle, Phegeus and Idæus. These  
Forsook their ranks, and hastened forth to meet  
Tydides. In their chariots rode the two;  
On foot was he, attacking from the ground.  
When to close range th' advancing warriors came,  
First Phegeus his long-shadowing jav'lin cast;  
O'er the left shoulder of Tydides sped  
The weapon's point, and wounded not the chief.  
Next did Tydides make his charge, and hurled  
His spear of bronze; not vainly from his grasp  
The missile fled; it smote the foeman's breast  
Betwixt the paps, and dashed him from his place.

Down sprang Idæus, his fair chariot left  
Behind him, nor had courage to defend  
The body of his brother; and e'en he  
Could not have 'scaped the shades of death, had not  
Hephæstus succored him, and in deep night  
Shrouded his form, to save his agèd sire  
From utter desolation. Yet the son  
Of great-souled Tydeus drave away the steeds,  
Giving them to his followers with command  
That they be guided to the hollow barks.

When the magnanimous men of Troy perceived  
How one of Dares' sons had fled, and one  
Was slain beside his chariot, every heart  
Were stirred with woe. Then bright-eyed Pallas  
took

Impetuous Ares by the hand, and spake:

“Ares, thou pestilence of mortal men,  
Thou blood-defiled, that stormest city-walls!  
Shall we not leave the hosts of Greece and Troy  
To struggle on, till Father Zeus on one  
Or other shall bestow the victor's meed?  
Let us depart, and shun our father's ire.”

Thus Pallas spake, and from the combat led  
The raging Ares; on Scamander's strand,  
That changeth aye, she made him sit. The Greeks  
Forced back the files of Troy; each chieftain slew  
A foe. First Agamemnon, king of men,  
Struck from his chariot Odius, huge of frame,  
The Halizonians' lord; as first he turned  
His back, Atrides pierced it with his spear

Midway between the shoulders,—drave it home  
Right through the warrior's breast; and Odius fell  
With muffled crash, and clang of ringing arms.

Now by Idomeneus was Phæstus spoiled,—  
Mæonian Borus' son was he, arrived  
From rich-soiled Tarna. Him Idomeneus,  
That far-famed spearman, pierced with his long  
shaft

In the right shoulder, as behind his steeds  
He mounted; and he hurled him from his car;  
And hateful darkness veiled the warrior's gaze.  
The comrades of Idomeneus despoiled  
The hero of his arms; and Strophius' child,  
Scamandrius, skillful in the chase, was slain  
By the keen lance of Menelaüs, son  
Of Atreus. Peerless in the chase was he;  
To him did Artemis herself impart  
The art of smiting all wild creatures bred  
In mountain forests. Naught availed him now  
The aid of Artemis that show'reth darts,  
Nor all the skill in winging weapons far  
In which of yore he had excelled. For now  
Did Menelaüs, Atreus' scion, known  
For might with lance, transfix him with his spear,  
Fleeing before him; and he pierced his back  
Between the shoulders midway, and the point  
Thrust through his bosom. Prone he fell, and loud  
The armor clashed upon the warrior's frame.

Meriones made spoil of Phereclus,  
The son of Tecton, Harmon's son, who knew

The art of fashioning with skillful hand  
All works of cunning craft; beloved was he  
By Pallas. He it was who framed those barks  
Of shapely hulls for Alexander — source  
Of sorrows, and through which disaster came  
Upon himself, and all the Trojan race;  
For he knew not the oracles divine.  
Meriones o'ertook him in his flight,  
And the right buttock pierced; the spear-point passed  
Right through the warrior's body, speeding near  
The bladder 'neath the bone; and on his knee  
He groaning fell, while shadows veiled his sight.

Meges Pedæus slew,— Antenor's son,  
Though base of birth; Theäno the divine  
Had reared him wisely with her own loved sons  
On equal terms; thus had her lord desired.  
Him did Phylides, famed for might of spear,  
Approaching, smite with his sharp-pointed shaft  
Upon the back-bone of the skull; the blade  
Pierced 'neath the tongue, and passing on was thrust  
Betwixt the teeth. In dust the hero fell,  
Still biting with his teeth the chilling spear.

Then by Eurypylus, Evæmon's son,  
Was slain Hypsenor, godlike warrior, sprung  
From proud Dolopion, him who had been made  
Priest of Scamander,— honored as divine  
Among his people. Him Eurypylus,  
The famed son of Evæmon, as he fled  
Before his face, pursued, and springing smote  
His shoulder with his brand, and lopped away

The warrior's mighty arm; all bleeding lay  
The arm upon the ground; o'er his eyes  
Fell dusk of death, and potent Fate prevailed.

'Twas thus they labored in the desp'rate fight.

But as for Tydeus' son, no man might know  
Amid which host he might be found,— the bands  
Of Troy, or the Achæans. For he dashed  
Athwart the field, as might a flood all swoln  
With wintry rains, that, rolling headlong down,  
Bursts all its bridges, not restrained by dams  
Close joined, nor yet by blooming orchards' walls;  
So sudden comes the freshet, when descend  
The rains of Zeus, and brings to naught fair fields  
Of sturdy husbandmen beneath its flood.

So by Tydides were the serried ranks  
Of Trojans driv'n in rout, nor did they dare,  
Though strong in force, his onset to abide.

When Pandarus, Lycaon's noted son,  
Saw him thus scour the field, and squadrons driv'n  
In confused rout before him, straight he bent  
His crook'd bow at Tydides; as he sprang  
Upon his foes, he smote his convex mail  
On the right shoulder; and the bitter shaft,  
Piercing the corselet, held its course right through  
The shoulder, and the breastplate was bedewed  
With bloody drops. Triumphant o'er his foe,  
Lycaon's famed son hurled his voice afar:—

“On, noble Trojans, goaders of the steeds!  
The bravest of the Greeks is smitten sore:  
Nor long, I ween, will he withstand the wound



Of my stout shaft, if Zeus's lordly son  
It was who urged me forth from Lycia's strand."

Thus spake the boaster; but that speeding shaft  
Slew not Tydides. He, retreating, stood  
Before his battle-car and steeds, and called  
To Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus:—

"Come, thou belovèd son of Capaneus,  
Descend from out thy car and strive to draw  
Forth from my shoulder this sharp-stinging dart."

Thus spake he; and to earth leaped Sthenelus  
Down from his car, and, standing by his side,  
Out through the shoulder drew the flying spear;  
The blood came leaping through the twisted mail;  
And Diomed, the great in war-cry, prayed:

"Hear, thou unconquered child of Zeus that  
wields

The ægis! if thou e'er as friend didst stand  
Aforetime by my father's side and mine  
In the fierce conflict, Pallas! now once more  
Befriend me; bring within my lance's cast  
The man, that I may slay him, who first gave  
A wound to me, and saith with vaunting words  
I shall not long behold the sun's bright rays."

Thus prayed he; and Athena heard his prayer.  
Nimble she made his knees, his feet, his hands;  
And stood beside him, utt'ring wingèd speech:

"Be strong of heart now, Diomed, to fight  
'Gainst Ilium's sons; thy bosom have I filled  
With such intrepid valor as of yore  
Dwelt in the breast of him, thy knightly sire,

Shield-shaking Tydeus; and the mist that late  
Obscured thine eyes have I dispelled, that thou  
Mayst well distinguish gods and humankind.  
So now if any deity come here  
To tempt thy pow'r, beware, and do not fight  
With any other of the deathless band;  
Yet should Zeus' daughter, Aphroditè, take  
The field, then wound her with thy whetted spear."

Thus spake the bright-eyed Pallas, and passed on,  
And Diomed returned to fight, amid  
The foremost champions mingling; and his heart,  
That e'en before was eager for the strife,  
With Troy, felt thrice its former ardor now;  
As when a herdsman, tending in the wilds  
His thick-fleeced flock, when o'er the sheepfold's  
bounds  
A lion leaps, just grazes him, but fails  
To slay the beast; yet having roused his ire,  
No longer guards his flock, but shrinks away  
Within the pens, and they, forsaken, fly,  
And thickly, each on each, in death are piled,  
Till from the deep-built fold the fierce foe springs  
Once more; so madly did brave Diomed  
Mingle in combat with the Trojan bands.  
Astynoüs smote he next, Hypsenor then,  
The people's shepherd; — smote the first of these  
Above the breast with brazen-mounted dart;  
The other struck he with his massive brand  
Beside the shoulder, on the collar-bone,  
And from the neck and back the shoulder cleft;

And leaving these, to Polyïdus next  
Gave chase, and Abas, sons of that old seer  
Eurydamas, th' interpreter of dreams.  
Yet were his dreams ill-judged by him, their sire,  
When they went forth to fight. Stout Diomed  
Despoiled them of their arms. He next pursued  
Xanthus and Thoön, by their father prized,  
The sons of Phænops. He, their sire, was worn  
With mournful age, and had none other child  
To leave as guardian of his treasured store.  
So did Tydides spoil and rob the pair  
Of life, and to their father left lament  
And bitter anguish; for he might not greet  
His sons, returning living from the fray,  
And the surviving kin must share his gold.

Then did two sons of Dardan Priam fall  
Before his shaft; both seated in one car;  
Echemmon hight and Chromius. As when leaps  
A lion on the beeves, as in a copse  
They graze, and breaks the neck of calf or steer;  
So did Tydides rudely thrust the twain  
Reluctant from their car, and stripped the arms  
From both, entrusting to his comrades' care  
The steeds, with charge to drive them to the barks.

Æneas now espied him wasting thus  
The warrior-ranks, and forth across the field  
He hastened, and athwart the press of spears,  
In search of godlike Pandarus. Soon he found  
Lycaon's strong and blameless son, and stood  
Before the hero, thus accosting him:

"Where, Pandarus, are thy bow and wingèd  
darts

And thy great fame, in which no soldier here  
May rival thee, and none in Lycia vaunts  
Himself thy better? Up, then, and with prayer  
First made to Zeus with hands uplifted, wing  
An arrow at this chief, whoe'er he be,  
So strong in might, who even now hath brought  
Full many a sorrow on our race; for he  
Hath made to fail the knees of countless braves;  
This do,— unless some deity it be,  
Angered against the Trojans for neglect  
Of sacrifice; for dread is wrath divine."

Then answered him Lycaon's far-famed child:

"Æneas, couns'lor of the Trojans, clad  
In mail of brass, I deem the man, in all  
His look, like Tydeus' son, the fierce of heart;  
I know him by his shield and plumèd casque.  
His chargers marked I too; yet know I not  
With certainty if he be not divine.  
But if this man I speak of be the bold  
Tydides, not without some heav'nly aid  
Doth he thus rage; but some immortal stands  
With mist-enshrouded shoulders by his side,  
Who turned from him my swift-o'ertaking dart.  
For I let fly a shaft at him ere now,—  
Smote his right shoulder, and the arrow passed  
Right through his convex corselet; and I thought  
To hurl him down to Hades; yet, withal,  
I slew him not; some wrathful god, I ween,

Prevented it. No coursers have I here,  
Nor battle-car to mount; yet there within  
Lycaon's hall eleven chariots stand,  
New-wrought, fresh-fashioned; all o'erspread with  
robes;

And by each chariot stands a coupled pair  
Of steeds, on oats and snowy barley fed;  
Yea, earnestly Lycaon, ancient knight,  
In his fair palace laid his charge on me,  
When forth I set; he bade me take my steeds  
And cars to mount, and thus lead Ilium's bands  
To the fierce conflicts; yet I hearkened not;  
Far better 'twould have proved; I longed to spare  
My steeds, and feared lest, wont to eat their fill,  
Here 'mong the pent-up warriors they might lack  
Their forage; so I left them there, and came  
On foot to Ilium, trusting to my bow;  
Little 'twas doomed to profit me. At two  
Chieftains have I already sped my darts,—  
At Atreus' son and Tydeus'; fairly each  
I smote, and made the blood leap, yet but stirred  
Them both to fiercer fury. Then it seems  
'Twas under evil auspices I took  
My curvèd bow from off its nail, that day  
I came to lovely Troy, to lead her braves  
In gratitude to noble Hector. Yet  
If ever I return, and with mine eyes  
Behold my fatherland, my wife, my hall,  
Well-roofed and wide, I pray some stranger's brand  
May hew my head from off me, if I fail

With these same hands to shatter this my bow  
And cast it to bright flames; for it hath proved  
A comrade worthless as the wind to me."

To him Æneas, chieftain of the sons  
Of Troy, replied: "Speak not thus; yet these things  
Cannot be otherwise, until we both  
Advance upon this knight with cars and steeds  
And prove him face to face in armèd fight.  
Come now and mount my chariot, that thou mayst  
Attest the mettle of my Trojan pair;  
Well-trained in swift pursuit and flight, to charge  
Over the field to every quarter; these  
Shall bear us safely to the city-walls,  
Should Zeus once more the boast of vict'ry yield  
To Tydeus' son. Come, then, and take the scourge  
And gleaming reins; while from my chariot I  
Dismount to fight; or thou this chief's assault  
Sustain, and leave the chargers to my care."

To him Lycaon's far-famed son replied:  
"Keep thou the reins, Æneas, and the steeds;  
If we be forced to flee from Tydeus' son,  
Far better will they bear the curvèd car  
If guided by th' accustomed driver's hand.  
Else may they, frightened, falter, minded not  
To bear us from the battle, when they hear  
Thy voice no more; and then the son of bold  
Tydeus might spring upon us both, and slay,  
And drive away th' uncloven-footed steeds.  
Nay, guide thyself thy car, thy coursers; I  
Will bide his onslaught with my sharpened shaft."

Thus said they, and their chariot, richly-dight,  
Mounting, they urged their swift steeds furiously  
Against Tydides. Sthenelus, famed son  
Of Capaneus, perceived them, and at once  
Addressed Tydides thus in wingèd speech:

“O son of Tydeus, Diomed, endeared  
Unto this heart, two strong men I behold  
Press hotly on to fight thee, armed with might  
Unmeasured; one that practiced archer, named  
Pandarus, who vaunts himself Lycaon's son;  
And with him is Æneas, he that claims  
Magnanimous Anchises for his sire,  
His birth from Aphroditè. Therefore speed,  
And let us mount our battle-car and yield  
The way; nor, prithee, charge thus madly through  
The vanguard, lest thy precious life be lost.”

Stalwart Tydides, frowning, answered him:  
“Nay, urge me not to flight, for thou wilt fail  
To change my purpose. 'Twould beseem me ill  
To cringe at conflict, or to cow'r in fear;  
Still is my might unshaken; loth am I  
To mount my battle-car, but as I am  
Will go on foot to meet them. Pallas keeps  
My bosom free from fear. Their swift-paced steed  
Shall ne'er bear back both foes from us, c'en though  
One escape safely. This I say beside,  
And store it in thy thought. If it shall be  
That Pallas, many-counselled, grant to me  
The boast of having slain them both, then rein  
Thou here these rapid coursers, and bind fast

The taut-drawn lines upon the chariot's rim;  
Then leap — fail not — behind Æneas' steeds,  
And drive his horses from the side of Troy  
Among the well-greaved Greeks; for of that breed  
They come, which far-seeing Zeus to Tros once  
gave

As recompense for Ganymede his child.  
Therefore are they the noblest of all steeds  
That live beneath the sun and dawning day.  
The breed was stol'n by Lord Anchises; he,  
Without the knowledge of Laomedon,  
Put mares to them; six foals, their progeny,  
He had within his palace; four of these  
He himself kept, and at his mangers fed;  
Yet to Æneas gave these two that bring  
Panic to hosts. Could we but capture these,  
Then should we earn renown and glorious fame."

Thus spake they each to each; but those meantime  
Urged their swift steeds, and soon were nigh.

Then called

To Diomed Lycaon's son, far-famed:

"Son of illustrious Tydeus, stout of heart,  
Thou fiery spirit! sooth, my bitter shaft  
Hath failed to conquer thee, that swiftly flew;  
Yet now with this good lance will I once more  
Essay to smite thee, if succeed I can."

He spake, and brandished the long-shadowing  
spear,

And smote Tydides' shield; the tip of brass  
Winged its way through, and to the corselet sped.



Lycaon's son, exultant, called aloud:

"Stricken thou art, and through thy waist hath  
passed

My dart; nor long, I trow, wilt thou endure

\* Thy wound; great triumph hast thou yielded me."

Bold Diomed, unmoved, made answer: "Nay,  
Thou didst not wound, but missed me; yet, I ween,  
Ye will not quit the combat until òne  
Or other of you fall, and glut with gore  
Ares, the oxhide-bucklered, strong in strife."

He spake, and hurled his jav'lin; the firm hand  
Of Pallas was its guide. Beside the eye  
It pierced the nose of Pandarus, and passed  
Through the white teeth; its never-yielding edge  
Severed the tongue's root and rushed forth beneath  
The chin. He crashed from out his chariot, while  
Rang round his limbs his splendid shimm'ring arms;  
Started in fear his rapid steeds; his might  
Forsook him and the spirit fled his frame.  
Down sprang Æneas then with long lance armed  
And buckler, fearful lest the Greeks might hale  
The corpse away despite him. Round the slain  
He strode as might a lion, on his strength  
Reliant; and before him to defend  
Held spear and orbèd shield, with fierce desire  
To slay whome'er opposed him; fearfully  
His call resounded. Then did Diomed  
Seize with his hand a stone, a mighty mass,  
That scarce two mortal men, as men now are,  
Might wield; its weight he, single-handed, swung

With ease; and with it struck Æneas' flank  
Where turns the thigh within the hip-joint named  
The "cup"; and this he shattered and beside  
Crushed both the sinews; and the flesh was rent  
Apart by that rough rock. The hero sank  
Upon his bended knee, yet kept himself  
From falling, pressing with his mighty hand  
Upon the ground; and blackness veiled his sight.

Then had Æneas, king of men, been slain,—  
Had not Zeus' daughter Aphrodite marked  
Swiftly his plight. Her son was he, and borne  
By her unto Anchises, pasturing  
His herds. She threw her fair white arms around  
Her cherished child, and hid him in the folds  
Of her resplendent mantle, shelt'ring him  
From force of shafts, lest one of the Greek braves,  
Renowned for flying steeds, might pierce his breast  
With brazen spear and take his life away.

So bore she her loved offspring from the field:  
Nor did the son of Capaneus forget  
The mandates giv'n to him by Diomed  
The great in war-cry. His own chariot-steeds,  
Solid of hoof, he stayed, and made them stand  
Far from the din of battle, and bound fast  
The taut-drawn reins upon the chariot's rim;  
Then leaped he to Æneas' chargers, fair  
Of mane, and drove them from the ranks of Troy  
Among the greaved Greeks, entrusting them  
Unto Deïpylus, his own dear friend,  
Most prized of all his mates of equal age,

Having a mind congenial to his own ;  
And bade him drive them to the hollow barks.  
Then, mounting his own car, the hero grasped  
The shining reins and turned his strong-hoofed  
steeds

In eager haste toward Diomed, who now  
Assailed the Cyprian queen with ruthless spear ;  
For she, as well he knew, was faint of heart,—  
Not of those goddesses that give command  
To hosts in mortal strife ; for she was not  
Athena, nor Enyo that lays waste  
Walled cities. When, athwart the crowding throng  
Pursuing, he came nigh her, then, with shaft  
Outstretched, the son of high-souled Tydeus sprang  
On Aphroditè, and with keen-edged lance  
Pierced at th' extremity her tender hand.  
And through th' ambrosial mantle, by the art  
Of Graces fashioned, rushed the spear, and came  
Forth at the palm's base. From the goddess' wound  
Flowed ichor, that immortal blood that runs  
In veins of blissful deities ; for these  
Of wheaten loaves partake not, nor of wine  
That sparkleth ; hence are bloodless, and are hight  
Immortal ones. She, with a cry, let fall  
Her son Æneas ; yet Apollo threw  
Around him his protecting arms, and made  
A sable cloud enfold him, lest some hand  
Among th' Achæans, riders of swift steeds,  
Might fix a jav'lin in his breast and take  
The hero's life thus. Then did Diomed,

Great in the shout of battle, hurl his voice  
Afar, and thus to Aphroditè call:

"Withdraw, thou child of Zeus, from war and  
strife;

Doth it not then suffice thee to beguile  
Invalorous maids? If thou frequent the field,  
Of battle, then the battle shalt thou dread —  
Ay, e'en to hear of it from others' lips."

Thus spake he; she, distraught, and overborne  
By anguish, went; and Iris, she whose feet  
Are fleetier than the wind, now clasped her hand  
And led her from the press of warriors, stung  
With piercing pangs; her beauteous flesh stained  
dark

With bloody drops. She found fierce Ares where  
He sat upon the field's left hand, his lance  
And rapid steeds in misty clouds concealed.  
Then sank she on her knees, and earnestly  
Besought her brother to entrust to her  
His chargers with their frontlets forged of gold.

"Take me, dear brother, to thy care, and give  
Thy steeds, that I may gain th' Olympian steep,  
The seat of the immortals; I am worn  
With anguish from a wound a mortal's spear  
Gave me,— the jav'lin of Tydides, who  
With father Zeus himself would now contend."

Thus prayed she; then did Ares yield to her  
His steeds of golden frontlets; and with heart  
Grief-stricken mounted she the chariot. Then  
Iris beside her took her place, and grasped

The reins; and now with wielded lash she urged  
Onward the steeds; and willingly they sped.  
And soon they gained the seat of deities,  
High-peaked Olympus; then did Iris, she  
With foot of zephyr, check the coursers' flight,  
Unyoke them from the battle-car, and set  
Ambrosial food before them. She meanwhile,  
The goddess Aphroditè, sank upon  
Dionè's knees. Then did the mother fold  
Her arms about her child, and with her hand  
She stroked her forehead, while she asked of her:

“Who, dearest child, among our heav'nly band  
Hath outraged thee thus wantonly, as one  
Found perpetrating some notorious wrong?”

Then laughter-loving Aphroditè spake  
In answer: “Haughty Diomed it was,  
The son of Tydeus, who thus wounded me,  
Because I strove to rescue from the fight  
Mine own loved son Æneas, whom I prize  
Above all men beside. No more are heard  
The war-shouts of the sons of Greece and Troy;  
For now the Greeks with very gods contend.”

Dionè then, 'mid deities divine,  
Made answer: “Patience, child, and bear th  
harm,

Though sorrow-smitten; for of us that bide  
In halls Olympian, many have had wrongs  
At mortal hands; ourselves have likewise made  
Each other suffer sorely. 'Twas the lot  
Of Ares to feel torture when chained fast

In cruel fetters by Aloëus' sons,  
Otus and Ephialtes, strong in might.  
Within a brazen dungeon lay he bound  
Ten months and three; the god who ne'er hath fill  
Of battle would have ended there his days,  
Had his step-mother, Eribœa fair,  
Not told his fate to Hermes, who by stealth  
Brought Ares forth, already spent and worn  
With cruel bondage. Hera too hath proved  
The pangs of anguish when Amphitryon's son,  
The valiant, smote her with his three-pronged dart  
In the right breast; her pain was unallayed.  
Among the rest the mighty Hades too  
Felt a keen arrow's force, when that same chief,  
The son of Zeus the Ægis-bearer, smote  
The god among the dead beside his gate,  
Deliv'ring him to torment; and he sought  
The halls of Zeus and long Olympus' ridge,  
Stung with the darts of pain and sore at heart,  
In anguish from the arrow-thrust that pierced  
His mighty shoulder. Then did Pæan spread  
Upon the wound his ointments that allay  
Pain, and the hurt was healed: no mortal frame  
Was his. O impious man, of monstrous deeds,  
That of his sacrilege recked not and dared  
To bend his bow to wound the gods, enthroned  
Upon Olympus! She it was, divine  
Athena of the sparkling eyes, that now  
Encouraged Tydeus' son to lift his hand  
Against thee. Little knows he, hapless one!

How short the life-span is of him who seeks  
 Warfare with gods immortal. Children ne'er  
 Shall lisp'ing call him father, nor embrace  
 His knees, when he returns from fierce-foug  
 strife.

Then let Tydides now beware, though brave  
 He be, lest mightier enemy than thou  
 Assail him — lest Adrastus' child discreet,  
 Fair Ægialeia, she, the goodly wife  
 Of Diomed the knightly, wake from sleep  
 Her handmaids, sorrowing aloud for him,  
 The husband of her youth,— the mightiest Greek."

Thus said Dionè, as she wiped meanwhile  
 The ichor from the wound; her daughter's hand  
 Was healed, and anguish was allayed. This all  
 Hera and Pallas saw, and strove to sting  
 With bant'ring words Chronides Zeus to rage;  
 Thus began Pallas of the sparkling eyes:

"Wilt thou be angered, at mine utt'rance, sire?  
 The Cyprian queen, as she implored some dame  
 Of Greece, rich-rob'd, to join the Trojan bands  
 She loves so well, caressed her, and a clasp  
 Of gold, I ween, hath torn her tender hand."

She spake; the sire of gods and mortals smiled,  
 And calling golden Aphroditè, said —

"'Tis not to thee, my child, that toils of strife  
 Are giv'n; do thou to gentle tasks attend  
 Of wedlock; and resign to Pallas' charge,  
 And to fleet Ares, all these other cares."

Thus spake the gods together. He meantime,

Tydides, great in war-cry, threatened still  
Æneas, though aware that Phœbus' hand  
O'er him was held to shield him. None the less,  
Little recked he of e'en the great god's might,  
But pressed continually on and strove  
To slay Æneas, and to spoil the corpse  
Of its rich arms. Three times his charge he made,  
Burning to slay, and thrice Apollo thrust  
Away with crushing blow his shining shield.

But when he came the fourth time on, in might  
That seemed divine, then Phœbus, called the god  
Who works afar, with dread command thus spake:

"Take heed, Tydides; cease thy rage; dare not  
To count thyself the equal of the gods;  
Ill-fitted is the race of men who tread  
The earth to rival our immortal host."

He spake; and Tydeus' son a little space  
Yielded, and shunned the wrath of him who wings  
His darts afar, Apollo. Then the god  
Withdrew Æneas from the press of strife  
To hallowed Pergamus, where had been reared  
To him a temple; Leto, in that shrine,  
And arrow-show'ring Artemis, within  
The ample sanctuary, healed his wounds,  
Restoring noble vigor to his frame.

Then fashioned Phœbus of the silver bow  
An image which Æneas' self should seem,  
And armed with armor like his own; and round  
The phantom did the Trojans and divine  
Achæans smite the oxhide shields held o'er



Their foemen's breasts,— the bucklers fairly-orbed  
And targets with their flutt'ring wings light-frame  
Then thus Apollo to fierce Ares spake:—

“Ares, thou pestilence of mortal men,  
Thou blood-defiled, thou lev'ller of strong walls!  
Wilt thou not come and make this warrior leave  
The fight — this son of Tydeus, who would wage  
War against Zeus himself? For first he pierced  
The wrist of Aphroditè at close range,  
Next charged on me, as though himself divine.”

Thus saying, on the brow of Pergamus  
Apollo took his seat, and Ares came  
'Mong the ranked Trojans, rallying them; he seem'd  
Swift Acamas, the Thracian chief; and thus  
To Priam's sons, heav'n-nurtured, gave command

“Ye sons of Priam, foster-child of Zeus,  
How long will ye permit Achæa's braves  
To slay your warriors? Wait ye then till strife  
Around your massive city-gates shall rage?  
A man hath fallen, whom we prized no less  
Than heav'nly Hector; e'en Æneas, sprung  
From generous Anchises. Speed we then  
To rescue our brave comrade from the fray.”

He spake; the words roused ardor and new might  
Within each breast. Sarpedon then, in tones  
Of loud upbraiding, thus to Hector spake:

“O whither, Hector, hath the courage fled  
That once inspired thee? Thou didst boast of yore  
That with thy brothers' help alone, and theirs  
That wed thy sisters, and without the aid

Of native warriors or allies, thou well  
Couldst guard our city. None of them I now  
Can see, nor anywhere discern; they cow'r  
Like dogs before a lion; while 'tis we  
Who now sustain the combat — we allies  
That stand among your troops. Myself am I  
Come as a helper from a distant land,  
Since distant far is Lycia, by the tide  
Of eddying Xanthus; there a cherished wife  
I left, a son of tender age; and there  
Rich store, the envy of the man in need.  
Yet none the less I urge my Lycians on,  
Eager myself to meet this foe; yet I  
Have no possessions here that might be seized  
Or driv'n away by Argive force. Yet thou  
Art standing idle, nor dost thou exhort  
Thy followers to stand firm and guard their wives.  
See to it that ye be not snared as in  
The meshes of a net, entangling all,  
Thus to become your foemen's prize and prey.  
Full quickly will these enemies lay low  
Your populous city. All these thoughts thy mind  
Should harbor night and day; thou shouldst implore  
The rulers of the far-renowned allies  
To stand their ground unflinchingly, and take  
The bitterness of your reproach away."

Thus spake Sarpedon, stinging with his taunts  
The soul of Hector. From his chariot sprang  
He instantly, in all his armor dight,  
And traversed, brandishing his whetted shafts,

The throng to every side, and urged his braves  
To battle, waking the dread din of strife  
Afresh. They wheeled, and faced Achæa's band  
Yet did the Greeks in gathered strength stand fast  
Nor turned to flee. As chaff by wind is strown  
Over the hallowed threshing-floors in days  
Of winnowing, when Demeter, yellow-tressed,  
Through aid of blasts of rustling winds, divides  
The seed and husk, and heaps of chaff grow white;  
So grew th' Achæan warriors white with dust  
Spurned by their coursers' feet as they were wheel'd  
Again to battle by their charioteers,  
Once more to mingle with the foe; the cloud  
Ascended to the brazen heav'n; while they,  
The warriors, straight against their foemen bore  
Their mighty arms. Then Ares veiled in night  
The battle-field to aid the arms of Troy,  
And through their columns passing everywhere,  
Fulfilled th' injunction of the god who wields  
The golden brand, Apollo; he had giv'n  
To Ares charge to rouse the Trojan braves  
To ardor for the conflict, when he saw  
That Pallas, who was combating upon  
The side of Argos, kept the field no more.  
Then from the temple, rich in treasured things,  
Did Ares fetch Æneas, and within  
The bosom of that shepherd of his host  
Planted new might; and soon he took once more  
His place among his fellows. Glad were they  
To see him coming safe and sound, and filled

With noble ardor ; yet inquired they naught ;  
For they were hindered by that other task  
Created by Apollo, him that wields  
The silver bow, and Ares, dreaded scourge  
Of men, and Ares, tireless in her rage.

Odysseus and the Ajax-pair meantime  
With Diomed spurred on the Argive bands  
To the encounter ; and the heroes' hearts  
Before the Trojans' strength quailed not, nor feared  
The tumult of their onslaught ; but stood fast,  
Like clouds that Chronus' son spreads motionless  
In days of calm on lofty mountain-peaks,  
When the strong north-wind slumbers, and when  
sleep

Those other raging gales whose shrilling blasts  
Disperse the shadowy mists ; unmoved as they  
Th' Achæans stood abiding the assault  
Of Ilium's squadrons, nor before them fled.

Then passed Atrides through the host, and gave  
His earnest mandate : " O my friends, be men ;  
Let every heart take courage ; fear to prove,  
In the fierce onset, cowards in the sight  
Of your companions. When men have such dread  
Of shame, the saved are more than they that fall ;  
But when men flee, their share of fame is lost,  
Nor have they strength to save themselves from  
harm."

He spake, and sudden hurled his lance, and smote  
The son of Pergasus, Deicoön,  
A champion of the Trojan van, a friend

Of generous Æneas, prized no less  
Than Priam's sons among the Trojan braves,  
As ever prompt to fight among the first  
In battle. On his buckler fell the blow  
Of monarch Agamemnon's lance; the shield  
Averted not the brazen point; it tore  
Through it and through the girdle, till it pierced  
Th' abdomen. With a crash he fell, and loud  
The armor rang upon the warrior's frame.

Æneas now struck down two Argive chiefs,  
Orsilochus and Crethon; sons were they  
Of Diocles. Their father dwelt within  
The well-laid walls of Pheræ; rich was he  
In store, and from Alpheüs' river claimed  
His birth,— that river whose broad current flows  
Through Pylus' meadows. He, Alpheüs, sired  
Orsilochus, who ruled over countless hosts;  
Father was he of great-souled Diocles,  
To whom were born twain sons, Orsilochus  
And Crethon, versed in all the lore of strife.  
These, in the bloom of youth, in dark-hulled barks  
Came with the Greeks to Troy, where steeds are  
bred,

In aid of Agamemnon and as well  
Of Menelaüs, Atreus' sons, to gain  
Requital for their wrongs; but now dark death  
Shrouded their forms. As when two lions, bred  
In a deep woodland's copses by their dam,  
Among the mountain pinnacles despoil  
Men's stables, seizing on fat sheep and kine,

Till keen-edged jav'lines which the herdsmen wield  
Destroy them in their turn: so fell the twain  
Like two tall pine trees, by Æneas' spear.

But Menelaüs, dear to Ares, mourned  
To see their fall, and through the vanguard sped  
With brandished lance, in gleaming mail all armed;  
For Ares stirred his ardor; this the god  
Did with design, that by Æneas' hand  
He might be slain. But large-souled Nestor's son,  
Antilochus, beheld, and through the files  
Of champions came, in fear that some mischance  
Might come upon the people's shepherd, thus  
To render their long labors void of gain;  
There stood the champions; each confronted each,  
Their keen-edged weapons lifted in their hands,  
All eager for the fray. Antilochus took  
His station by the shepherd of the host;  
Nor did Æneas keep his ground, though fleet  
In battle, when he saw both heroes stand  
Shoulder to shoulder. To th' Achæan lines  
They drew the slain, and to their comrades gave  
In charge th' ill-fated warriors, turning then  
To fight among the champion ranks once more.

Pylæmenes they next o'erthrew, a peer  
Of Ares, chief of Paphlagonia's band  
Of stalwart buckler-bearing braves. The son  
Of Atreus, Menelaüs, lance-renowned,  
Aiming at him his jav'lin where he stood,  
Pierced near the collar-bone his shoulder through  
Antilochus then slew his charioteer,

Mydon, his valiant squire, Atymnias' child.  
For as he turned his solid-footed steeds,  
He smote his elbow fairly with a stone;  
The ivory-whitened reins from out his grasp  
Dropt in the dust; Antilochus then sprang  
Upon his foe, and struck with his good brand  
His temple. From the richly-fashioned car,  
Gasping, he fell; his head within the sand  
Plunged to the shoulders; thus remained he long,  
(For deep the sand was there) till trampled down  
Into the dust beneath the horses' feet.  
Antilochus then, smiting with his lash  
The coursers, urged them to the camp of Greece.

But Hector saw them in the ranks, and sprang  
Upon them with loud outcry; with him came  
The mighty squadrons of the Trojans, led  
By Ares and Enyo, potent queen,  
Who brought with her the ruthless din of strife,  
Whilst Ares wielded in his hands a spear  
Of massive fashion; now he strode before,  
Now after, Hector. Seeing him, Diomed,  
The great in war-cry, shuddered; e'en as stands  
A man irresolute, who, passing o'er  
A spacious plain, arriveth at a stream  
With rapid current coursing to the sea,  
And when he looks upon its roaring tide  
All flecked with foam, hastes backward; Tydeus' son  
Retreated thus, and to his followers spake: —

“What awe, my comrades, fills our hearts before  
This godlike Hector, as we see him strong

To wield the spear, courageous in the fray!  
But by him aye some friend celestial stands,  
His fate averting. There beside him now  
Is Ares, like a mortal. Then retire,  
Turning your faces still toward them of Troy,  
Nor dare to measure strength with pow'rs divine."

'Twas thus he spake; while close upon them  
pressed

The Trojan cohorts; then did Hector slay  
Menesthes and Anchialus, two chiefs  
Expert in battle, joyful in the strife,  
Both in one car. The mighty Ajax, son  
Of Telamon, felt sorrow for their fate;  
Advancing nigh, he aimed his sparkling shaft,  
And struck down Amphius, son of Selagus,  
Who dwelt in Pæsus, 'mid abundant store  
And plenteous harvests; led by evil fate  
To follow Priam and his sons, and join  
Their force as an ally. His girdle now  
Did Telamonian Ajax smite; the shaft,  
Long-shadowed, pierced th' abdomen; and he fell  
Crashing to earth. Renownèd Ajax sprang  
Upon the slain to spoil him of his arms;  
But Troy's sons rained upon him lances, keen  
And glistening; his shield caught many a dart.  
But, placing on the slain his heel, he drew  
The brazen spear away; since, overborne  
By weapons as he was, he could not strip  
The dead man's shoulders of the mail they wore—  
The mail so fairly wrought. For Ajax feared



The mighty guard of Trojans, strong in strife,  
A num'rous and a valiant force, with spears  
In hand, who stood opposed; they thrust aside  
Great Ajax, though a brave and famous chief  
In sooth was he; and forced him backward. They  
Labored the heroes in that hard-fought fray.

Then potent fate induced Tlepolemus,  
The son of Heracles, a chieftain brave  
And tall, to go to meet Sarpedon, peer  
Of gods. As they drew nigh — the one the son,  
The grandson one, of cloud-amassing Zeus —  
Tlepolemus first to the Lycian cried:

“Sarpedon, couns'lor of the Lycian bands,  
Why dost thou come here cringing, since thou art  
Ill-versed in warfare? Falsely art thou called  
The Ægis-bearer's son; for thou art far  
Beneath that race of heroes,— men that owned,  
In former generations, Zeus as sire.  
Not such the might, men say, of Heracles,  
My father, brave and staunch, of lion's heart;  
Who to this city came of yore to gain  
The chargers of Laomedon; his barks  
Numbered but six, and scantier was his train  
Than thine, and yet he wasted Ilium's walls  
And made its ways all desolate. Thy heart  
Is faint, thy people dying fast away.  
And thine arrival here from Lycia's strand  
Shall ineffectual prove in aid of Troy,  
Whate'er thy strength; for by my hand shalt thou  
Fall slain and through the gates of Hades pass.”

Sarpedon, chief of Lycia's host, replied:—

That hero, as with truth, Tlepolemus,  
Thou sayest, ravaged holy Troy; but through  
The folly of Laomedon far-famed,  
Who for his kindly service gave harsh speech,  
Nor rendered up the horses for whose sake  
He journeyed far. But as for thee, dark death  
And doom shall here befall thee at my hand;  
My spear shall fell thee; thou shalt yield to me  
A boast, a soul to Hades famed for steeds."

Sarpedon spake; the other lifted high  
His ashen lance. Together the long spears  
Leaped from the heroes' hands. Sarpedon smote  
Fairly his foeman's throat; the fatal point  
Transfixed it, and deep darkness veiled his sight.  
Tlepolemus' long lance had struck meanwhile  
The left thigh of Sarpedon; with mad rage  
The weapon entered, piercing to the bone;  
But Zeus, his father, shielded still his child  
From fate. And now his brave companions bore  
Sarpedon, peer of gods, from out the fray,  
Cruelly tortured by the pond'rous spear  
That dragged along: none noticed it, nor thought  
To draw the ashen shaft from out his thigh  
That he might mount his car; so great their haste,  
So hard his followers labored at their task.

Then on the other side Achæa's braves,  
Well-greavèd, sought to drag Tlepolemus  
From off the field. When this Odysseus saw,  
That noble and enduring chief, his heart

Was filled with yearning; he within himself  
Debated whether he should first pursue  
The son of Zeus, loud-thund'ring, or should spoil  
Of life still greater Lycian multitudes.  
Yet 'twas not destined that the whetted spear  
Of mighty-souled Odysseus should o'erthrow  
Zeus' stalwart son; Athena turned his ire  
Against the Lycian throng; then Cæranus  
Slew he, Alastor, Chromius, Halius too,  
Alcander and Noëmon, Prytanis;  
And e'en a greater number of the host  
Of Lycia had divine Odysseus slain,  
Had not great Hector of the sparkling casque  
Been swift to mark it. Through the van of strife  
In gleaming panoply he sped; his sight  
Struck Argos' sons with fear. The child of Zeus,  
Sarpedon, was rejoiced to see him nigh,  
And thus with piteous words addressed the chief:

“O son of Priam, leave me not to lie  
The spoil of Argive warriors; succor me,  
I pray, and let my spirit take its flight  
Within your city, since 'tis not ordained  
That I return to my loved land to make  
Glad my sweet spouse, and son of tender years.”

He spake; but Hector of the glancing casque  
No answer gave; he hastened past, all filled  
With fierce desire to crush the Argive bands  
Back with all speed, and slay full many a brave.  
Then his brave comrades bore Sarpedon, peer  
Of gods, beneath the beauteous beechen tree

Of Zeus the Ægis-bearer; from his thigh  
Strong Pelagon, his cherished friend, forth drew  
The ashen lance. The breath forsook his frame;  
Mist gathered o'er his eyes; but yet once more  
Revived he; o'er him with refreshing breath  
Blew the north-wind and brought to him anew  
The life his anguished frame had sighed away.

Yet were the Greeks not routed by the charge  
Of bronze-mailed Hector and the god of strife,  
Nor driv'n upon their barks, nor ventured yet  
To measure strength with those in open fight:  
But still retired before them, since they marked  
How Ares stood among the Trojan bands.

Who then was first, who last, by Priam's son,  
— By Hector, and the brazen battle-king,  
Spoiled of his armor? Teuthras, man divine,  
Orestes too, the scourger of the steeds;  
Ætolian Trechus, famed for lanced might,  
And CEnomaüs: Helenus, the son  
Of CEnops: and Oresbius of the belt  
Of shining mail. Bent on amassing store,  
In Hyla, by Cephissus' mere, dwelt he;  
And round him many a yeoman of the realm  
Bœotian, tillers of a fruitful land.

When now the goddess, white-armed Hera, saw  
The Argives perish in the fearful strife,  
Quickly to Pallas wingèd words she spake:

"Alas, thou child invincible of Zeus  
The Ægis-wielder! Then shall it prove vain,—  
The promise we to Menelaüs made,

That he might give to spoil the strong-built walls  
Of Ilium, and enjoy a safe return,  
If we must suffer baleful Ares thus  
To rage infuriate. Let us twain as well  
Be filled with courage to defend our own."

She spake; Athena, glancing-eyed, obeyed;  
And Hera, chief of goddesses, the child  
Of mighty Chronus, passed to where her steeds  
Were standing, decked with frontlets golden-  
wrought,

And harnessed them, while Hebe set with speed  
About the car its curving brazen wheels,  
Each of eight spokes, and fitted them upon  
Their iron axles. All of gold were framed  
Their never-wasting felloes; bound on these  
Were tires of brass, a marv'lous work to see.  
Silver were the revolving naves upon  
The axles' ends; upon its wheels by thongs  
Of gold and silver wrought the car was slung.  
Around the chariot's seat a double rim  
Extended, and the pole as well was made  
Of silver. At its end the goddess bound  
The beauteous golden yoke, and placed beneath  
The fair gold collars to be set about  
The horses' breasts; then, longing for the strife  
And clamor of the conflict, Hera led  
Beneath the yoke her flying-footed steeds.

Meanwhile Athena, maiden child of Zeus  
The Ægis-wielder, like a show'r let fall  
Upon the threshold of her sire her robe,

Of many colors, wrought by her own hands  
With toil, and donned the corselet of great Zeus  
That gath'reth clouds, and all her panoply  
For cruel warfare. Finally she hung  
The shaggy ægis o'er her shoulders, dread  
To view, its edge by Panic rimmed around;  
And Strife was there, and Valor for Defence,  
And chill Pursuit; and there the Gorgon's head,  
That fell and dreadful thing, the omen dire  
Of Zeus the Ægis-bearer. On her brow  
She set the doubly-ridged four-crested casque  
Of gold, that might have shielded the armed bands  
Of fivescore cities; then her fiery car  
Mounted and grasped her strong and pond'rous  
shaft,

That massive lance that levels warrior-ranks  
When the Almighty's child is stirred to ire.

Then Hera lashed the steeds; and self-impelled,  
Wide with a groan the heav'nly portals swung —  
Those gates of which the Hours are sentinels,  
Who guard Olympus and wide heav'n, with task  
To ope and close the heavy door of cloud  
That bars the entrance. Thus it was they drave  
Their goaded chargers through the port; and found  
The son of Chronus there enthroned afar  
From th' other gods upon the topmost crest  
Of many-ridged Olympus. Hera then,  
The white-armed goddess, checked her chargers'  
speed,

And questioning thus to great Chronides spake:

“ Art thou not angered, father Zeus, at these  
Fell deeds of Ares, who hath slain so vast  
And brave a part of the Achæan band  
In mere unbridled wantonness? To me  
'Tis bitter grief; but those exult — the god  
That wields the silver bow, and Cyprus' queen;  
'Twas they incited this insensate fiend  
Whom no law governs. Will thine anger, sire,  
Be roused against me if I sorely smite  
This Ares, if I drive him from the fray? ”

The cloud-compeller Zeus thus ans'ring spake:  
“ Ay, quickly send against him, Pallas, famed  
In foray; often in the past hath she  
Brought upon Ares suff'rings many and sore.”

He spake, and Hera, snowy-armed, complied,  
Lashing her steeds, that fled with willing feet  
Halfway betwixt the earth and starry sky.  
As far as one through haze of distance sees  
Who seated on a tow'ring cliff views o'er  
The wine-hued ocean; such a distance fly  
At every leap the lofty-crested steeds  
Driv'n by th' immortals. When to Troy they came,  
And its two rolling rivers, where are merged  
The waves of Simois' with Scamander's tide,  
Queen Hera stayed her steeds, and from the car  
Loosed them, and o'er the coursers dropt a cloud  
Concealing them, while Simois bade the ground  
Produce the sweet ambrosia for their food.

Silent and swift as timid doves, on sped  
The goddesses, in eagerness to lend

Aid to the Argives. When they came to where  
Their densest squadrons and their bravest chiefs  
Pressed round the mighty Diomed, the bold  
Tamer of steeds — as ravening lions stand,  
Or wild boars inexhaustible in might,—  
The goddess, white-armed Hera, paused, and called,  
In guise of Stentor, that great-hearted chief  
Of brazen throat, whose tones were heard as far  
As half an hundred other men could call:

“Shame, shame, ye coward Argives,— noble men  
In beauty only! Whilst the godlike prince,  
Achilles, on the field was found, the men  
Of Troy ne'er ventured from the Dardan gates,  
Dreading his mighty lance; but sally now  
Far from their city, pressing on the fight  
To your wide galleys.” Thus she spake, and roused  
Arдор and might within each warrior's heart.

But Pallas, of the radiant eyes, now sped  
To Tydeus' son. She found the chief beside  
His car and coursers, as he cooled the wound  
Given by Pandarus' arrow; for the sweat  
Beneath the broad belt of his circled shield  
Distressed the hero, and his strength of arm  
Was spent. He raised the belt and wiped away  
The dark blood underneath. Athena set  
Her hand upon the coursers' yoke, and spake:—

“Sure, Tydeus was the father of a son  
Unlike himself; for Tydeus was but small  
Of stature, yet redoubtable in arms.  
E'en when I counselled him to take no part



In combat, nor to let his valorous might  
Shine forth,— that time he went, attended by  
No Argive escort, on an embassy  
To Thebes among the vast Cadmeian throngs;—  
I bade him feast at leisure in their halls;  
But he, with that brave spirit that was his  
Aforetime, challenged the Cadmeian youths,  
And vanquished all with ease; such aid did I  
Afford him. As for thee, though by thy side  
In turn I stand to guard thee, with command  
To charge the Trojans boldly, weariness  
From eager battling makes thy limbs to fail,  
Or coward terror holds thee. Thou no more  
Canst boast as sire CEnides, fierce in strife.”

Courageous Diomed thus made reply:  
“ I know thee, goddess, child of Zeus who wields  
The ægis: therefore will I readily  
Disclose to thee the truth, and nothing hide.  
No coward fear nor hesitancy holds  
Me thus in check; but I am mindful still  
Of the injunctions that thou gav’st me, when  
Thou didst forbid me to engage in arms  
With any other of the blissful host;  
Yet, none the less, if Aphroditè, child  
Of Zeus, should come to the encounter, her  
I might assail, and wound with stinging dart.  
And therefore have I now retired, and bidd’n  
The other Argives all to gather here;  
For well I mark how Ares ranges o’er  
The field of battle, captaining the host.”

The bright-eyed goddess, Pallas, made reply:

"O son of Tydeus, to this heart endeared,  
Fear not thou Ares, neither be afraid  
Of any other of th' undying band;  
Such aid will I afford thee. Haste now, guide  
'Gainst Ares first thy solid-footed steeds;  
Smite him in close encounter. Tremble not  
Before this furious Ares, with his rage  
Insensate — this born scourge of humankind,  
That ever changeth sides. For 'twas but late  
He promised me and Hera, with fair words,  
To battle 'gainst the men of Troy, and lend  
Aid to the Argives; yet he now consorts —  
His former friends forgot — with Ilium's host."

She spake, and drew back Sthenelus from the  
steeds

And pushed him downward; he without delay  
Leaped to the ground. The eager goddess took  
Her seat within the chariot, by divine  
Tydides' side. The beechen axle groaned  
Aloud beneath the burden — it upbore  
A dreaded goddess and a mighty chief.  
Then did Athena grasp the scourge and reins,  
And drave the coursers of uncloven feet  
Straight at the god of battles. Ares then  
Was spoiling bulky Periphas, by far  
The bravest of th' Ætolians, the renowned  
Son of Ochesius. Such the chief whose corse  
The blood-stained god was stripping of its arms  
Now placed Athena on her brows the casque

Of Hades, thus to be invisible  
 To mighty Ares. When that baneful scourge  
 Of mortal men espied brave Diomed,  
 He left the corse of mighty Periphas  
 Where it was lying,— where he smote him first  
 And took his life away; then quickly charged  
 On Diomed the tamer of the steeds.

When to close range they came, the god first aimed  
 His spear, and hurled it o'er the chariot-yoke,  
 Eager to slay, and o'er the coursers' reins.  
 But Pallas, goddess of the gleaming eyes,  
 Caught in her hand the missile, turning it  
 Aside; all harmless 'neath the car it sped.

Tydides, eminent in shout of strife,  
 Charged next with lance of bronze; and Pallas  
 drave

The weapon to the waist of Ares where  
 The girdle bound it; there she made it strike:  
 It pierced, and rent the comely flesh below;  
 Forth then she drew the lance once more; and he,  
 The bronze-clad Ares, gave a mighty cry  
 That echoed far as would the shout of nine,  
 Yea, or ten, thousand warriors who engage  
 In martial strife. Th' Achæans and the host  
 Of Troy were seized with terror — such a cry  
 Sounded from him that ever thirsts for strife.

As when in days of burning heat a wind  
 Rises with stormy blast, and from the clouds  
 Is drawn a sable mist; 'twas thus appeared  
 The bronze-mailed Ares to Tydides' sight

Ascending cloud-wrapt to the spacious sky.

Straightway he came to the immortals' throne,

High-peaked Olympus; by Chronides' side

He sate in sorrow, showing to his sire

The blood ambrosial welling from his wound;

And wingèd words in lamentation spake:—

“Art thou not angered, Father Zeus, to see

These deeds of outrage? Yet 'tis ever so;

Even we gods endure the greatest wrongs

Through one another's moods, when'er we lend

Our aid to men. Our common foe thou art,

For thou art father of a thoughtless child,

A cursèd maiden, e'er intent on harm.

For all we other deities who dwell

Upon Olympus hark to thy command;

Each one to thee is subject; her alone

Thou never dost reprove by word or deed,

But givest her free rein, because she is,

Pernicious maid! a daughter of thine own.

E'en now hath she incited Tydeus' son,

Arrogant Diomed, to furious rage

Against th' immortal gods; he wounded first

The hand of Aphrodite at the wrist,

As at close range they struggled; presently

Charged upon me, as though himself divine;

Had not my fleet feet saved me, I might long

Have lain in torture there among the piles

Of ghastly slain, or living still, been felled

And rendered pow'rless 'neath his brazen brand.”

But with a frown the great cloud-gath'rer Zeus

Made answer: "Fickle one! come not to sit  
Beside me with thy moanings. Thou art most  
Detestable to me of all the gods  
Throned on Olympus; ever thou art fond  
Of discord, strife and conflict; and in thee  
The same unbridled, stubborn spirit dwells  
As in thy mother Hera, whom I scarce  
Can bend with stern words to obedience. Thus  
I ween, the suff'rings thou endurest now  
Result from her behests. Yet can I not  
Bear long to see thine anguish, since thou art  
Mine offspring, whom to me thy mother bore.  
Yet if some other god had fathered thee,  
Pestilent one! thou long before this hour  
Hadst been degraded from our heav'nly band."

He spake, and calling Pæon, bade him cure  
The hurt; soon Pæon spread upon the wound  
His pain-allaying ointments; thus the god  
Was healed, since not of mortal race he came.  
As the wild-fig tree's sap, a watery juice,  
Curdles white milk, as if in eager haste,  
And swiftly thickens as one stirs it round,  
So quickly furious Ares' hurt was healed.  
Then Hebe bathed the god, and clad him in  
His fairest garments; by Chronides' side  
He took his seat exultant in his might.

Meantime the others — Hera, Argive queen  
And Pallas the Defender,— had returned  
To great Zeus' mansion, having thus compelled  
The scourge of man to stay his murd'rous han

## BOOK VI

### THE MEETING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

The battle continues with the slaughter of many Trojan chiefs. Menelaüs, about to spare Adrastus, is reproved by Agamemnon, who takes the Trojan's life. Helenus seeks Hector and Æneas, asking the former to return to Troy to bid his mother arrange a conciliatory procession of Trojan matrons to the temple of Pallas, with gifts of a rich robe and vows of sacrifice, to implore the mercy of the goddess upon their city. Diomed and Glaucus, a Lycian leader, encounter Glaucus, at Diomed's request, sets forth his own lineage, narrating the exploits of his ancestor Bellerophon. Diomed recognizes in Glaucus an ancestral guest-friend, and the two agree to refrain from seeking each other's lives, exchanging their armor in token of amity; the exchange being much to Glaucus' disadvantage. Hector, returning to the city, bids the women pray for the husbands and kinsmen. At the royal palace he meets his mother Hecuba, whose proffer of wine he refuses, and explains his errand. The matrons proceed to the temple with the gifts and vows prescribed, but Pallas turns a deaf ear to their prayers. Hector repairs to the house of Paris, whom he upbraids for his inactivity, refusing Helen's invitation to enter and rest. He then goes to his own house in search of his wife Andromachè, whom he meets at the Scæan gate. Andromachè implores her husband to remain within the city, and employ his forces to guard



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the spot where the wall is least secure. Hector that shunning the conflict would be deemed cowardly on his part, and refuses, predicting the fall of Troy and lamenting over the coming captivity of his wife. He kisses his infant son, Astyanax, dismayed by his father's helmet and plume that the gods may make his child mighty in battle. He takes a tender farewell of both. Returning to battle he meets Paris coming, gaily accoutred, and kills him on the field.

BOOK VI

AND now from that fierce struggle of the  
Greeks

And Trojans had the heav'nly ones retired:  
But hither, thither, o'er the plain still raged  
The multitudinous combat, as the men,  
Twixt waves of Simois and Xanthus' tide,  
Aimed at their foes their brazen-headed darts.

Then first did Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Known as the bulwark of his people, bring  
To his own host a gleam of joy. He slew  
A man preëminent among the chiefs  
Of Thrace, e'en Acamas, Eussorus' son,  
Huge-framed and valiant. On the crest that  
crowned

His helmet with its shaggy horsehair plume  
He smote him; and the brazen point was fixed  
Within the forehead, piercing through the skull:  
And veils of darkness o'er his eyes were spread.

Then Diomed the great in battle-cry  
Slew Axylus Teuthranides, who dwelt  
In strongly-laid Arisba; rich was he  
In store, and by mankind beloved; his house  
Upon the roadside welcomed all who came.  
Yet of them all there was not one who now  
Might shield him from his bitter fate, nor stand  
In his defence 'gainst Diomed; both men



Tydides spoiled of life — the chief himself,  
Besides Calesius, him that drave his steeds;  
Beneath the earth both warriors' spirits passed.

Euryalus spoiled Dresus, and as well  
Opheltius, and assailed Æsepus too  
And Pedasus; Abarbarea bore  
The twain — a Naiad — to the blameless chief  
Bucolion. He, Bucolion, was the child,  
The eldest born, of famed Laomedon.  
His mother bore the boy by stealth. For, while  
Tending his sheep, the prince united with  
The nymph in rites of love. Twin sons she bore  
And these Mecisteus' scion now deprived  
Of their strong might; he made their stately limbs  
To sink, and from their shoulders stripped their  
arms.

Then Polypoetes, furious in the fray,  
Next felled Astyalus; Odysseus piercèd  
Pidytes the Percosian with his shaft  
Of bronze; by Teucer Aretaon died,  
That godlike prince. Antilochus, the son  
Of Nestor, with his gleaming jav'lin slew  
Aberus; Agamemnon too, the king,  
Smote Elatus, who dwelt beside the banks  
Of the still Satnio in the lofty walls  
Of Pedasus. Then Phylacus in flight  
Was slain by Leïtus, a champion brave.  
Eurypylus despoiled Melanthius last.

Then Menelaüs, great in shout of strife,  
Captured alive Adrastus; for his steeds,

As in wild panic o'er the plain they flew,  
Became entangled in a tamarisk's bough,  
And, breaking short the curving chariot's pole,  
Fled to the city, whither all their mates  
As well were flying. He, their master, rolled  
From out his chariot; headlong in the dust  
Upon his face beside the wheel he fell.

Above him, wielding his long-shadowed spear,  
Stood Menelaüs, son of Atreus. Then  
Adrastus clasped his knees beseechingly:

"Take me alive, Atrides, and receive  
A worthy ransom. Countless treasure lies  
Within my opulent father's dwelling — bronze  
And gold, and iron wrought with toil. Of these  
My sire a boundless recompense would yield,  
And willingly, if he could hear that I  
Were living and among the Grecian barks."

Thus spake he; and his words won o'er the heart  
Within the breast of Atreus' son, who thought  
To place the captive in some follower's hands  
For conduct to the swift Achæan fleet.

But Agamemnon, hast'ning on to meet  
His brother, spake to him reproachfully:

"O foolish Menelaüs! why shouldst thou  
Compassionate men thus? In sooth, thy house  
Hath great benefits from Ilium's race!  
Rather let not one man of them escape  
Complete annihilation at our hands; —  
Not e'en the male child whom his mother holds  
Within her womb — e'en he shall not be spared;

But out of Ilium all her populace  
Must die uncared-for, passing from men's sight."

Thus spake the monarch; and his words prevailed

Upon his brother; Menelaüs thrust  
Away the brave Adrastus; and the king,  
Great Agamemnon, pierced him through the flank;  
And as he backward fell, Atrides set  
His heel upon his breast; from out the wound  
He drew his ashen jav'lin. Then it was  
That Nestor to the Argives cried aloud: —

" Friends, heroes of the Argives, followers called  
Of Ares! let no warrior lag behind  
In quest of booty, aiming to return  
Unto his ships with richest load of spoil.  
Slay we our foes first! — then shall ye at ease  
Despoil the corpses that bestrew the field."

He spake; his words roused fiery strength within  
Each hero's breast. Then had the sons of Troy,  
Driv'n onward by Achæa's martial bands,  
Fall'n victims to their own invalorous hearts  
And fled for shelter to their city walls;  
Had not the son of Priam, Helenus,  
The seer, preëminent 'mong all his kind,  
Sought Hector and Æneas, saying to them:

" O Hector and Æneas, since on you,  
Of all the host of Lycia and of Troy,  
The heaviest burden rests — since first are ye  
In each assault, in war and council both —

stand here your ground ; then thread the ranks with  
speed

To every hand, and hold in check the throng  
before the gates, lest in their headlong flight  
They rush into th' embraces of their wives  
and fill their foemen with derisive joy.

But when ye shall have roused the squadrons all  
Once more to ardor, we will linger here  
To battle with the Danaän host, though sore  
Outworn ; necessity impels us so.

But do thou, Hector, hasten back to Troy,  
and bid our mother, thine and mine, to bring  
The honored matrons to the citadel

Where lustrous-eyed Athena's temple stands ;  
And having opened with a key the gates

Of that most sacred dwelling, take the robe  
That she shall deem the largest and most fair

in all her halls, and which she values most,  
And spread it on the knees of yellow-haired

Athena. Bid her likewise make a vow  
To offer up to her within her shrine

Twelve yearling heifers that have never felt  
The goad, if she will but have pity on

The city of Trojans and their wives

And helpless infants ; if she will but keep

The son of Tydeus from our sacred walls,—

That savage spearman, potent to inspire

His foes with panic ; for 'tis he I call

The bravest of th' Achæans. Never so

Feared we Achilles, chief of warrior-bands;  
Though he, men say, is from a goddess sprung.  
But this man burns with rage insensate; none  
May hope with valor such as his to vie."

Thus spake he; nor did Hector fail to heed  
His brother's words; but sprang, completely armed,  
Down from his battle-car, and brandishing  
Two whetted lances, through the armèd throng  
Passed everywhere, inciting his command  
To battle, and the horrid din of strife  
Once more awakening. They wheeled and stood  
Confronting the Achæans; and the sons  
Of Argos ceased their slaughter, and gave way;  
Some god, they thought, from out the starry sky  
Had come to aid their foes; so swift and strange  
Had been their rally. To the Trojans then  
Called Hector with a voice that echoed far:—

"High-hearted Trojans, and allies whose fame  
Fills distant lands! O friends, now quit yourselves  
Like men; and your impetuous might recall  
Once more, whilst I to Ilium shall repair  
And urge our couns'lor-elders and our wives  
To supplicate the heav'nly ones, and vow  
To make them off'rings of an hundred kine."

Thus ended Hector of the sparkling crest,  
And went his way; his ankles and his neck  
Chafed by the sable bull's-hide that around  
His bossy buckler ran, its outer rim.

Now 'twixt the armies, filled with fierce desire  
For strife, did Tydeus' son with Glaucus meet,—

son of Hippolochus. When to closer range  
They came in their advance, Tydides, brave  
In shout of battle, first addressed his foe: —  
“Who art thou now of mortals, mighty chief?  
For never on th’ ennobling field have I  
Seen thee till now; yet now thou hast surpassed  
All others greatly in thy hardihood,  
Thus to encounter my long-shadowed shaft.  
Unhappy are the sires whose offspring dare  
To face my fury. Yet, if god thou art  
Come down from heav’n, I never will contend  
Against th’ immortal pow’rs. For e’en the son  
Of Dryas, strong Lycurgus, but brief space  
Was doomed to live, who once in strife assailed  
The sons of heav’n. For he, in days of yore,  
Through Nysa’s sacred country drove in flight  
Mad Dionysus’ nurses. All let fall  
At once their thyrsi to the ground, as he,  
The slay’r of men, Lycurgus, smote them with  
An ox-goad. Dionysus fleeing sank  
In briny ocean’s billows; Thetis there  
Received him in her bosom, wild with dread,  
For terror overcame him at the sound  
Of the chief’s call. The gods who dwell at ease  
Conceived a hatred then for Dryas’ son;  
Chronides smote him blind; nor many years  
Enjoyed he, since he had incurred the ire  
Of all the band immortal. Nor would I  
Consent to combat with the blissful host;  
But if from any mortal stock thou spring

Maintained by earthly harvests, then draw nigh :  
Soon shalt thou enter fell Destruction's snare."

Hippolochus' illustrious son replied :  
"Magnanimous Tydides, why inquire  
My race? Like generations of the leaves  
Our mortal lineage is; one summer's birth  
Is wind-strown o'er the ground; yet others bud  
Within the bloomy woodland when appears  
Once more the spring-tide. So among mankind  
One generation springs, one fades away.  
Yet if thou care to learn such things, thus well  
To know my lineage, hearken — for 'tis known  
Of many men. There is a town that lies  
Deep within Argos' pasture-lands; its name  
Is Ephyra. There Sisyphus once dwelt,  
Shrewdest of mortals,— Sisyphus, whose sire  
Was Æolus. Glaucus was his son, and then  
Pure-souled Bellerophon was Glaucus' child.  
On him the gods bestowed both comeliness  
And noble courage. Prætus in his heart  
Plotted his downfall, and from Argos drave  
The prince; for his was the superior might,  
And Zeus had brought that country 'neath his swa  
But Prætus' wife, divine Anteia, yearned  
To join in stealthy love-rites with the chief:  
Yet might she not beguile that man of mind  
Unsullied, fiery-souled Bellerophon;  
And to King Prætus sland'rously she spake:  
" 'Die, Prætus, or destroy Bellerophon,  
Who sought to do me wrong against my will.'

"'Twas thus she spake; and anger seized the  
king

at what he heard. From slaying him he shrank,—  
Dreading to do the deed,— but banished him  
To Lycia, charged with tokens boding harm;  
For in a folded tablet many things  
Wrote he of fatal import, with command  
To show them to Anteia's sire; and so  
He put to death. To Lycia thus he came,  
Nobly escorted by the gods; and when  
He gained the Lycian realm, and Xanthus' tide,  
The ruler of that wide domain received  
The hero graciously, and as his guest  
For nine days entertained him; beeves thrice three  
He slaughtered in his honor. But when brake  
The tenth morn rosy-fingered, then the king  
Gan questioning him, and asked to see the sign  
He brought from Prætus the king's son-in-law.  
And on receiving those ill-boding lines  
From Prætus, first he bade him to destroy  
Th' invincible Chimæra. 'Twas a thing  
Born, not of men, but gods; a lion's guise  
In front it had, a snake's behind; between,  
'Twas as a she-goat, and its horrid breath  
A furious blazing flame. E'en this he slew,  
Relying on the auspices divine.  
Then secondly 'twas bidden him to fight  
With the famed Solymi; and this, he said,  
Had proved his hardest conflict with mankind.  
Then thirdly did he slay the Amazons



That match themselves 'gainst men. Whilst  
returned,  
Another subtle plot did Prætus weave  
Against him; for the strongest knights he chose  
Of all broad Lycia, and an ambush laid;  
But ne'er saw they their homes again; for all  
Died by Bellerophon's unblemished hands.  
But when the monarch saw that he was born  
Of race celestial, and was strong in might,  
He then detained him in his land, and gave  
His child to be his bride, apportioning him  
The half of all the honor of his realm.  
And from their fields the Lycians set apart  
A king's domain, the fairest of their lands,  
And beauteous in its vineyards and tilled soil,  
For him to dwell in. To Bellerophon,  
The bold of heart, his wife three offspring gave:  
Isander and Hippolochus, and last  
Laodamia, who was joined in love  
With Zeus the Couns'lor, and Sarpedon bore,  
That godlike warrior mailed in brazen arms.  
But when he too incurred the enmity  
Of all the gods, lone roved he o'er the plain —  
The Aleïan mead — consuming his own heart,  
And shunning all the paths of men. His son  
Isander met his death at Ares' hands,  
Th' insatiable for conflict, whilst he waged  
War 'gainst the far-famed Solymi; and she,  
His daughter, in a fit of wrath was slain  
By Artemis, the reins of gold who wields.

Hippolochus my father was; I boast  
Myself his son. He sent me forth to Troy,  
And many a charge he gave, that I must prove  
Ever the first in valor, eminent  
Above my comrades; never to bring shame  
Upon a race of sires, the noblest far  
In Ephyra and in broad Lycia's land.  
Such is my lineage, such the blood I claim."

Thus spake he. Glad was Diomed, the chief  
In call to arms; and in the fruitful earth  
Fixing his jav'lin, thus with friendly words  
Replied he to the shepherd of the host:—

"My guest-friend then art thou—for friend-  
ship long

Hath been betwixt our sires. Bellerophon,  
The blameless, was by CENEUS welcomed once  
Within his palace, and twice ten days found  
A refuge there. The heroes then exchanged  
Rich gifts of hospitality; the host  
Gave to the guest a girdle all agleam  
With purple: and Bellerophon on him  
Bestowed a two-cupped beaker wrought of gold.  
This left I in my hall, when forth I came.  
But Tydeus I cannot remember, since  
He left me, still a boy of tender years,  
When perished there in Thebes Achæa's braves,  
Therefore may I now be to thee a friend  
In Argos' midst; in Lycia so art thou  
My host, whenever thitherward I fare.  
Then let us twain avoid each other's spears

E'en in the battle's press; for many a brave  
Of Troy have I to slay, and famed allies;  
Whome'er the god shall send, whome'er my feet  
O'ertake; and many an Argive knight hast thou  
To smite, whene'er thou canst. Exchange we the  
Our armor, that our comrades too may know  
That 'tis our boast to be ancestral friends."

Thus spake the twain; and springing from their  
cars,

They grasped each other's hands, and each to each  
Made plighted oaths. Then surely did the son  
Of Chronus, Zeus, steal Glaucus' wits away;  
He bartered with Tydides golden arms  
For arms of brass,— an hundred oxen's worth  
Gave he, and took the price of nine again.

But now when Hector to the Scæan gate  
And to the beech-tree came, around him thronged  
The wives and daughters of the men of Troy,  
With questions of their brothers and their sons,  
Their friends, their husbands; but he bade them all,  
Each in her turn, to offer prayers to heav'n;  
Since there impended woe on many a heart.

Soon then he gained King Priam's splendid halls,  
Built with polished porticoes, where lay  
Near one another fifty chambers framed  
Of smooth-hewn stone, where by their wedded wives  
The sons of Priam slumbered. Facing these,  
On th' other side, within the court, were found  
Twelve chambers for the daughters, also laid  
In polished stone, adjacent each to each,

and well roofed over; here the husbands slept  
Of Priam's daughters with their honored wives.  
And here his mother, bounteous lady, came  
To meet him, leading in Laodicè,  
The fairest of her daughters. To his hand  
He clung, and calling him by name, thus spake:—  
"Why hast thou come, my son, abandoning  
The bold-fought battle? Sorely are we pressed  
By these accursèd Greeks beleaguering  
Our city; and thy spirit bade thee come,  
And from the citadel upraise thy hands  
To Zeus in prayer. But tarry yet, I pray,  
And let me bring thee honeyed wine, that thou  
Mayst make libation first to father Zeus  
With th' other deathless ones, and then refresh  
Thyself, if thou wilt quaff. For wine doth bring  
Great vigor to a weary man, as thou  
Through battling for thy friends art all outworn."  
But mighty Hector, sparkling-helmed, replied:  
"Nay, sov'reign mother; proffer not to me  
Thy wine of honeyed sweetness, lest thou thus  
Unnerve my limbs, and lest my spirit fail  
In strength and courage. With these unwashed  
hands  
I fear to make libation of bright wine  
To Zeus; nor is it lawful for a man  
Thus stained with blood and dust to offer prayer  
Unto Chronides, who in dark mists hides.  
But hasten thou, and having first convoked  
The honored matrons of our city, speed

To where forayer Pallas' temple stands;  
Bring her burnt-off'rings: take with thee the robe  
That thou esteem'st the broadest and most fair  
In all thy house, and dearest to thy heart:  
This spread upon the fair-haired Pallas' knees;  
And vow to sacrifice within her shrine  
Twelve yearling heifers that have ne'er endured  
The goad, if she will but have pity on  
The city of the Trojans, and their wives  
And helpless children; if she will but keep  
The son of Tydeus from our sacred walls,—  
That savage spearman, potent to inspire  
His foes with panic terror. So do thou  
Seek booty-bringing Pallas' shrine, while I  
Go to find Paris and to speak with him,  
If he will hearken to me. Would that earth  
Might yawn there and engulf my brother! since  
Olympian Zeus hath nurtured him to be  
A bitter curse to Priam, great of heart,  
And Priam's sons, and all the Trojan race.  
For if I once might see him passing down  
Into the realms of gloom, my spirit might  
Forget the misery that loads it now."

He spake. She, passing to her palace, called  
Her serving-women. Through the town they  
passed,  
Calling the honored dames together; while  
Their mistress sought her fragrant chamber, where  
Lay stored her wealth of mantles, woven o'er  
With many a rare design by women's hands,—

Women of Sidon, brought by the divine  
Paris from shores of Sidon when he sailed  
The spacious main, what time he bore away  
The nobly-fathered Helen. From among  
The mantles Hecuba chose one, to bring  
Into Athena. 'Twas among them all  
The fairest, most richly-decked, and largest too,  
Lying, with lustre like a star's, beneath  
The others. Forth she set in haste; behind  
The honored dames came streaming in a throng.  
When now they came where rose Athena's shrine  
Within the citadel, the temple-doors  
Were opened by Theäno, fair of cheek,  
Daughter of Cisseus, wedded to the knight  
Antenor, and by Ilium's sons ordained  
Athena's priestess. All, with wailings loud,  
Lifted their hands to Pallas; she meanwhile,  
Fair-cheeked Theäno, laid the garment on  
The knees of Pallas of the golden hair,  
And supplicated thus great Zeus' child:  
"O sov'reign one, Athena, shielder thou  
Of cities, 'mong immortals called divine,  
Break thou the lance of Diomed, and grant  
That he before the Scæan gate may fall  
Headlong — that we may straightway sacrifice  
Twelve yearling heifers, yet untamed, within  
Thy shrine, if thou wilt but compassionate  
The Trojans' town, their tender babes and wives."  
She prayed; but Pallas granted not her prayer.  
Thus did the Trojan dames entreat the child

Of mighty Zeus; but Hector had repaired  
To Alexander's splendid palace, framed  
By his own hands, and those of men esteemed  
Most skillful of all builders to be found  
In rich-soiled Ilium. They had reared for him  
A sleeping-chamber, court, and dining-hall,  
Within the citadel, near Priam's home  
And Hector's own. Here Hector, loved of Zeus,  
Entered, his lance, eleven cubits long,  
Within his hand; the jav'lin's brazen point,  
By ring of gold encircled, cast a gleam  
Before him. He found Paris there within  
His chamber, toiling o'er his beauteous arms,  
Breastplate and buckler; fitting to his hand  
His crooked bow; whilst Helen, Argive queen,  
Sat 'mong her serving-women, ordering  
Their far-famed handiwork. Then Hector gazed  
On him, and thus reproached him with stern speech:

“O man perverse! ill-chosen is the time  
For harboring resentment in thy heart!  
Our soldiers perish, battling round the walls  
And lofty bulwarks. It is all through thee  
That strife and conflict are enkindled round  
This city. Thou wouldst chide another man  
To see him thus neglect the hateful fray.  
Up, let our town blaze speedily with fire.”

Then Alexander of the heav'nly face  
Answered: “Since, Hector, thou reproachest me  
According to my merits — not beyond,—  
Therefore I'll tell thee; take thou heed and hear.

Tw'as not so much resentment that I felt  
Gainst Ilium's sons, nor wrath, that made me stay  
Seated within my chamber. Rather 'twas  
That I would fain surrender to my woe.  
Yet now my wife with tender words hath changed  
My purpose, and hath roused me to the field;  
And thus to me as well it seemeth best,  
For victory passeth o'er from host to host.  
Come, tarry, till I don my martial mail,  
Or go, I'll follow, and come up with thee."

He spake; but glancing-crested Hector naught  
Replied; then Helen said in gentle tones:

"O thou who husband's brother art to me,—  
Me, shameless and accursed, contriving ills!  
Alas, that on the day that I was born  
Some fierce tornado did not carry me  
To a lone mountain — that I was not dashed  
Upon the waves of the loud-echoing main,  
And swept away beneath its billowing tide  
Ere these things had befall'n! Yet seeing that  
heav'n

Thus hath ordained these sorrows, would that I  
Had yet been mated with a worthier man,  
One not insensible to others' taunts  
And indignation. Paris' heart hath ne'er  
Been constant, nor will be in future so:  
Hence must he reap the harvest he hath sown.  
But, brother of my husband, enter now,  
Rest thee upon this seat; for thou it is  
Who most are burdened by the woes that rise



Through me, the shameless, and the wanton crime  
 Of Alexander. Zeus on both hath brought  
 An evil fortune, that our names may sound  
 In songs of men throughout the coming years."

Then mighty Hector of the glist'ning crest  
 Replied: "Nay, Helen, though thou welcome me  
 Ask not that I be seated; 'tis in vain  
 To try persuasion. For my heart e'en now  
 Bids me haste forth to shield the men of Troy,  
 Who miss me when I leave them. But do thou  
 Rouse Paris,—let him of his own accord  
 Use speed,—to overtake me whilst I bide  
 Yet in the city. Homeward am I bound,  
 Those of my house to see,—my cherished wife  
 And infant son. I know not if I may  
 Again return to them, or if the gods  
 Shall cause my downfall at the Achæans' hands."

Thus speaking, Hector of the shimm'ring casque  
 Departed, and came straightway to his own  
 Fair palace. But his white-armed wife he found  
 Nowhere within her hall; she stood upon  
 The watch-tow'r with her fair-robed maid and  
 child,  
 Mourning and weeping. When the chief found not  
 His blameless spouse within, he turned and stood  
 Upon the threshold,—of the maids inquired:  
 "Come, tell the truth, my handmaids; whither  
 passed  
 Andromachè, the white-armed, from her hall?  
 Hath she repaired unto the house of one

Of mine own sisters, or my brothers' wives,  
Splendidly robed? or else to Pallas' shrine,  
Where other fair-tressed Trojan matrons now  
Seek to appease the dreaded goddess' ire?"

To him the busy stewardess replied:

"Hector, since thou dost give me strict command  
To speak the truth, it is not to the house  
Of any of thy sisters, nor rich-robed  
Wives of thy brothers, that she hath repaired,  
Nor is it to Athena's temple, where  
The other fair-tressed Trojan matrons now  
Seek to appease the dreaded goddess' ire:  
But she hath climbed to Ilium's lofty tow'r,  
Because she heard that they of Troy were worn  
With war, and passing strong th' Achæans' hands.  
And at the rampart she arrives e'en now  
In eager haste; like one distraught she seems;  
The nurse that goeth with her bears her child."

Thus spake the stewardess; and Hector sprang  
Back from his palace o'er the self-same way,  
On through the well-laid streets. When, having  
passed  
Through spacious Troy, the Scæan gate he gained,  
Through which he would have come upon the plain,  
Andromachè, his consort, richly dow' red,  
Came hast'ning on to meet her lord. The child  
Was she of mighty-souled Eëtion,  
That prince who dwelt 'neath Placus' sylvan steep  
In Hypoplacian Thebè, ruling o'er  
Cilician subjects. He it was whose child

Had wedded Hector of the brazen arms.  
And as she came to meet him, with her came  
A handmaid, bearing at her breast a babe,—  
A merry-hearted babe of tender years,  
The dearly-cherished son of Hector, bright  
As a fair star. Scamandrius was the name  
That Hector gave him, but all men beside  
Called him Astyanax —“ the city's king,”  
Since Hector guarded Troy alone. He looked  
In silence on the infant boy, and smiled.

And by his side Andromachè in tears  
Stood, clinging to his hand, whilst thus she spake:

“ O hapless one! Thine ardor yet will prove  
Thy ruin, nor hast thou compassion on  
Thy helpless babe, nor me thy wife ill-starred,  
Who soon must be bereft of thee; for soon  
The Greeks will all assail thee in a throng  
And lay thee low. 'Twere better far for me,  
Were I deprived of thee, to sink beneath  
The earth; for consolation nevermore  
Can come to me when thou hast met thy fate,  
But only sorrow; since no sire have I,  
Nor honored mother. For my father fell  
By great Achilles' hand, what time he laid  
The lofty-gated Thebè waste, that fair  
Town of Cilicia. He Eëtion slew,  
Yet spoiled him not — he shrank from such a  
thing —

But burned him, still all richly-mailed, and piled  
A burial-mound above him; oread nymphs,

Daughters of ægis-wielding Zeus, made spring  
Elm-trees around it. Brothers seven had I  
Within our palace; all in one day passed  
Through Hades' gate. Achilles, swift of foot,  
That mighty chieftain, slew them all among  
Their trailing-footed kine and shining sheep.  
My mother, who 'neath wooded Placus reigned  
As queen, the chief brought hither with his spoil,  
Then for enormous ransom set her free;  
But Goddess Artemis, who show'rs abroad  
Her arrows, smote her in her father's hall.  
But thou, O Hector! thou to me art sire  
And lady mother,—yea, and brother too;  
'Tis thou who art my youthful mate beside.  
O, have compassion now, and tarry here  
Upon this watch-tow'r; leave not fatherless  
Thine infant, widow not thy wife. But range  
Thy troops beside the fig-tree, where the town  
Affordeth readiest access, and the wall  
Is easiest of ascent. For thither thrice,  
To try th' assault, the bravest foemen came,  
Led by the twain chiefs Ajax and renowned  
Idomeneus, and by th' Atridæ too  
And the bold son of Tydeus. Either 'tis  
That they have been informed of it by one  
Well versed in oracles divine, or else  
That their own thoughts command and urge them  
so."

Then mighty Hector of the glist'ning helm  
Replied, "I too am burdened, dearest wife,

By all these cares; yet should I be abashed  
Before the Trojans and their long-robed dames,  
Should I, as cowards do, avoid the fight  
And cringe at distance. Neither doth my heart  
Consent to do so; I have learned to be  
A brave man ever and to stand i' the field  
Among the vanguard champions of our host;  
Thus do I win great glory for my sire  
And for myself. For well of this am I  
Assured in mind and heart: a day shall be,  
When sacred Ilium shall be overthrown,  
When Priam too must die, the ashen-speared,  
And Priam's people. Yet 'tis not so much  
The thought of what in future days must prove  
The woes of Ilium's race, that burd'neth now  
My soul — not e'en the fate of Hecuba,  
Of sov'reign Priam, or my brethren all,  
Who, many as they are and strong, must sink  
Down in the dust, laid low by foemen's hands,  
As 'tis the thought of thee, and of the hour  
When one of the Achæans, mailed in brass,  
Shall rob thee of thy day of liberty  
And bear thee hence in tears; in Argos thou  
Shalt ply the loom, another ord'ring thee,  
And fetch the water from Messeis' fount  
Or Hypereia, all against thy will,  
Yet overborne by cruel stress of need.  
And men shall say, that see thee in thy tears:  
' Behold the wife of Hector, once the chief  
In battle 'mong the Trojans' knightly host

Then Ilium was beleaguered.' Such shall be  
their words, and grief shall fill anew thy heart,  
ereft of one who might have kept from thee  
thy day of thralldom. Yet may earth, deep-piled,  
lancle my body ere I hear thy cry,  
or know that men are dragging thee from me!"

As thus he spake, famed Hector stretched his  
hands

orth to the infant; but in fear the child  
frank to the bosom of the graceful nurse  
rying aloud, bewildered at the sight  
f his dear sire, and frightened at his casque  
f bronze, and at the horsehair plume he saw  
terribly nodding from the helmet's crest.  
hen laughed aloud his loving sire, and laughed  
his queenly mother; straightway from his head  
amed Hector snatched the helm, and set it down  
pon the ground, all glist'ning; and he kissed  
his cherished son, and tossed him in his arms,  
nvoking Zeus and the celestial host:

"O Zeus and all ye host immortal, grant  
That this my son, as I have been, may be  
Conspicuous 'mong the Trojans; not less strong  
in might, and ruling Troy with lordly sway.  
And let men say of him when from the strife  
Homeward he turns: 'A braver man is he  
By far than was his father.' Let him come  
Bearing the gory trophies of a foe;  
Thus shall his mother's heart rejoice."

He spake,

And laid the infant in his loved wife's arms:  
 She clasped it to her fragrant breast, and smiled —  
 Smiling through tears. Her husband saw with  
 grief,

And said, as he caressed her with his hand:

“ Ah, dear one, let thy spirit sorrow not  
 O'ermuch for me; no man shall hurl me down  
 To Hades ere my term of life is past.  
 Yet none is there of mortals who hath 'scaped  
 His day of doom — the coward or the brave,—  
 Who once is born to life. Now hie thee home;  
 With thine own toil be busied — with the loom  
 And distaff; bid thy handmaids too attend  
 To their own labors. War shall be the task  
 Of all the Trojans — mine especially.”

Thus spake renownèd Hector, and once more  
 Took up his plumèd helm. His well-loved wife  
 Passed to her home, yet turning often round  
 Shedding great tears; and reaching soon the fair  
 Mansion of man-slaying Hector, found within  
 Her many handmaids, and in all their hearts  
 Waked sorrow. Thus they mourned in Hector's  
 hall

Their lord, though living still; for nevermore  
 Would he return — so said they,— from the fight,  
 'Scaping th' Achæans' rage and mighty hands.

Nor lingered Paris in his lofty house,  
 But donning his fair armor, richly dight  
 With work of bronze, he hastened through the town,

**P**roud of his fleetness. As when some stalled steed,  
**W**ell fed with barley at his crib, and trained  
**T**o bathe within some tranquil stream, hath burst  
**H**is fast'ning, and frisks gladly o'er the lea,  
**I**n pride of comeliness, and bearing high  
**H**is head; whilst all around his shoulders streams  
**H**is tossing mane, and on his swift limbs speed  
**T**o gain the haunts and pastures of his kind;  
**E**'en thus did Paris, son of Priam, spring  
**F**rom Pergamus' high crest, his mail agleam  
**W**ith splendor like the sun's, and laughed in glee  
**A**s on his swift feet bore him. Soon he came  
**U**pon his brother, Hector the divine,  
**T**urning to leave the spot where he had late  
**H**eld converse with his wife. To Hector first  
**S**aid Alexander of the godlike mien:

"Dear brother, I have surely kept thee long,  
When thou wouldst fain press on, awaiting me,  
Nor came in season as thou badest me come."

Then returned Hector of the glitt'ring crest:  
"O my strange brother! none with justice may  
Thy deeds of arms disparage, since thou art  
A valiant man in sooth. Yet prone art thou  
To shun the fray, nor battlest of free will.  
The heart within my bosom sorrows when  
I hear reproaches cast on thee from lips  
Of Trojans, since a heavy burden weighs  
Them down because of thee. But let us go,—  
Later our diff'rence shall be reconciled,




If Zeus e'er grants that we may consecrate  
Unto th' immortal host enthroned on high  
Freedom's own wassail-bowl within our halls,  
When the greaved Greeks are driv'n from out  
land."

## BOOK VII

### THE SINGLE COMBAT OF AJAX AND HECTOR

As Hector and Paris begin to deal slaughter among the Greeks, Athena and Apollo descend at the same time to the field, and agree to cause a temporary cessation of the struggle by inducing Hector to challenge the Greek-champion to single combat. Hector, at Helen's suggestion, gives challenge accordingly, the spoils belong to the victor, but the body of the slain champion to be returned to his kindred. The Greeks shrink from the encounter; Menelaüs at last volunteers and arms himself, but is restrained by his brother Agamemnon. Reproved by Nestor, Agamemnon, Idomeneus, the warriors Ajax, and Odysseus offer themselves; the lot falls on Telamonian Ajax. The heroes arm themselves and defy each other; they encounter and after a fierce struggle Ajax disables Hector by hurling at him a huge stone. Hector is rescued by Apollo, and night having fallen, the chiefs, at the generals' advice, abandon the contest, exchanging gifts of a sword and girdle. Agamemnon gives in his tent a banquet to Ajax and the other princes of his host; at which Nestor advises that the warfare be discontinued, the dead can be burned and buried and a wall built to defend the fleet. At a council of the Trojans, Antenor urges Paris to restore Helen to the Greeks; this Paris refuses to do, but announces that he is willing to restore her wealth. Idæus is dispatched to the Greek ships to report this offer of Paris and to ask for a



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truce for the burial of the dead. The offer is c  
by Diomed and rejected by Agamemnon, with  
proval of the Greeks; but the truce is granted  
sides proceed to the task of burial; the Greek  
a common mound for their own dead, and  
strong rampart protected by a moat and palis  
front of their camp and fleet. Poseidon remon  
with Zeus for permitting this gigantic work of  
to be successfully completed, but is assured  
of its speedy destruction. Both armies now tak  
evening meal and retire to rest.

## BOOK VII

THUS having said, famed Hector from the gate  
Set forth with speed,—his brother Paris too  
Went with him; both their bosoms were aflame  
With ardor for the combat and the fray.  
As when the god vouchsafes a favoring gale  
To yearning mariners, who labor-spent,  
Press o'er the main with polished oars and feel  
Their limbs give way from weariness; so the sight  
Of the chiefs cheered the yearning eyes of Troy.  
By Paris' hand Menestheus met his fate,  
Who dwelt in Arnè — Areïthoüs' son:  
His father was that monarch skilled to wield  
The mace in fight; his mother tender-eyed  
Philomedusa. Meanwhile the keen lance  
Of Hector smote Eïoneus beneath  
The brazen helmet in the neck, and made  
His limbs to sink. Hippolochus's son,  
Glaucus, the captain over Lycia's band,  
In the fierce onslaught smote Iphinoüs down,  
The son of Dexias, as he leaped to mount  
Behind his swift-paced coursers. Glaucus' spear  
Transfixed the Trojan's shoulder; and he crashed  
Down from his car, and might forsook his frame.  
When divine Pallas of the beaming eye  
Perceived them slaughtering the Argives fast  
In that fierce stress of strife, at once she sprang

Adown th' Olympian steep toward sacred Troy.  
But Phœbus saw from Pergamus, and came  
Speeding to check her, wishing Ilium's men  
To gain the battle. By the beech-tree there  
The two encountered; and the kingly son  
Of Zeus, great Phœbus, was the first to speak:

“Why, child of Zeus the mighty, hast once more  
Come from Olympus, spurred by fierce desire?  
Is it to change the fortune of the fight  
And give the Danaän host to gain the day?  
Since no compassion stirs thee for the braves  
Of Troy that die. If thou wilt hark to me —  
Better 'twill prove — for this day let us end  
The strife and struggle; later may the war  
Go on till Ilium meets its overthrow,  
Seeing ye deathless goddesses have thus  
Chosen to make this city desolate.”

The bright-eyed queen, Athena, made reply:  
“So let it be, Far-Worker! the same thought  
Was in my mind too when I left our peak  
To come amid the host of Greece and Troy.  
How wilt thou that we stay the warriors' strife?”

Then answered lordly Phœbus, child of Zeus: —  
“Let us awaken Hector's furious ire —  
Hector's who tames the chargers — bidding him  
Call out some Greek to single-handed fight  
Waged without pity; that the well-greaved host,  
Indignant, urge some champion of their band  
To stand alone against the godlike chief.”

He spake; and bright-eyed Pallas was not loth

heed him. Helenus meanwhile, the son  
of Priam dearly-loved, divined the plan  
of the celestials chosen; and he came  
There stood great Hector, and bespake him thus:  
“Hector, thou son of Priam, peer to Zeus,  
counsel, wilt thou not give ear to me,—  
to me who am thy brother? Bid the rest  
of Ilium's sons sit down, and all the Greeks,  
and challenge thou the bravest of that host,  
tho'er he be, to fight thee hand to hand  
in ruthless combat; 'tis not yet thine hour  
to fall and meet thy doom; this oracle  
I heard I from lips of gods that never die.”  
So said he. Glad was Hector's heart to hear  
the words. Advancing 'twixt the hosts, with shaft  
grasped by its middle, he pressed back the lines  
of Trojans; all resumed their seats: and so  
did Agamemnon bid his greavèd train  
be seated too. Athena took her place,  
and Phœbus silver-bowed, in vultures' guise,  
at the tall beech of ægis-bearing Zeus,  
pleasèd to behold the dense-ranged warrior-files  
bristling with casques and bucklers and with spears.  
As when the west-wind, newly-wakened, sends  
a ripple o'er the main, that 'neath its breath  
darkens; such look the ranks of Ilium wore,  
and those of Argos, seated on the plain.  
Then thus said Hector, standing 'twixt the hosts:  
“Hear me, ye Trojan men and well-greaved  
Greeks,

That I may voice the promptings of the heart  
Within my bosom. Chronus' high-throned son  
Hath not fulfilled the plighted oaths we swear:  
But bent upon our ruin, still decrees  
Woes to both armies, till your fortune be  
To take the tow'rs of Troy, or else to fall  
Here by the ships in which ye sailed the deep.  
Numbered amongst your host are all the braves  
Of Panachæa. Let that warrior now,  
Whose spirit urgeth him to strive with me,  
Come hither from the ranks, and champion stand  
'Gainst heav'n-born Hector. Thus I now propos  
And Zeus shall bear us witness: if it be  
That his long-pointed lance shall lay me low,  
Then let him strip me of my mail and bear  
His trophies to the hollow barks, but yield  
My body to my home, that Trojans thus,  
And Trojans' wives, may honor the slain chief  
With funeral flame. But if I vanquish him,  
And Phœbus yields me such a boast, then I  
Will spoil the dead, and bear to sacred Troy  
The mail to hang upon Apollo's shrine  
Who works afar; but give the corse to be  
Borne to the well-decked galleys, that your host  
Of locks unshorn may give him burial meet,  
And build him by wide Hellespont a tomb;  
And thus shall say some man in after years,  
Roving in many-seated galley o'er  
The wine-hued main: 'Behold the tomb of one  
Slain in old days, the champion of his host;

Yet fell he by renownèd Hector's hand.  
 Thus shall men say — my fame shall deathless  
 last."

Thus spake he. Silent were they all and dumb,  
 Shamed to refuse, yet dreading to comply.  
 At last stood Menelaüs forth to speak,  
 Chiding his followers, though distressed at heart:

"Poor boasters! maids of Greece, Greek men no  
 more!

Shame and reproaches, direst of the dire,  
 Shall now be ours if no Achæan stands  
 Forth to meet Hector. O, that all of you  
 Who sit so spiritless, so inglorious here  
 Were turned to earth and water! I will arm  
 To fight this foe; the fortune of the strife  
 Rests in the deities' undying hands."

Thus spake the chief, and donned his glorious  
 arms.

And now, O king! thy life hath met its end  
 At Hector's hands, since stronger far was he;  
 Had not the chiefs of Argos sprung to seize  
 And hold thee; e'en the widely-ruling son  
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, spake to thee,  
 Calling thy name and clasping thy right hand:—  
 "Heav'n-nurtured Menelaüs, thou art mad;  
 Of folly such as this thou hast no need.  
 Control thyself, though heavy be thy heart;  
 And venture not to match thy strength in strife  
 Against a mightier warrior — Priam's son,  
 Dread of the other Argives. One who far



Surpasses thee in strength, Achilles, shrinks  
From meeting Hector on th' ennobling field.  
Go then and sit among thy comrade band;  
The Greeks shall bid another champion rise  
To fight this foeman. Fearless as he is,  
Thirsting for tumult, yet he soon will be  
Fain to relax his limbs to rest, if once  
He 'scape the onslaught and the desp'rate fray."

Thus said the hero: and his timely words  
Convinced his brother's mind and won him o'er.  
His men-at-arms full gladly stripped the mail  
From off their captain's shoulders. Nestor then  
Rose to address the Argive host, and spake:

"Woe me! now cometh on th' Achæan land  
A fearful sorrow. Loudly would he groan—  
The aged Peleus, smiter of the steeds,  
Preëminent among the Myrmidons  
In speech and counsel, who one day, within  
His palace, asked exultantly of me  
The lineage and the race of all the Greeks.  
If he should hear how all now cringe in dread  
Before this Hector, he would lift his hands  
And earnestly entreat the gods to part  
His spirit from his frame, that it descend  
To haunts of Hades! Would to Father Zeus,  
Athena, and Apollo, I were still  
In flow'r of youth, as on that day when strove  
By Celadon's swift tide the gathered bands  
Of Pylians and Arcadians, strong with spears,  
Round Phæa's walls, beside Iardan's wave.

Chief among these did Ereuthalion stand,  
A godlike prince; his shoulders were encased  
In mail of Areithoüs the king—  
Of Areithoüs the divine, by men  
And fair-zoned women called 'Mace-brandisher,'  
Since he used not to battle with the bow,  
Or the long spear, but with his iron mace  
Shattered the columns. Him Lycurgus slew  
By guile, not might, upon a narrow path  
Where naught his mace of metal might avail  
Against his downfall; for Lycurgus gained  
First the advantage,—dave his jav'lin through  
The hero's waist, and dashed him backward down  
Upon the ground, and spoiled him of the mail  
That brazen Ares gave him; and thenceforth  
In toil of battle bore himself these arms.  
But when Lycurgus in his hall declined  
To hoary age, he gave them to be borne  
By Ereuthalion, his beloved squire,  
Who in his mail would challenge all our chiefs  
To fight, and all, a-tremble, shrank with fear,  
And no one dared. But my adventurous soul  
And hardy valor urged me to the fray,  
Though I was youngest of them all in years.  
So fought I him; and Pallas granted me  
The boast of victory; and I felled this man,  
Tallest of all and strongest; his huge frame  
Spread o'er the ground. Ah, would that youth were  
mine  
As then, and force unshaken — then full soon

Should sparkling-crested Hector find a foe!  
 But as for you — not even those of you  
 Who are the best of all th' Achæans burn  
 With zeal to cope with Hector in the fight."

Thus spake the old man, chiding them. The ~~men~~  
 sprang

Nine warriors to their feet. The first to rise  
 Was Agamemnon, lord of men; next came  
 The son of Tydeus, valiant Diomed;  
 The two called Ajax, clothed in furious might;  
 And after them Idomeneus, with whom  
 Stood forth his man-at-arms, Meriones,  
 Peer of the war-god in the murd'rous fray.  
 Eurypylus, Evæmon's glorious son,  
 Came next; then Thoäs Andræmonides,  
 And last divine Odysseus. All desired  
 To grapple with great Hector. Then the knight,  
 Gerenian Nestor, spake to them once more: —

"Shake thoroughly the lots now to decide  
 Who shall be chosen; he shall service do  
 The well-greaved Greeks, and likewise gratify  
 His own heart's pride, if fated to escape  
 The dread encounter and the desp'rate strife."

Such were his words; then each man marked his  
 lot;

Into Atrides' helmet all were thrown.  
 Meanwhile the people stretched forth suppliant  
 hands

Unto the gods; and in these words, with eyes  
 Raised to the spacious firmament, they prayed:

“ O Father Zeus, may Ajax be the choice,  
Or Tydeus' son, or else the king himself  
Who ruleth o'er Mycenæ rich in gold.”

Thus prayed they; Nestor, the Gerenian knight,  
Took then the helmet; forth from out it leaped  
The very lot they yearned for — Ajax' own.  
Then through the army everywhere, from left  
To right a herald bore it, and revealed  
The sign to all the chiefs of Greece; and all  
That knew it not, disowned it. When he now  
Had traversed the entire throng, and last  
Came to famed Ajax, who had marked the lot  
And cast it in the helm, the chief put forth  
His hand for it — the herald, standing nigh,  
Placed the lot in it. Ajax saw his mark  
And knew it, and delighted, let it fall  
Down at his feet upon the ground, and cried:

“The lot is mine then, friends! and mine own  
Heart  
Is full of joy: for mine shall victory be,  
Between, o'er Hector the divine. Now, while  
I don my panoply of war, do ye  
Invoke the monarch, Chronus' son, in prayer,  
In silence, that the Trojans hear it not,  
Or with full voice, since after all we dread  
No foeman. No man's might shall make me fear,  
Nor yet his skill; not so untrained, I trust,  
Come I from Salamis, my native land.”

Such were his words. Meanwhile the host im-  
plored

Great Zeus, the lordly child of Chronus: thus  
They prayed with eyes upturned to the wide sky: —

“ O Father Zeus, thou chief in majesty  
And pow’r, who rul’st from Ida! give the meed  
Of victory now to Ajax, that he gain  
Splendid renown; or else, if thou dost love  
Hector as well, if thou dost care for him,  
Give to both chieftains equal might and fame.”

They prayed; and Ajax clad himself the while  
In gleaming bronze. When all the mail at last  
Was clasped about his form, he darted forth  
As goeth huge-limbed Ares when he speeds  
’Mong men whom Chronus’ son impels to meet  
In the heart-wasting fury of the fray;  
So sprang forth Ajax, bulwark of the Greeks;  
Smiling, yet fierce of mien, the giant came;  
On with great strides advanced he, as he waved  
His spear long-shadowed; and the Greeks felt joy  
As they beheld; but as for Ilium’s host,  
Dread trembling shook the knees of every man;  
And e’en the heart in Hector’s breast beat fast;  
Yet might he not now turn to flee, nor shrink  
Back ’mong the ranks, since he had giv’n the Greek  
Challenge to combat with him. Ajax now  
Drew nigh, with buckler like a tow’r and forged  
Of bronze, with layers of oxhide, seven-fold strong,  
Which patient Tychius wrought for him — by far  
Most skillful of all leather-workers he,  
Dwelling in Hyla; he it was whose hand  
Had formed this shining shield with layers seven

bulls' hides, and as the eighth layer had bound  
the brass o'er all. So bearing this to guard  
his bosom, Telamonius took his stand  
before Hector, and with menace spake:—  
"Hector, thou now shalt come to know full well,  
I come thus, man to man, what champions be  
I 'mong the Argives, after Peleus' son,  
the lion-hearted, breaker of the ranks  
of armèd men. But now Achilles lies  
beside his beakèd barks—the barks that bore  
him o'er the waters—nourishing his rage  
against Atrides, shepherd of our host.  
No others have we left to cope with thee,—  
there be many. Join we then the fight."  
Replied great Hector of the sparkling crest:—  
"Imagine not, O heav'n-born Ajax, sprung  
from Telamon, thou marshal of the host,  
that thou shalt prove me like a feeble child  
or woman ignorant of war. For I  
am schooled in strife and slaughter; well I know  
the art of turning to the right or left  
my buckler of dried oxhide, thus to stand  
unshaken in fight; well know I how to spring,  
to join the tumult, on my battle-car  
behind my swift-paced steeds, or celebrate  
the furious Ares' war-dance hand to hand.  
'Tis not my desire to strike a chief  
unbrave as thou by stratagem or guile—  
in open fight I'll smite thee, if I may."  
He spake, and waving his long-shadowed spear,

He hurled it full upon that mighty shield  
Of Ajax, wrought of seven layers of hide.  
It smote the outer brass — the eighth layer bound  
Above the rest — and its unwearying edge  
Cleft through six folds, but in the seventh wa-  
stayed.

Then heav'n-born Ajax hurled his shaft and smote  
Fairly the round shield of Priamides;  
Through the bright targe the pond'rous jav'lin sped,  
And forced athwart the cunning-wrought cuirass  
It clove the tunic by the flank; the chief  
Bent down, avoiding thus a fearful end.  
Drawing their long spears forth, again both knights  
Rushed to the shock, like lions fed on flesh  
Or wild boars inexhaustible in strength.  
Priamides with spear essayed once more  
His foeman's buckler in the midst. His shaft  
Could not break through — the weapon's point was  
turned.

Forth Ajax leaped, and dashed his jav'lin 'gainst  
The shield of Hector; and its point passed through,  
Struck with a fearful shock the furious chief,  
And gashed his neck, and made the dark blood well.  
Yet would not glancing-crested Hector yield  
The fight, but drawing back, with his great hand  
Caught up a rock that lay upon the plain,  
Black, jagged, pond'rous; lifting it, he smote  
Ajax' dread buckler of seven folds of hide  
Full on the boss; aloud the metal rang.  
Next Ajax, lifting a far heavier stone,

ing it about, and lending to the blow  
superhuman strength, he hurled its mass,  
ge as a millstone's, at his enemy's shield;  
was shattered; and with sinking limbs, the chief  
l on his back upon the ground, yet clung  
t to his shield. Apollo quickly helped  
e prince to rise once more. And now the two  
d rushed to close attack, and sought to deal  
ounds with the sword, had not the heralds, sent  
messengers alike from Zeus and men,  
w interposed — one coming from the side  
Troy, and one from Argos' bronze-mailed  
band,—

Phybius and Idæus, sages both.

ancing 'twixt the chiefs, they held their wands  
etched forth; and thus discreet Idæus spake:  
Desist, my two dear sons, from war and strife;  
and-gath'ring Zeus loves both of you full well;  
th are strong spearmen — this is known to all.  
w falls the night — to obey the night is best."

Then Telamonian Ajax made reply:

Command my foe, Idæus, to be first

to speak such words; 'twas he who challenged all  
the chiefs to fight with him. Let him begin;  
he submits, so readily will I."

Then said great Hector of the glancing helm:

O Ajax, since the god hath giv'n to thee  
figure and strength and wisdom, since thou art  
the mightiest lance of Greece, so let us now  
cease from our strife and combat for the space



Of this same day; and at some later hour  
Renew the conflict till the pow'r of heav'n  
Divide us and award the victor's meed  
To one or other. Night is falling now;  
'Tis well to obey the night, that thou mayst fill  
All hearts with cheer beside th' Achæan barks —  
Those of thy mates and friends especially:  
While I, throughout Lord Priam's spacious tow'rs  
Make glad the men of Troy and Trojan dames  
Of trailing garments, who, with grateful prayers  
For me, shall throng the temple's sacred hall.  
Let us bestow upon each other now  
Fair gifts, that men of Greece and Troy may say:  
'They warred indeed in heart-consuming strife,  
Yet made their peace and parted bounden friends.'

Thus Hector spake, and gave his foe a sword  
Studded with silver nails, presenting it  
Set in its sheath with brodered baldric fair;  
While the Greek gave a girdle all aglow  
With purple dye. Thus parted they; one passed  
Among the ranks of Greece; the other sought  
The clamoring bands of Trojans. Glad were they  
To see him coming safe and sound, escaped  
From Ajax' furious might and tameless hands.  
Then brought they to the city him whose life  
They lately had despaired of; and meanwhile  
On th' other side the well-greaved Argive braves  
Led within Agamemnon's splendid tent  
Ajax, in all the flush of victory's pride.

When in Atrides' tents they all at last

re gathered, Agamemnon now, the king,  
for the chiefs a bullock five years old,  
sacrifice to Chronus' puissant son.  
And this they diligently flayed, and first  
cutting the whole, they next with skillful hands  
cut it to fragments, spitting then the parts  
and roasting them with care, and drew at last  
from the spits. When now their toil was done,  
and all the feast prepared, they banqueted,  
and no man's appetite lacked equal share.  
And Atreus' hero-son of wide domain  
gave the whole chine to Ajax as his meed.  
And when desire for food and drink was past,  
Nestor rose first, his wise design to weave,—  
the aged knight whose counsel eye had proved  
wisest of all; and thus discreetly spake:—  
"O son of Atreus and ye other chiefs  
Panachæa! Many a long-haired Greek  
is slain; the furious war-god hath outpoured  
their sable blood by still Scamander's wave;  
their souls have passed to Hades. Therefore thou  
shouldest bid the battling of the Argives cease  
at dawn of day; whilst we, assembling, wheel  
from where they lie the bodies of the slain  
either with mules and oxen; we will then  
burn them at little distance from the barks,  
that each may bring the ashes of a friend  
home to his children, when we gain once more  
our country. Round the pyre we will extend,  
raised o'er the plain, a single burial-mound

Where all the dead shall undistinguished sleep;  
And by it swiftly build tall tow'rs, secure  
Defence for men and vessels; making too  
Firm-fitting portals for the tow'rs, with space  
For battle-cars to pass; and lastly delve  
Close round th' outside a deep-drawn moat to ho  
Steeds back and men, if Troy's impetuous sons  
Threaten to crush us in some future fray."

He spake, the chiefs applauding all. Meantime  
Within the citadel by Priam's gate  
Council was held by Troy's assembled braves,—  
A fierce and stormy gath'ring. First arose  
The wise Antenor, who in these words spake:—

"Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies, give heed;  
That I may tell ye what the thought that dwells  
Within me bids me utter. Let us yield  
Helen, the Argive dame, with all her store,  
And place her in the hands of Atreus' sons  
To bear away; for we are battling now  
In violation of our plighted oaths;  
And no prosperity, I ween, can e'er  
Attend us till we do as I advise."

Thus saying, he resumed his seat. Then rose  
Great Alexander, fair-haired Helen's lord,  
And thus in wingèd syllables replied:—

"No more, Antenor, can thine utt'rance meet  
With my approval. Thou must surely have  
Some sounder plan to offer. If indeed  
Thy words were said in earnest, then the gods  
Have reft thee of thy senses. Now let me

Speak to the knightly Trojans. Ne'er will I  
Yield up my consort; this I tell you plain;  
But as for all her riches which I brought  
From Argos to our house, all these will I  
Restore, and add yet others from my hall."

He spake, and took once more his seat; and now  
Dardanian Priam rose, the peer of gods  
In counsel; and thus ran his prudent speech:—

"Hear me now, Trojans, Dardans and allies,  
That I may voice the dictates of my heart.  
Take in the town, as 'tis your custom, now  
Your evening food; set sentinels with care,  
Each man upon the alert. At dawn of day  
Shall go Idæus to the roomy barks  
And tell the sons of Atreus,— both the king  
And Menelaüs,— what hath been declared  
By Alexander, who hath caused this strife;  
Then shall he ask, with diplomatic words,  
If they will stay their hands from clamorous fight  
Till we have burned our dead; at later time  
Shall we resume the struggle, till the god  
Part us, awarding triumph to one host."

'Twas thus he spake; and all gave ready ear,  
Hedding his counsel; then in companies  
Throughout the camp they took their eventide  
Repast; and with the dawn Idæus fared  
Forth to the hollow galleys. There he found  
Th' Achæan princes, Ares' men-at-arms,  
Grouped at the stern of Agamemnon's ship;  
Thus, in their midst, the clear-voiced herald spake:

“O sons of Atreus and ye other lords  
 Of Panachæa! Priam bade me come —  
 He, with the other high-born sons of Troy —  
 To tell you, if ye will be pleased to hear,  
 The word of Alexander, for whose sake  
 Began this conflict. All the treasures brought  
 By him to Ilium in his roomy barks —  
 (Would he had died first!) — he now promises  
 To yield, and add yet others from his hall;  
 But for famed Menelaüs' wedded bride,  
 He will not render her, though all of Troy  
 Do urge it. I am likewise charged to ask  
 If ye will stay your hands from clamorous fight  
 Till we have burned our slain; at later time  
 Shall we resume the struggle till the god  
 Part us and to one host the triumph yield.”

He spake, and all sat silent; and at last  
 Said Diomed, supreme in shout of strife: —

“Let no man give his voice to take the wealth  
 Of Alexander, nor his bride; 'tis plain,  
 Ay, even to a little child, that doom  
 Hath for the Trojans spread her snares at last.”

He spake; and clamorously the Greeks all  
 gave

Approval to the tamer of the steeds.

Then to Idæus Agamemnon said: —

“Idæus, thou thyself hast heard the voice  
 Of Argos' sons, and how they answer thee.  
 I, too, approve. The right to burn your dead  
 I do not grudge you; for, when men are slain,

sparing must there be to give their dust  
quickly its ritual of appeasing flame.

And now let Zeus, the loudly-thund'ring spouse  
of Hera, mark these plighted oaths we swear."

Thus the king spake, and held his sceptre high  
in sight of all the heav'nly host; then passed  
Zeus back to sacred Ilium's walls.

And there were seated in a gathered throng  
the Trojans all and Dardans, to abide

Zeus' coming; soon he came, and gave  
his message in their midst. Then quickly all

made preparation, some to fetch the dead  
from where they lay, while others went to seek

for goats; and in like manner did the Greeks  
readily issue from their well-decked barks,

some to fetch fuel, some to bear the slain.  
Now had the sun, ascending to the skies

from the deep tranquil tide of Ocean, cast  
his light on the fields, when joined the Trojan

bands.

And first was the task to know each warrior slain;

and, letting fall hot tears, they washed away

the gore and heaped on wains the corpses all;

and great Priam would not let them mourn aloud;

and silently they laid, with sorrowing hearts,

the bodies on the pyre, and, burning them,

returned back to sacred Ilium; and likewise,

in bitter grief, Achæa's greavèd sons

heaped their own slain upon the funeral-pile,

and returned them, and sought once more their roomy

barks.

Then, ere the day had dawned, while night  
shed

Its dubious gloom o'er all, from round the pyre  
Uprose of Grecian youths a chosen band,  
And reared above the level of the plain,  
Around the pyre, one ample burial-mound  
Where all the dead should undistinguished sleep  
And built beside it ramparts and tall tow'rs,  
A strong defence for vessels and for men;  
Setting firm-jointed portals in the walls,  
So wide that chariots might pass through; and lo  
They delved outside the place a trench both deep  
And wide, and staked it well with palisades.

So toiled the long-haired Argives at their task:  
While, seated by the Thund'rer Zeus, the gods  
Viewed with amaze the wondrous deeds performed  
By the bronze-kirtled host of Greece: and thus  
Poseidon said, who makes the world to quake:—

“O Father Zeus, what mortal man of all  
Who dwell upon the boundless earth shall e'er  
Submit again his purposes and plans  
To heav'n for its approval? Seest thou not  
How that the long-haired Greeks have builded there  
A bulwark to defend their fleet, and trenched  
Round it a channel, yet have failed to pay  
The gods their due of glorious hecatombs?  
Far as the rays of dawn shall spread its fame;  
And from men's memory shall remembrance soon  
Fade of that rampart which we reared around  
The city of Laomedon the brave,—

and Apollo laboring with me."

In anger then cloud-gath'ring Zeus replied:—  
 Strong and wide-ruling god that shak'st the earth,  
 What hast thou said? A deity by far  
 More weak than thou in strength and will might  
 Dread

VICES such as this; but as for thee,  
 As the rays of dawn shall spread thy fame.  
 Come! when the long-haired Argives have at last  
 Come in their galleys to their own loved land,  
 Break thou their wall and whelm it in the main,  
 Crowd the wide shore again in sand; and thus  
 All Argos' mighty rampart fade from sight."  
 So spake they each to each; the sun meantime  
 Set, and the labors of the Greeks were o'er.  
 Then, slaught'ring bullocks 'mid the tents, they took  
 Their evening meal; and many vessels now,  
 Laden with wealth of wine, from Lemnos came;  
 Alcæus, son of Jason, sent them all,—  
 For whom Hypsipylè, his mother, bore  
 To Jason, shepherd of the host. He gave  
 Ten times an hundred measures of strong wine  
 To the Atridæ as their separate share.  
 At the long-haired Achæan men supplied  
 Each his own wine, some purchasing with brass,  
 Some with bright steel, and some with hides, and  
 Some more  
 With beeves, and others yet with slaves; and thus  
 Furnished a bounteous feast. The livelong night  
 The flowing-locked Achæans made repast,



And feasted too the Trojans and allies  
Throughout their city. All that night did Zeus:  
The Couns'lor plan for both sides sorrows: loud  
Echoed his thunder; seized with pallid fear,  
All from their goblets drenched the earth with wine  
And no man dared to quaff, till he had made  
Libation first to Chronus' puissant child.  
Then lay they down, the boon of rest to gain.

## BOOK VIII

### THE WRATH OF ZEUS — CONTINUA- TION OF THE BATTLE

Zeus, at a council of the gods, forbids any of them descend to the field to aid the Greeks or Trojans, threatening the offender with condign punishment; he permits Pallas, however, to give advantageous advice to her favorites. Zeus repairs to Ida to observe the struggle. The battle is fiercely renewed; Zeus weighs his golden balance the fortune of the armies, and his victory in this conflict inclines to the Trojans. Hector, hindered by the disabling of one of his horses, is threatened by Diomed, but is rescued by Diomed, who takes him into his own chariot, and slays the charioteer of Hector. Forced to retreat before a thunderbolt sent down by Zeus, Diomed is taunted for his cowardice by Hector as he urges his own troops forward. Poseidon refuses Hera's request that he descend to aid the Greeks; Hera inspires Agamemnon to exhort them, their fleet being now threatened by Hector. Zeus sends to the Greeks an eagle as a symbol of deliverance. Great havoc is dealt among the Trojans by Diomed and other Greek leaders, notably Teucer, who shoots arrows at them under the shelter of Ajax's shield; he fails, however, to wound Hector. At last, exasperated by the death of his charioteer Archeptolemus, Hector casts a stone at Teucer, disabling him; he is borne from the field. Hector now drives the Greeks back upon their fortifications and ships. Hera and Pallas, descending in their

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1994) ||| chariot to aid them in their peril, are deterred by a peremptory warning of Zeus, conveyed to them by Iris. They return to Olympus and are taunted by Zeus who declares his intention to inflict still further blows upon the Greeks till Achilles returns to the field. The sun sets upon the contest before the Trojans succeed in gaining the Greek fleet; Hector orders his troops to bring food and fuel, and prepare to bivouac on the field in front of the Greek camp to prevent the invaders' escape, and to renew the struggle at dawn. A thousand watch-fires are accordingly kindled, and five thousand vigilant Trojans pass the night around them as Hector commands.

## BOOK VIII

**W**HEN now the daybreak, saffron-mantled,  
 shed  
 er rays o'er all the lands, the lord who wields  
 he bolts of lightning, Zeus, convoked the gods  
 o many-ridged Olympus' loftiest peak.  
 was thus he spake, while all the rest gave ear:—  
 "Attend now, all ye gods and goddesses,  
 hat I may speak the dictates of my heart.  
 et none among ye, male or female, seek  
 o frustrate this my word, but give ye all  
 pproval, sooner to fulfil our task.  
 home'er I find among you, who forsakes  
 his company immortal with intent  
 o aid the Argives or the bands of Troy,  
 hall make his way once more in stripes and shame  
 nto th' Olympian mount, or I myself  
 ill seize the guilty one and dash him down  
 o murky Tartarus, far, far away,  
 There deepest yawns th' abyss beneath the earth,  
 There stand the gates of iron and the door  
 Whose threshold is of brass;—as far beneath  
 lades it lies, as lieth earth from heav'n.  
 o shall he learn how far the mightiest I  
 f all gods am. Essay it if ye choose,  
 Olympian dwellers, that ye all may know:  
 lang from high heav'n a golden cord; let all

Of you, both male and female, seize it fast  
And swing upon it — ye could not draw down  
Zeus, supreme counselor, from heav'n to earth,  
Though hard ye labored; whilst if I desired  
To raise the cord, the very earth and deep  
Should be updrawn, and I might bind it here  
Around th' Olympian pinnacle, and all  
Should sway there in mid-air. So far do I  
Excel in strength both gods and humankind."

He ceased; all silent sat in awe, amazed  
At the king's words; so fearfully he spake.  
At last said Pallas of the glancing eye: —

"Sire of us all, Chronides, king of kings,  
Yea, we acknowledge thy resistless might:  
Yet must we sorrow at the thought of how  
The knightly Argives perish and fulfil  
An evil fortune. We will then abstain  
From war, as thou enjoimest; yet will give  
The Greeks such counsel as shall profit them,  
Lest all incur destruction through thine ire."

The Cloud-Compeller with a smile replied: —  
"Belovèd daughter, Trito-born, take heart;  
My words were not in harshness meant; 'tis still  
My wish to prove a kindly sire to thee."

Thus the god spake, and coupled to his car  
His coursers, brazen-hoofed and fleet, with man  
Of gold; and set his golden mail around  
His form, and grasped the fair-wrought scourge  
gold,  
And climbing then his chariot, lashed his steeds

their full speed. Right willingly they flew  
dway 'twixt earth and star-besprinkled sky.  
d soon to Ida, rich in founts, he came,  
d Gargarus, the mother of wild beasts,  
ere lay his grove and incense-breathing shrine.  
d here the sire of gods and mortals stayed  
s steeds, and loosed them from the car, and shed  
se mist around, enshrouding them; and now,  
umphant in his strength, he sate him down  
on the mountain-crest and thence surveyed  
e Trojan city and the Grecian barks.  
Meanwhile the long-locked Argives took in haste  
ong their tents their afternoon repast,  
en rose from it and bound their armor on.  
likewise did the Trojans don their arms  
ithin their town-walls. Scantier was their band,  
t ardent none the less to join the fray,  
d urged by stress of need beside, to shield  
eir wives and little ones. The portals all  
ew wide, and forth the army, horse and foot,  
me streaming, while great uproar filled the air.  
When now th' advancing throngs were face to  
face,  
en smote together oxhide shields, and spears,  
d furious warriors mailed in brass; and loud  
e tumult rose, as bossy bucklers dashed  
e 'gainst another; groans of dying men  
ingled with shouts exultant from the foes  
at felled them, and the ground was bathed in  
blood.

While still 'twas morn, and while the sacred  
Advanced to noon, the missiles of both sides  
Struck home, and still the soldiery fell fast:  
But when the sun the zenith of its round  
Attained in heav'n, the Father of us all,  
Poising his golden balance in his hands,  
Placed in the scales two fates — the fates were  
Of long-lamented death: one auguring  
Doom to the Trojans, tamers of the steeds,  
The other to Achæa's bronze-mailed band.  
He raised and held them by the midst; and lo,  
The day of destiny for Argos' braves  
Hung lower, falling in the balance till  
On the rich earth it rested; that of Troy  
Climbed upward to wide heav'n. And now the  
Sent thunder-peals from Ida's crest, and made  
His blazing lightnings glare among the ranks  
Of Argos; and they saw it with amaze,  
While terror spread its pallor o'er them all.

Not Agamemnon nor Idomeneus  
Now ventured to stand fast, nor yet the two  
Called Ajax, squires of Ares. Only one,  
Gerenian Nestor, warder of his host,  
Remained; not willingly, but that a steed  
Was spent with suff'ring, stricken with a dart  
By beauteous Paris, bright-haired Helen's lord;  
His arrow smote the courser on the crest  
Just at the forelock's base — a fatal spot  
For wounds. The missile pierced the brain;  
leaped

writhed about, in anguish from the shaft,  
 ring his mates to panic. Whilst the knight  
 springing, sword in hand, to cut apart  
 charger's bridle, Hector's rapid steeds,  
 ring their hardy charioteer, came nigh  
 ng the pursuers; now the ancient king  
 surely lost his life, had Diomed,  
 at in the war-shout, not been swift to see,  
 roused Odysseus thus with strident call:  
 Laertes' Zeus-born son Odysseus, man  
 many counsels, whither doest thou flee,  
 ning thy back i' the throng, as cowards do?  
 are, lest some one pierce thee from behind  
 h jav'lin in thy flight. Remain and shield  
 Nestor from the brutal Trojan's hand."  
 Thus he besought; yet brave Odysseus, named  
 long-enduring, would not hear, but still  
 d onward toward the deep Achæan barks.  
 n, all alone, did Tydeus' brave son pass,  
 ngling among the champions, till he stood  
 ore the battle-steeds of Neleus' son,  
 l to the ancient warrior wingèd words spake:  
 O aged chieftain! thou art hard-pressed here  
 younger combatants: thy strength fails fast,  
 d cruel age attendeth thee; thy squire  
 weak of arm, and slow thy chariot-steeds.  
 me, then, and mount my car, that thou mayst  
 mark  
 e breed of Trojan coursers trained to scour  
 etly the plain, and to pursue and run



Now here, now thither. From Æneas I  
 Wrested them — him that putteth hosts to flight—  
 For these of thine let thine attendants care;  
 Mine own then shall at our direction speed  
 'Gainst Ilium's knights, that Hector too may know  
 That mine own shaft can rage within my hands."

He spake, and Nestor, the Gerenian knight,  
 Heeded, and gave his coursers to the care  
 Of his two brave attendants, Sthenelus  
 And strong Eurymedon; and now the chiefs  
 Mounted Tydides' chariot. Nestor grasped  
 The glist'ning reins, and lashed the steeds to speed.  
 Soon they arrived by Hector. Tydeus' son  
 Aimed straight against the charging chief his shaft;  
 It missed the prince, but slew his charioteer,  
 Eniopeus, from brave Thebæus sprung;  
 Smiting him on the breast beside the pap  
 E'en as he held the reins, and dashing him  
 Down from his car. Back started his fleet steeds,  
 And might and spirit parted from his frame.  
 And Hector's soul was shadowed with deep grief  
 For his slain charioteer; he let him lie,  
 Though mourning for his friend, and sped to seek  
 One more bold hand to guide his steeds. Not long  
 Lacked they a guide, for presently he found  
 Stout Archeptolemus Iphitides,  
 Bade him behind the flying coursers take  
 His seat, and placed the reins within his hand.

Then havoc had been wrought, and dreadful  
 crimes

mitted, and the men of Troy had been  
led in their walls like lambs, had not the sire  
of gods and men been swift to see,  
with loud peal of thunder launched a bolt,  
ringing and dread, and made it smite the ground  
re Tydides' coursers. Fearfully  
ved the bright-blazing sulphur; and the steeds  
nk trembling 'gainst the battle-car; and fell  
glis't'ning reins from Nestor's hand. Dismayed,  
aged warrior to Tydides spake:

Haste, son of Tydeus, turn once more to flight  
uncloven-footed coursers; dost not know  
v'rance cannot come from Zeus to thee?  
this day's space doth Chronus' child bestow  
y on this man, but to-morrow may  
n to give honor to ourselves. No man  
r dare withstand Zeus' purpose — nay, not e'en  
ugh great in might — since mightier far is he.”  
ydides, brave in combat, answered thus:

ea, aged chieftain, all these words of thine  
spoken to good purpose. Yet is this  
itter grief that comes to smite my heart;

Hector shall proclaim among his braves:  
e son of Tydeus fled before my face  
t to his galleys.' Such shall be his vaunt;  
n may the earth yawn wide and swallow me.”

eranian Nestor thus rejoining spake:  
h, child of Tydeus of the fiery heart,  
at words are these? Though Hector call thee  
vile

And weak in warfare, he will not convince  
The Trojans nor the Dardans, nor the wives  
Of the brave buckler-wielding sons of Troy,  
Whose youthful consorts thou in dust hast thrown.

He spake and turned th' uncloven-footed steeds,  
And threaded the tumultuous throng in flight.  
And Hector and the men of Troy meantime,  
With a loud-echoing outcry, show'ed a rain  
Of fatal shafts upon them. To their chief  
Great Hector, the bright-crested, called afar:

“O son of Tydeus! true, the Greeks that ride  
Swift steeds have long esteemed and honored thee;  
They gave thee foremost place at their repasts,  
And meats, and pledged thee in full cups; thou now  
Shalt be dishonored; woman hast thou grown.  
Begone, poor shrinking maiden! never deem  
That I shall cow'r before thee, nor permit  
That thou shouldst scale our tow'rs, nor in thy  
barks

Bear home our women. Ere that hour arrives,  
The doom of death shall meet thee at my hand.”

Thus spake the chief. Perplexed was Tydeus'  
son,

Not knowing if 'twere best to turn his steeds  
And stand to fight the Trojans. Twice did he  
Ponder in mind and spirit; thrice did Zeus  
The Couns'lor thunder forth from Ida's steep  
His signal to Troy's host that it should be  
Their lot to change the fortune of the fray.

Then loudly Hector shouted to his band:

"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans skilled  
To fight in close encounter! Friends, be men,  
And full of valor; for, I know, the son  
Of Chronus, graciously inclined to Troy,  
Hath giv'n me victory and immortal fame,  
And to the Greeks disaster. Fools! who reared  
With poor contrivance this weak worthless wall!  
It shall not shield them from my might. Our steeds  
Can easily o'erleap the moat they delved.  
And when among their hollow ships I stand,  
Let every man bear well in mind the pow'r  
Of wasting flame, that I may burn their barks,  
And by the galleys' sides destroy as well  
The warriors, by the smoke-clouds stupefied."

Thus the chief spake and called upon his  
steeds:—

"Xanthus and thou, Podargus, Æthon too  
And divine Lampus, now requite the care  
And labor spent upon ye by the child  
Of brave Eëtion, by Andromachè,  
Whose hand would serve you first with savory grain  
And mix the wine that ye might quaff at will,  
Ev'n before serving me, her youthful lord,—  
Such is my boast. Now onward with all speed;  
Follow the foemen close, that we may gain  
Nestor's own shield, whose fame attains the skies,—  
Buckler, men say, and handles golden all;  
And from the shoulders of the knightly son  
Of Tydeus will we strip the fair cuirass  
Wrought by Hephæstus' labor. If these two

Fall prey to us, the Greeks, I hope, will haste  
This very night to board their speedy barks."

So made he boast. But Hera, sov'reign queen  
Was filled with wrath; she trembled on her throne  
Till long Olympus' summit quaked amain.

Then to the great Poseidon thus she said:

"O, pow'r that shakes the earth, who rulest firm  
Doth no compassion stir within thy heart  
For the Greeks' downfall? Many a gift they bring  
At Ægæ and at Helicè to thee —  
Many and fair. Decree them victory now!  
For if we champions of the Greeks should join  
To beat the Trojans off, and curb the will  
Of far-seeing Zeus, the king would sit, I ween,  
On Ida's peak in solitary woe."

The great Earth-Shaker, full of wrath, replied: —

"What hast thou uttered, Hera, bold of speech?  
Never could I consent that we, the rest  
Of heav'n's array, should venture to contend  
With Chronus' child, since stronger far is he."

So they conversed together. But meantime  
The space within the ramparts and the moat  
And the Greek fleet, was filled with crowded  
                  throngs

Of steeds and bucklered warriors, close beset  
By Hector, son of Priam. Dread he seemed  
As the swift Ares, when to him Zeus gave  
Glory and triumph. Surely would he now  
Have burned the shapely barks with blazing flames

If Hera, sov'reign queen, had not inspired  
The heart of Agamemnon, who before  
Was toiling busily, to rouse the braves  
Of Greece to action. Forth the monarch flew  
Among the tents and vessels of his host,  
Bearing in his strong grasp his ample cloak  
Of purple dye. The monarch took his place  
Upon Odysseus' black wide-bellied bark;  
'Twas in the very midst — he thence might call  
To either quarter, and his voice would reach  
The tents of Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Or of Achilles — for their followers beached  
Their shapely hulls at greatest distance, filled  
With pride in their own prowess and strong hands.  
He shouted to the Greeks in piercing tones:

“ Shame, shame, ye coward Argives — men ad-  
mired

For beauty only! Where have fled the vaunts  
Ye made to be the bravest of the brave?  
When there in Lemnos, feasting on full store  
Of flesh of straight-horned beeves, and quaffing wine  
From brimming bowls, ye prated how each Greek  
Against an hundred men of Troy could stand  
In strife, or twice an hundred? We are now  
No match for even one — for Hector, who  
Will soon lay waste our fleet with blazing flame.  
O Father Zeus! hath ever potent king  
Been so deluded, ruined and despoiled  
Of glorious fame by thee as I? Yet ne'er  
Passed I thy glorious altars by, when in

My many-seated barks I hither came:  
But burned the fatted flesh, on every shrine,  
And thighs, of beeves, so eager was my heart  
To pillage and lay waste this well-walled Troy.  
But now, O Zeus, bestow this boon on me;  
Grant us a safe escape and flight — let not  
The Greeks be conquered by the Trojans' hands.

Thus prayed the king. Our Father grieved  
see

His tears, and gave th' assenting nod as sign  
The people should be saved, and not be lost.  
Straightway he sent an eagle, bird most sure  
Of all that fly, which in its talons bore  
A fawn — a fleet roe's offspring. It laid down  
The prey it held beside the beauteous shrine  
Where the Greek host was wont to sacrifice  
Unto the All-Discloser. And the Greeks,  
Perceiving that the bird was sent from Zeus,  
Turned now and charged more fiercely on their  
Of Ilium, all intent upon the fray.

No warrior then of all the great Greek host  
Could vaunt of having urged his rapid steeds  
To leap the moat and joined the close-fought strife  
Before Tydides; foremost far was he,  
And slew an armèd knight of Troy, the son  
Of Phradmon, Agelaüs. As he wheeled  
His chargers to escape, the jav'lin pierced  
His back betwixt the shoulders and was driv'n  
Out through the breast. He fell from out his  
And loudly as he fell his armor rang.

And next the sons of Atreus came,— the king  
 And Menelaüs; then the warrior-pair  
 Called Ajax, clothed in furious might; and then  
 Idomeneus and his attendant squire  
 Meriones, a warrior fierce in strife  
 As man-slaying Ares. Then, Eurypylus,  
 The famed son of Evæmon; ninth and last  
 Was Teucer, bending his elastic bow.  
 He stood beneath the shelter of the shield  
 Of Telamonian Ajax. As the chief  
 Shifted the buckler, Teucer cautiously  
 Peered from behind, and when his arrow sped  
 At any in the throng, his victim fell  
 Straightway and breathed his last. The archer then  
 Shrank back to Ajax' shelter, as a child  
 Hides in his mother's robe; and Ajax kept  
 Teucer safe covered by his shining shield.

What warrior of the Trojan host was first  
 Slain by good Teucer? First, Orsilochus,  
 Then Ormenus, and Ophelestes too,  
 Dætor and Chromius, Lycophontes, peer  
 Of gods, and Amopaon — son was he  
 Of Polyæmon; Melanippus last:  
 All these in quick succession did he lay  
 On the rich earth. Atrides, king of men,  
 Was glad to see how Ilium's squadrons fell  
 Beneath his mighty bow. To Teucer's side  
 The sov'reign stopt, and greeting him thus spake:  
 "O Telamonian Teucer, cherished friend!  
 Ruler of men! Keep evermore thine aim



True as it is e'en now, if thou wouldst be  
The light and joy of Greece and of thy sire,  
Who reared thee from a babe, though basely born  
Within his palace. Let him then attain  
Renown through thee, though dwelling far  
here.

And furthermore I tell thee — it shall not  
Fail of accomplishment: if Zeus, that wields  
The ægis, and Athena, grant that I  
May overthrow one day the stately walls  
Of Ilium, I will place within thy hands  
Whatever trophy hath most honor save  
Mine own,— a tripod, or a pair of steeds  
And car, or maid to share thy bridal bed."

Then Teucer, the unblemished, answered him:  
"Wherefore, renowned Atrides, dost thou seek  
To spur me, seeing that I labor hard  
Of mine own impulse? Never pause I while  
My strength remains in me; for from the hour  
When first we 'gan to drive the Trojan band  
Back upon Ilium, I have lain in wait  
With ready bow to strike and slay their chiefs.  
Eight slender-pointed arrows have I now  
Let fly, and all of them have pierced the flesh  
Of strong young warriors swift in battle: yet  
This raging dog of war I cannot slay."

Thus Teucer spake, and from his bowstring sped  
Another arrow at the Trojan chief,  
Burning to fell him. But he missed, and smote  
Blameless Gorgythion, Priam's valiant son,

Piercing his breast. A maid of Æsymba,  
Fair Castianira, goddess-like in face,  
Wedded to Priam, bore this noble son.

And as a poppy in a garden bends  
Sidewise its heavy head, weighed down with fruit  
And rains of springtime; so to one side dropped  
Within the heavy helm the warrior's head.

Once more did Teucer from his bow wing forth  
A shaft at Hector, whom he yearned to slay.

Yet once again he missed — for Phœbus turned  
The dart aside; but Archeptolemus,

Hector's bold charioteer, as to the field  
He sped, was smitten in the breast beside

The nipple, and was dashed from out his car.

Back started his swift coursers; life and might  
Forsook his form. Then Hector's soul grew dark

With bitter anguish for his charioteer;

Yet left he him, though mourning for his friend,

And to his brother called, Cebriones,

Who stood close by, to seize the chargers' reins;

He heard and heeded. Then did Hector spring

Down from his shining chariot to the ground

With fearful shout, and, grasping in his hand

A stone, made straight for Teucer, whom he longed

To smite and slay. The archer was just then

Drawing from out his quiver a keen dart

To fit it to the bowstring. As he bent

The bow upon him, mad to slay, his foe,

Bright-crested, hurled the jagged rock against

His shoulder, where the collar-bone divides

The neck and breast — a fatal point is here  
For wounds. It brake the bowstring; Teucer's  
hand

Was palsied from the wrist; he sank upon  
His knee, yet fell not; and his hand let drop  
The bow. Howbeit Ajax did not fail  
To aid his stricken brother; hast'ning nigh,  
He stood above the fallen, with his shield  
Protecting him from harm. Two trusty friends,  
Mecisteus, son of Echius, and the brave  
Alastor, bent their shoulders to his weight  
And bore him groaning to the hollow barks.

And now th' Olympian monarch stirred once  
more

The men of Troy to strength. They thrust the  
Greeks

Back to the deep-delved trench; and in their van  
Came Hector in the flush of pow'r and pride.  
As when a hound, pursuing with fleet feet,  
By the hindquarters seizes a wild boar  
Or lion, and holds fast there, narrowly  
Watching his struggling victim; Hector so  
Pressed on the long-haired Argives, evermore  
Slaying the rearmost; whilst they fled in fear.  
But when the flying multitudes had passed  
The sharpened stakes and trench, and many a brave  
Had fall'n by hands of Trojans, they made stand  
Beside their galleys, each exhorting each  
To courage, and with hands uplifted cried  
In earnest prayer to all the heav'nly host;

While Hector wheeled his fair-maned coursers here  
And thither, and his eyes gleamed dread as those  
Of Gorgon or the murd'rous god of strife.

But Hera of the snowy arms beheld  
Their sufferings with compassion, and straightway  
Addressed Athena thus with wingèd speech:

"Alas! thou child of ægis-bearing Zeus,  
Shall we not have some pity on the Greeks  
That perish, though this time shall be the last?  
Bitter the fate which they fulfil — to die  
By one man's wrath — for Hector, Priam's son,  
Is filled with rage too furious to be borne,  
And hath ere now done many a deed most dire."

Then thus returned Athena, radiant-eyed:

"Surely had this man perished and been slain  
Upon his native soil by Argive hands,  
But that my sire is filled with prejudice  
And unjust passion. Cruel one, and aye  
Impious in crime! he frustrates what I plan,  
Rememb'ring not how oftentimes I lent  
Mine aid to save his own son Heracles,  
O'erburdened by Eurystheus' heavy tasks.  
For when he raised his voice to heav'n and wept,  
Zeus bade me go from heav'n to succor him.  
If my prophetic soul had but divined  
What now it knows, what time he was sent down  
To halls of Hades, warder of the gates,  
To bring the hound of hateful Hades forth  
From Erebus, he ne'er should have escaped  
The steep-banked channel of the Stygian tide.

My father hates me now, and brings to pass  
What Thetis wishes; she hath kissed his knees  
And caught his beard, imploring him that he  
Honor Achilles, waster of town-walls.  
Yet some day he shall call me yet once more  
His own dear daughter of the sparkling eye.  
But couple now our solid-footed steeds;  
Meanwhile will I descend within the hall  
Of Zeus the Ægis-bearer, and gird on  
My mail for battle. We shall learn full soon  
If Hector of the sparkling crest, the son  
Of Priam, will be glad when we are seen  
I' the lanes of war, or whether Trojans too  
Shall now be slain beside th' Achæan barks,  
While on their flesh the dogs and birds shall fe

Thus Pallas spake, and white-armed Hera, s  
Complying, yoked with busy haste the steeds  
Of golden frontlets — Hera, goddess owned  
Supreme in honor, and great Chronus' child;  
While Pallas, sprung from ægis-bearing Zeus,  
Upon her father's pavement show'ring down  
The richly-broidered mantle shaped with toil  
By her own hands, now donned the coat of mail  
Of the Cloud-gath'rer, girding on her arms  
For dolorous warfare. Then she mounted soon  
Her flaming chariot, grasping in her hand  
The lance, so pond'rous, vast, and strong, with w  
The daughter of the Mighty King doth fell  
The ranks of warrior-men when stirred to ire.

And quickly Hera touched with lash the steeds;  
Straight of their own accord the gates flew wide  
Of heav'n, of which the hours are sentinels,  
Entrusted with the charge of the wide sky  
And of Olympus, with the task to ope  
The portal of dense mist, and close again.  
Through the gates now they drave their goad-stung  
steeds.

But Zeus beheld from Ida, and his rage  
Flamed fiercely forth; he called to bear his words  
Iris, that courier of the golden wings:—

“Haste, haste, fleet-footed Iris! turn them back,  
Suffer them not to challenge thus mine ire!  
It would become us ill to meet in strife.  
For hear the word I speak — it shall not fail  
To be fulfilled — that I will surely lame  
The swift steeds of their chariot, and will hurl  
Themselves from out it, shattering their car;  
Not for the space of ten revolving years  
Shall they recover from the wounds my bolt  
Of lightning shall leave on them; and my child,  
The sparkling-eyed, shall learn thus what it means  
To strive against her father. Hera less  
Than she incurs my anger, seeing that she  
Is ever bent on baffling all my plans.”

Thus spake he, and wind-footed Iris sped,  
Bearing the message, down from Ida's steeps  
To high Olympus. She encountered them  
There at the foremost gateway of the peak

Furrowed with dells, and thus announced to them  
The message sent from Zeus, and checked the  
speed:

“O whither tends your furious haste, and why  
Doth madness fill your bosoms? Chronus' son  
Forbids that ye give succor to the Greeks.  
For thus Chronides menaceth, and will  
Fulfil his utt'rance — he will surely lame  
The swift steeds of your chariot, and will hurl  
Yourselves from out it, shattering your car;  
Not for the space of ten revolving years  
Shall ye recover from the wounds his bolt  
Of lightning shall leave on you. Thus shalt  
thou,

O bright-eyed maid! discover what it means  
To strive against thy father. Hera less  
Than thou incurs his anger, seeing that she  
Is e'er intent on baffling all his plans.  
But thou — thou dost an impious thing, and art  
Shameless and brazen, if indeed thou dare  
To raise against thy sire thy mighty shaft.”

Fleet Iris gave the word, and presently  
Departed. Hera then to Pallas spake:

“Daughter of ægis-bearing Zeus! Alas,  
I can no more consent that we engage,  
For any mortals' sake, with Zeus in strife.  
Let one man perish, and another die,  
As fortune may decree, and let the king,  
According as his heart shall purpose, deal  
In fitting measure, both with Greece and Troy.”

'Twas thus the goddess spake, and turned once  
more

Th' uncloven-footed steeds. The Hours unyoked  
For her the fair-maned beasts, and tied them fast  
To their ambrosial mangers; and they leaned  
The chariot close against the glist'ning wall.  
Then the two goddesses sat down once more  
Upon their thrones of gold, and mingled with  
The other heav'nly ones, though grieved at heart.

Meanwhile had Zeus from Ida's mountain driv'n  
His fair-wheeled car and coursers, and arrived  
Among the gathered gods. The far-famed lord  
That shakes the lands unyoked for him his steeds,  
Setting the chariot on its stand, and spread  
The linen covering o'er it. Far-seeing Zeus  
Took now his place upon his golden chair,  
Whilst long Olympus shook beneath his tread.  
Hera and Pallas sat alone, aloof

From Zeus, nor gave him greeting, nor inquired  
Of aught; but he divined their hearts and spake:

"Why, Hera and Athena, mourn ye thus?

Short proved your labors in th' ennobling strife  
To slay the Trojans ye so sorely hate.

Not all ye gods who dwell upon this steep

Could make me flee before you — such the might

Of my resistless arm. But as for you,

Your white limbs trembled e'er ye e'en had looked

Upon the strife and carnage of the field.

For this I plainly tell you, and my word

Had surely been fulfilled — ye ne'er had come



Back in your chariot to th' Olympian mount  
Where sit the immortals, if my bolt had sped."

Such were his words; but Pallas and the queen  
Heard him with murmured rage. Close seated, **B**  
still

They planned disaster for the sons of Troy.  
Mute sat Athena, nor vouchsafed a word,  
Incensed against her sire and overborne  
By bitter wrath. But Hera could not quell  
The anger in her bosom, and replied:

"Dread Zeus, what meanest thou by words like ~~these~~  
these?"

Thy might is uncontrolled, we know full well;  
Yet must we grieve for these — the valorous band ~~of~~  
Of Argive knights that perish, and fulfil  
An evil fortune. We will then abstain  
From war, if thus thou wilt; but wilt inspire  
The Greeks with counsel which shall profit them,  
Lest by thine anger all be doomed to die."

Then the Cloud-gath'rer, Zeus, rejoining, spake;  
"O sov'reign Hera of the tender eyes,  
If thou shalt care once more to view the field  
When breaks to-morrow's dawn, thou shalt behold  
Chronides the Omnipotent laying low  
E'en greater multitudes of warrior Greeks;  
Nor shall the mighty Hector ever stay  
His arm from strife, till Peleus' son, the fleet,  
Be that day roused from where he sits beside  
His galleys, when above Patroclus slain  
War rages in that dread and narrow way

By the ships' sterns; for fate decrees it so.  
But as for thee, I care not for thine ire;  
Not even shouldst thou seek the utmost bounds  
Of earth and ocean, where Iapetus  
By Chronus sits, ne'er greeted by the rays  
Of journeying suns nor by the stir of winds,  
And deep Tartarean chasms open round;—  
Not e'en, I say, if in thy wand'ring course  
Thou shouldst tend thither, would I heed thy wrath;  
There liveth none more lost than thou to shame."

He spake, but white-armed Hera naught replied.  
And now had dropt the glowing lamp of day  
In Ocean's wave, and dusk of night was spread  
O'er the rich earth. Loth were the Trojan braves  
To see the sun sink, but the Argives hailed  
Gladly deep night, the boon of prayer thrice prayed.

And now renownèd Hector led his host  
Back from the fleet, and called a council where  
An open space was seen amid the slain,  
Beside the whirling stream. The warriors sprang  
Down from their cars to earth to hear the words  
Spoken by Hector, lov'd of heav'n. He stood  
Grasping his lance, eleven cubits long,  
And at the jav'lin's tip the brazen head  
Glowed bright, encircled by its golden ring;  
Resting upon it, thus to Troy he spake:

"Ye Trojans, Dardans and allies, give ear:  
I thought 'twould be my fortune to destroy  
The Argive fleet and warriors all, and gain  
Safely our windy Ilium. But the night

Forestalled us, and hath been the means to save  
Argives and barks upon the ocean's strand.  
Let us then heed the dark; make ready soon  
Our evening meal, and from the chariots free  
The fair-maned steeds, supplying them with food  
Haste then to bring from out the city beeves  
And fatted sheep; and fetch as well sweet wine  
And bread from out your houses, and amass  
Fagots in plenty, thus to keep ablaze,  
All through the night-time, till the light of morn  
Child of the dawning,—countless fires, whose gleams  
Shall ascend heav'n, to warn the long-haired Greeks  
From seeking under cover of the dark  
Safety in flight across the broad-backed main.  
Not without harm nor undisturbed must they  
Set foot upon their ships; let every man  
Receive from us a wound to nurse at home,—  
An arrow's sting, a thrust of sharpened shaft,—  
Just as he springs upon his bark; and so  
Shall other foemen dread henceforth to wage  
Deplorable war against the cavaliers  
Of Troy. Let now the heav'n-loved heralds throng  
The city, summoning the lusty youths  
And hoary-templed elders of the place  
To gather on the god-erected tow'rs;  
Whilst, each within her hall, th' unwarlike dames  
Kindle great fires; and be the sentry-band  
Made firm and staunch, lest ambush penetrate  
The city whilst its men are all away.  
Brave Trojans! as I bid, so let it be;

Nor have I spoken all of which the hour  
Hath need; but later will explain the task  
Of morning to the gathered knights of Troy.  
With hopeful heart I make my prayer to Zeus  
And th' other gods, that I may sweep from here  
These hounds borne on to ruin by the Fates  
Within their sable barks. While night shall  
last,

We will keep watch; but when are seen the rays  
Of earliest dawn, we'll arm ourselves, and round  
The hollow vessels wake a fearful strife.

Then shall I soon learn whether Tydeus' son,  
Strong Diomed, can thrust me from the fleet  
Back to the city's bulwarks, or if I  
May smite him with my brazen spear and take  
His life, and bear his gory arms away.

To-morrow shall his prowess come to view,  
Should he the onslaught of my lance abide!  
Yet he, I trow, shall be among the first  
To die,—pierced through, with many a follower  
round,

By rise of sun to-morrow. Would that I  
Might feel assured of immortality  
And never-ending freedom from old age,—  
So sure of being honored as divine  
With Pallas and Apollo, as I know  
This day brings ruin to Achæa's host!"

Thus ended Hector's words; the sons of Troy  
Gave loud acclaim. Soon from the yokes they  
freed

The sweating steeds; with thongs each knight made  
fast

His coursers to his chariot. Now they brought  
Forth from the city beeves and fatted sheep  
With all due speed, and from their homes a store  
Of honeyed wine and loaves, and gath'ring last  
Fagots in plenty, offered sacrifice  
Unto the gods of spotless hecatombs,  
Whose savory fragrance, wind-borne from the plain,  
Rose to high heav'n. But yet the blissful band  
Did not, nor would, partake; for bitterly  
They hated hallowed Troy, and Priam, lord  
Of the stout ashen spear, and Priam's race.

So, high in hope, all night the warriors sate  
In ranks, with many a watch-fire kindled round.  
As when about the radiant moon in heav'n  
The stars gleam forth resplendent, when deep calm  
Has stilled the wind, and every look-out place,  
Headland, and wooded vale, in light appears;  
When from the clouds bursts forth the boundless  
sky,

And all the stars are seen, to fill with joy  
The shepherd's bosom; numberless as they  
'Twixt fleet and Xanthus' wave the watchfires  
gleamed

Kindled by Ilium's braves before their walls.  
A thousand fires were glowing on the plain;  
In each fire's glow sate fifty armèd braves;  
While by the chariots stood the steeds, and cropped  
Corn and white barley till the fair-throned day.

## BOOK IX

### THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES

At a council of the Greek chiefs Agamemnon laments his deception by Zeus, apparent in the ill success of the expedition, and advises a return. He is reproached for his cowardice by Diomed, who announces his own purpose to continue the struggle to the end. At Nestor's suggestion, bands of guards are posted, and Agamemnon gives in his own tent a banquet to the leaders of his host, at which Nestor urges the propitiation of Achilles. To this Agamemnon agrees, promising the restoration of Briseis with the addition of many treasures of great price, and that Achilles may receive as bride one of the king's own daughters, with a dowry of seven cities. Phœnix, the greater Ajax and Idomeneus are selected as envoys, and having been instructed by Nestor, set forth, accompanied by the heralds Odius and Eurybates. They find Achilles alone with Patroclus, solacing himself with the lyre; he receives them hospitably, and bids Patroclus entertain them with food and wine. Odysseus then tells Achilles of the perilous situation of the Greeks, and of Hector's threat to set the ships on fire; and recalling the advice given his son by Peleus, entreats the hero to aid them, setting forth the offer of the king. Achilles replies that for his part he is indifferent to the outcome of the struggle; that after all his labors in a war waged solely for the interest of the sons of Atreus, his sole reward is injury and affront; that they must do as they can without his aid, for that he intends immediate de-

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parture homeward and would recommend it to the king, that he spurns whatever gifts Agamemnon may propose and will wed no daughter of his; that treasure or glory cannot compare in value to a man's own life, and he proposes to save his own. Phœnix adds his own treaties to those of Odysseus, relating how he came to the house of Peleus, a fugitive from the wrath of his own father Amyntas, and became the childhood friend and tutor of Achilles; he urges reconciliation as characteristic of gods and heroes, adducing the story of Meleager's defence of the Ætolians. Achilles remains unmoved, but urges his old friend to remain and to turn with him, promising him the half of his kingdom on his return. Ajax's upbraidings likewise proving effectual, the baffled envoys return, except Phœnix, whom a couch is spread in Achilles' tent, and report to the Greeks their failure. By Diomed's advice all retire to rest, prepared on the morrow to battle for the fleet under the leadership of their king.

## BOOK IX

**T**HUS kept the Trojans vigil. But the Greeks  
Were swayed with strange desire for panic  
flight,

Chill Fear's attendant. All the leaders' hearts  
Were pierced with yearnings they could scarce en-  
dure.

As when two winds breathe suddenly upon  
The fishy main, and rouse it — Boreas' blast  
And Zephyr, sweeping from the Thracian shore;  
Soon surge the sable waves to tow'r-like height,  
And heaps of weed along the strand are cast;  
So was each Argive breast with sorrow torn.

And now Atrides, stricken to the heart  
With bitter grief, fared forth, and gave command  
Unto the clear-voiced heralds that they call  
Each knight to council, yet without loud cry;  
Himself toiled busily among the chiefs.

So sat they down to council, full of woe;  
Then stood forth Agamemnon, dropping tears  
Like a dark-watered fount that o'er the ledge  
Of some steep cliff pours forth its sombre tide.  
Thus, with deep sighs he spoke before the host:

“ Friends, couns'lors ye and heroes of the Greeks!  
In a fell net of ruin hath the son  
Of Chronus, Zeus, ensnared me. Cruel god!  
He promised me of yore, confirming too



His utt'rance with a nod, that it should be  
My lot to lay strong Ilium low before  
I should return. But now I know that Zeus  
Hath plotted foul deceit; 'tis his decree  
That I return inglorious to the shores  
Of Argos, having lost a countless host.  
Such is the will of Zeus the All-Supreme,  
Who hath ere now abased the lofty crests  
Of many cities, and will yet do so;  
For unto him surpassing might pertains.  
Come, therefore, and let every warrior heed  
My mandate. Let us board our ships and fly  
Home to our own dear native land; for Troy  
And her wide streets we ne'er may capture now."

Thus spake the monarch. Silent were they all  
Long sat the sons of Argos mute with woe;  
At last spake Diomed great in shout of strife:

"O son of Atreus, first of all shall I  
Stand to oppose thy folly, as 'tis meet,  
O King, in council; neither let thine ire  
Be roused against me. Thou hast been the first  
Among th' Achæan warriors here to cast  
Reproach upon my prowess, calling me  
Unwarlike, faint of heart. These words of thine  
Are known to all the Argives young and old.  
But upon thee hath crafty Chronus' son  
Bestowed a partial gift: — to be revered  
Above all other men for sov'reign sway;  
Yet he denied thee a courageous heart,  
Man's greatest strength. O foolish one, dost thou

Indeed believe the men of Greece to be  
Weak and faint-hearted as thy words imply?  
If thine own spirit urge thee to depart,  
Go thou — thy path is clear; thy vessels lie  
Moored there beside the main — the countless fleet  
That following from Mycenæ came with thee.  
Yet other Greeks of flowing locks will bide  
Till we have wasted Troy. But if they too  
Desire it, let them likewise board their barks  
And flee to their loved fatherland. We twain —  
Myself and Sthenelus — will maintain the fight  
Till we accomplish Ilium's overthrow;  
For with the gods we journeyed to this land."

Thus spake the chieftain; all the sons of Greece  
Welcomed with loud acclaim the spoken word  
Of Diomed the tamer of the steeds.

And rising next, Gerenian Nestor spake: —

"O Diomed! surpassing is thy might  
In battle; so in council thou art best  
Of thy compeers all. None of all the Greeks  
These words of thine could contradict or blame.  
Howbeit thou hast not said all — thou art  
A youth, thou mightest be my last-born son;  
Yet prudent are the words thou utt'rest now  
To Argos' chiefs, and uttered seasonably.  
But let me now, an older man in years,  
Give voice to mine own thought, recounting all;  
And none shall treat with scorn the words I speak,  
Not e'en the King. A friendless man is he,  
Lawless, and homeless, that can find delight

In civil war with horror in its train!  
But let us now obey the falling dark  
And spread our evening meal; let pickets then  
Be chosen and disposed along the trench  
Delved round outside the ramparts. This command  
I give the youths. Do thou, Atrides, next  
Begin, since kingliest of us all thou art;  
Regale the elder princes with repast;  
For seeming 'tis, and no disgrace to thee,  
Filled are thy tents with wine, which Argive bards  
Daily convey thee from the Thracian land  
O'er the wide ocean. Thou hast all the means  
Of hospitable welcome — countless throngs  
Own thee as sov'reign lord. When many there  
Are met together, thou must heed the voice  
Speaking most wisely. Great is now the need  
Of all th' Achaean army for discreet  
And subtle counsel, since their enemies here  
Close to the barks are kindling countless fires.  
Who could rejoice at things like these? This night  
Annihilates the Greeks, or else shall save."

'Twas thus he spake, and all gave ready ear,  
Heeding his counsel; and the sentry-bands  
Rushed forth, all armed, led on by Nestor's son,  
By Thrasymedes, shepherd of the host,  
And by Ialmenus and Ascalaphus,  
Twain sons of Ares; by Meriones,  
And by Deïpyrus and Aphareus,  
And divine Lycomedes, Creon's child;  
Seven were the chiefs of guards. With every chief

Went forth twice fifty youthful braves who bore  
Long lances in their hands. They took their seats  
I' the interval betwixt the trench and wall;  
Then, kindling fires, took each his late repast.

Then did Atrides lead the noblest lords  
Of Greece within his tent, and placed before  
His guests a plenteous feast. Right willingly  
Took they the viands ready to their hands.  
But when desire for meat and drink was past,  
Nestor rose first his wise design to weave,—  
The aged king whose counsel had before  
Been soundest deemed. With friendly words he  
spake:—

“Illustrious son of Atreus, king of men,  
With thee shall I begin and with thee end;  
Since thou art sov'reign o'er full many a race,  
And because Zeus hath placed within thy hand  
Sceptre and laws, to counsel for thine own.  
'Tis then thy special duty both to hear  
And speak, and heed the words of other men  
Whose spirit stirs them to sound speech, because  
Each undertaking's issue hangs on thee.  
Let me now say what I myself deem best;  
For no man could contrive a better plan  
Than that which both now is, and hath been long,  
Fixed in my thoughts;— ay, ever since that day  
When thou, O foster-child of Zeus, didst wrest  
The maiden from the lodge of Peleus' son,—  
Ev'n her, Briseïs,— and provoke his ire  
Against our judgment. Earnestly did I

Seek to dissuade thee; yet didst thou obey  
Thine own proud spirit, and didst treat with scorn  
A valiant chieftain honored by the gods,  
Seizing his trophy, which thou dost keep still.  
Let us e'en now bethink ourselves how we  
May reconcile the prince, and win his heart  
With gifts that please him, and with kindly speech.

Atrides, lord of nations, made reply:

“ O aged chieftain, truly hast thou told  
The mischief I have wrought. My act indeed  
Was folly — I deny it not. A man  
May match himself against unnumbered bands,  
Whom Zeus so clearly cherisheth that he  
Should thus avenge him, bringing low our host.  
Since then I erred that day in giving rein  
To evil passion, it is my desire  
To reconcile the hero, proffering  
Gifts rich and boundless. I will name them here  
Before you all — seven tripods yet unmarred  
By fire; ten golden talents; twice ten bright  
Caldrons; then twice six strong victorious steeds  
Whose hoofs have won me trophies. Destitute  
He would not be, nor lacking precious heaps  
Of gold, who had such wealth as hath been won  
For me by these uncloven-footed steeds!  
Then will I give seven damsels, famed for skill  
In useful tasks,— the Lesbian girls, by me  
Chos'n when Achilles gained the stately walls  
Of Lesbos, as supreme 'mong all the race  
Of maids in beauty. All these will I yield,

As well as her I took from him that day,  
The young Briseïs. Solemnly I swear  
That I have ne'er approached her in the way  
Of man with maid. All this shall he receive  
Straightway; and if the gods vouchsafe that we  
May pillage Priam's city, ample-walled,  
Then may he enter and weigh down his bark  
With plenteous gold and bronze, when once the spoil  
Shall be apportioned 'mong th' Achæan braves.  
From 'mong the Trojan women then shall he  
Select twoscore — the fairest of them all  
Save Argive Helen. Then if we attain  
Argos of Greece, earth's teeming udder, there  
Shall he become my son-in-law, and be  
Honored by me ev'n as mine own dear child  
Orestes, reared in every luxury. There  
In my fair palace daughters have I three:  
Chrysothemis, Laodicè, and last  
Iphianassa; he may choose from these  
The one he liketh best, and lead her thence,  
Bought with no wedding gifts, to Peleus' hall;  
While I, to reconcile him, will bestow  
Largess abounding, such as ne'er before  
Hath father giv'n to daughter. He shall have  
Seven populous cities: first, Cardamylè,  
And grassy Hira; Enopè as well  
And sacred Pheræ, and Antheia, famed  
For its deep meadows; fair Æpeia too  
And vine-robed Pedasus; all near the sea,  
The outmost towns, toward sandy Pylus' land.

Rich are their citizens in kine and sheep,  
And they shall venerate him as divine  
And pay him off'rings, and fair tribute yield  
Beneath his sceptre. Yea, all this will I  
Do for Achilles if his wrath but cease.  
So let him bend; 'tis Hades who alone  
Never relents, nor men's petitions heeds;  
And therefore he of all the gods is most  
Loathèd by mortals. Let Achilles then  
Submit to me; he owes me deference  
Both as his king and by my right of years."

Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, returned:  
"Illustrious son of Atreus, sov'reign chief,  
Not to be spurned are treasures such as these  
Thou proff'rest Lord Achilles. Haste we now,  
Unto Pelides' lodge with instant speed  
To send ambassadors, a chosen band.  
Come, I will seek them out, assured that these  
Will do my bidding: Phœnix first, to lead  
The rest, I choose — endeared to Zeus on high;  
Ajax the strong; divine Odysseus; these  
Eurybates and Odius shall attend,  
The heralds. Fetch now water for our hands;  
Enjoin a holy silence; that we thus  
May strive to win the heart of Chronus' child,  
If he vouchsafe compassion on our host."

So spake he; and the hearts of all were pleased  
By Nestor's words. Now poured the heralds soon  
Water upon the hands of all; then youths  
Filled to the brim the wassail-bowls with wine;

And having poured libations from full cups,  
Threaded the throng, distributing to all.  
They ate and quaffed; and when desire was past,  
Forth to Atrides' lodge the envoys sped.  
And now did Nestor, the Gerenian knight,  
Fixing his meaning gaze on every man,  
And chiefly on Odysseus, charge them well  
To strive to win the brave Pelides o'er.

Now passed th' ambassadors along the strand  
Of myriad-echoed ocean. Earnestly  
Did they invoke the pow'r that shakes and clasps  
The earth, to grant that they persuade with ease  
Æacides' great heart. They came to where  
Tented the Myrmidons beside their barks,  
And there they found Achilles, as he sought  
Cheer from music of a clear-toned lyre,  
Fair, richly-wrought, and with a silver bar,  
Which he had chosen from the spoil that day  
He took Eëtion's city. Thus sought he  
Balm for his soul, in singing of famed deeds  
Of heroes; whilst Patroclus sat alone  
Silent before him, till Æacides  
Should end his lay. Nigh drew the envoys, led  
By brave Odysseus, till they stood before  
The chief himself. Achilles, lyre in hand,  
Sprang in amazement from his seat; and rose  
Patroclus likewise as he saw the chiefs.  
Then swift Achilles beckoned them, and cried:  
"Welcome! ye surely come in friendly wise,  
Surely impelled by urgent need — most dear



Of all th' Achæans to this troubled heart."

Divine Achilles spake, and led his guests  
Onward, and placed them on reclining seats  
O'erlaid with purple coverlets, and called  
Quickly Patroclus, who stood nigh at hand:

"Son of Menœtius, set a larger bowl  
For wine, and mix it stronger, and prepare  
For every guest a beaker, seeing that men  
Whom best I love are 'neath my roof-tree now."

Thus spake the chief; Patroclus heeded soon  
His cherished friend. Achilles by the fire  
Set a huge tray meantime, and placed therein  
Back-pieces from a fatted goat and sheep,  
And porker's oily chine. Automedon  
Held fast the flesh whilst great Achilles carved,  
Slicing and spitting it. Menœtius' son,  
The godlike mortal, made a huge fire glow;  
And when the fire was spent, and its bright flame  
Had died, he raked the embers to a bed,  
Arranged the spits above them, and raised last  
The flesh upon the roasting-stones and strewed  
The sacred salt upon it. When at length  
All had been cooked and on the dresser laid,  
Patroclus served about the table bread  
In dainty trays; Achilles made them share  
The flesh. The chief then took his seat before  
The wall that faced Odysseus the divine,  
And bade his friend Patroclus off'rings yield  
Unto th' immortals; so he did, and cast  
Burnt-off'rings to the flames. All eagerly

Food now the food laid ready to their hands.

And when desire for food and drink was o'er,

Ajax to Phœnix nodded. But the brave

Odysseus saw, and filling full his cup

With wine, and motioning to Achilles, spake:

“ All hail to thee, Achilles! We lack not

Banquets within the tent of Atreus' son,

Nor here in thine; for plenteous is thy store

Of grateful meats. Yet is our care not now

For pleasures of the feast; an awful doom,

O heav'nly-nurtured chief, we see and fear;

Knowing not whether we shall save or lose

Our well-decked barks unless thou don once more

Thy valor. The triumphant sons of Troy

And their far-famed allies keep bivouac now

Hard by our ships and rampart; many a blaze

Throughout their camp is kindled; and they boast

That soon their force, no longer by our arms

Withstood, will speed to storm our dark-hulled fleet.

Chronides shows them favoring omens still

Through gleams of lightning. Hector, swoln with

pride

In his great strength, is fearful in his rage,

Trusting in Zeus, and recking naught of gods

Or men,— his breast with furious valor thrilled.

He prays that holy dawn may quickly break,

For 'tis his eager vow to hew away

Our galleys' lofty bow-heads, and consume

Our ships with wasting fire, and by their barks

Cut down the Greeks, in smoke dismayed and lost.

And greatly do I tremble lest the gods  
Make good his menace, and it be our fate  
To perish here on Ilium's shore, afar  
From Argos, nurse of horses. Then arise,  
If thou art willing, though full late it be,  
To shield the Argive warriors overborne  
Beneath the Trojans' onset. Thou thyself  
Shalt feel remorse hereafter, and no power  
Can find a remedy for wrong once done.  
But O! consider rather how to save  
Achæa's army from its threat'ning doom!  
Ah, comrade mine! 'tis even thus thy sire,  
Peleus, once charged thee, on that very day  
He sent thee to the king from Phthia's strand:—  
"By Hera and Athena shalt thou be  
Endowed with might, my son, if such their will;  
But let the heart within thy bosom be  
Magnanimous — for kindness is best;  
Shun envious broils, and thou shalt be the more  
Esteemed by all the Argives young and old."  
'Twas thus thine aged sire commanded thee,  
And thou forgettest all. Yet cease ev'n now  
From heart-distressing anger. Atreus' son  
Proff'reth thee worthy gifts if thou wilt end  
Thy wrath. But list, I will enumerate  
The treasures which Atrides promised thee  
There in his tent. Seven tripods yet unmarred  
By fire; ten golden talents, and twoscore  
Caldrons; then twice six strong victorious steeds,  
Whose hoofs have won him trophies. Destitute

He would not be, nor lacking precious heaps  
Of gold, who had such wealth as Atreus' son  
Hath won by these uncloven-footed steeds!  
Then will he give seven maidens famed for skill  
In useful tasks; — those Lesbian girls, whom he  
Chose when thyself didst gain the stately walls  
Of Lesbos, as supreme 'mong all the race  
Of maids in beauty. All these will he yield,  
As well as her he took that day from thee,  
The young Briseïs; with a solemn oath  
That he hath never sought her in the way  
Of man with maid. All this shalt thou receive  
Straightway; and if the gods vouchsafe that we  
May pillage Priam's city, ample-walled,  
Then mayst thou enter and weigh down thy bark  
With plenteous gold and bronze, when once the  
    spoil

Shall be apportioned 'mong th' Achæan braves.  
From 'mongst the Trojan women then shalt thou  
Select a score — the fairest of them all  
Save Argive Helen. Then if we attain  
Argos of Greece, earth's teeming udder, there  
Shalt thou become his son-in-law, and be  
Honored by him ev'n as his own dear child  
Orestes, reared in every luxury. There  
In his fair palace daughters hath he three:  
Chrysothemis, Laodicè, and last  
Iphianassa; thou mayst choose from these  
The one thou likest best, and lead her thence,  
Bought with no wedding gifts, to Peleus' hall;

While he, to reconcile thee, will bestow  
 Treasure abounding, such as ne'er before  
 Hath father giv'n to daughter. Thou shalt have  
 Seven populous cities — first, Cardamylè,  
 And grassy Hira; Enopè as well  
 And sacred Pheræ, and Antheia, famed  
 For its deep meadows; fair Æpeia too  
 And vine-robed Pedasus; all near the sea,  
 The outmost towns next sandy Pylus' land;  
 Rich are their citizens in kine and sheep,  
 And they shall venerate thee as divine  
 And pay thee off'rings, and fair tribute yield  
 Beneath thy sceptre. Yea, all this will he  
 For thee accomplish if thy wrath but cease.  
 But if thy bosom yet feel enmity  
 For Agamemnon and his gifts, O, still  
 Pity the rest — the Panachæans, worn  
 With labor in their camp. They all will give  
 Thee honor as a god; thou glorious fame  
 Shouldst gain them. By thy hand should Hector  
 fall

When he comes nigh thee in his furious rage,  
 Boasting to have no peer 'mong all the braves  
 Of Argives who fared hither in the fleet."

Then swift Achilles thus replying spake:

"Laërtes' Zeus-born son, Odysseus, man  
 Of many counsels, it behooves me now  
 To speak of this with plainness, and declare  
 What I intend and what shall be fulfilled,  
 That ye may henceforth cease to sit and pour

Entreaties in mine ears. For to my heart  
As hateful as the gates of death is he  
Who one thing in his breast conceals and speaks  
Another. But I now will say what seems  
Mine own best judgment. Ne'er, I trow, shall he,  
King Agamemnon, nor the other Greeks,  
Persuade me to return; for I should gain  
No gratitude by waging endless strife  
Against the enemy. Like fate attends  
Him who fights hard, and him who bears no part  
In war. Men hold the coward and the brave  
In like esteem; the selfsame death awaits  
The toiler and the idler. Naught have I  
Achieved by risking constantly my life  
In battle,—grievous ills have I endured.  
As to her unfledged young a mother-bird  
Brings, herself famishing, her captured food;  
So have I passed full many a sleepless night,  
And many a gory day upon the field,  
Battling by warriors for their wives. My barks  
Hath laid ere now twelve populous cities low;  
Eleven with mine infantry have I  
Wasted round fertile Troy. From all I gleaned  
Treasure both vast and fair, yet placed it all  
Within Atrides Agamemnon's hands.  
He, who had lingered by the swift ship's side,  
Received it, portioning out a scanty share,  
And keeping much. The other chiefs and kings  
Have had their lots, and hold them safely still;  
From me, alone of all the Greeks, he reft

Mine own,— my cherished bride,— and yet do  
keep;

May he have joy of her. Why need the Greeks  
War with the Trojans? Why did Atreus' son  
Collect the host and bring it to this land?  
Was't not for bright-haired Helen? Do the two  
Atridæ only, of our short-lived race,  
Cherish their helpmeets? Nay, no warrior brave  
And wise who doth not love and prize his own,  
E'en as I cherished mine with all my heart,  
Though captured by the lance. And since the king  
Hath practiced fraud upon me and hath torn  
My trophy from my hands, he need not now  
Seek to persuade me; I have learned his ways;  
And never shall he change my purpose more.  
With thee, Odysseus, and the other chiefs  
Let him resolve on how to save the fleet  
From wasting flame. E'en now hath he achieved  
Much in my absence, and hath reared a wall  
And delved a moat about it, wide and deep,  
And planted sharpened stakes within; yet he  
Cannot e'en thus withstand the furious might  
Of Hector, slayer of men. So long as I  
Fought with the Greeks, this Hector never dared  
To press the battle far from Ilium's walls,  
But ever paused beside the Scæan gate  
And by the beech-tree. There he ventured once  
To meet me single-handed, barely then  
Escaping my attack. But since I now  
Care not to cope with Hector the divine,

I shall to-morrow my burnt-offerings yield  
To Zeus and all the gods, and loading well  
My vessels, launch them on the deep; thóu then —  
If thou desire, and care for things like these —  
Shalt see my squadron in the dawning sail  
The fishy Hellespont, well filled with men  
Yearning to ply the oar; and if the pow'r  
Far-famed, that shakes the earth, vouchsafe to us  
A favorable passage, the third day  
Shall bring us back to teeming Phthia's shore.  
Full many a treasure left I there at home  
When, to my woe, I journeyed to this land;  
Thither shall I return with added store  
Of gold, of glowing bronze, fair-girdled maids,  
And hoary steel, mine own allotted share;  
But for the prize which Atreus' lordly son  
Awarded, he hath taken her away  
And loaded me with insult. Tell him then,  
E'en as I bid you, all that ye have heard;  
Proclaim it loudly, that all other Greeks  
Be likewise filled with anger, should the King —  
Lost as he is to shame — essay to cheat  
Another Argive. Let him never dare —  
Do that he is — to look me in the face!  
I will not share his counsels, nor take part  
In war; he hath beguiled and injured me,  
And now his words can ne'er delude me more;  
Enough of him. I leave him to his doom;  
For couns'lor Zeus hath stol'n his wits away.  
I loathe his gifts; himself do I disdain;



Not e'en should he bestow upon me ten  
Or twenty times the worth of all he hath,  
With superadded treasure gained elsewhere;  
Nor all the opulence of Orchomenus  
Or Thebes in Egypt, where most priceless things  
Lie in men's halls — the town of hundred gates,  
Forth through whose every portal tenscore brave  
Sally with steeds and chariots. Though he gave  
Gifts as uncounted as the grains of sand  
Or as the dust, still Atreus' son should fail  
To move my purpose, till I have avenged  
Fully the wrong that stung me to the heart.  
No child of Agamemnon e'er shall be  
My bride, though rivalling the golden queen  
Of love in beauty, and in skillful arts  
The bright-eyed Pallas; — howsoe'er endowed,  
I would not wed her. Let Atrides find  
Among the Greeks some worthier son-in-law,  
One of a lordlier rank than I can claim.  
For if the gods protect me and I gain  
My home in safety, Peleus then will find  
Himself for me a helpmeet. Many maids  
Of Greece in Hellas and in Phthia bide;  
Daughters are they of captains who defend  
Our fortresses; she whom I choose of these  
Shall be mine own dear bride. I long to dwell  
There with a fitting wedded mate and find  
Pleasure thenceforth in the abundant wealth  
That aged Peleus hath amassed for me.  
Not to be counted equal in the scale

To one's own life — for so I think — is all  
The treasure harbored, as men say, within  
The walls of populous Ilium, gained in days  
Of peace, before the Greeks attained this land;  
Nor all within the stone-built threshold stored  
Of archer Phœbus on the rocky side  
Of Pytho's mount. For oxen and fat sheep  
Are to be won by pillage; one may gain  
Tripods and tawny steeds; but human life  
That once hath fled the barrier of the lips  
Can ne'er again be gleaned as spoil, nor brought  
Back by strong might. A twofold destiny —  
'Tis thus my mother of the silv'ry feet,  
Thetis, forecasts — doth bear me to my doom;  
If I abide here and maintain the strife  
Round Ilium's city, my return is lost,  
But deathless fame my portion. If instead  
I seek mine own dear country, my fair fame  
Shall die, but I shall gain great length of days,  
Nor shall be soon o'ertaken by mine end.  
I would advise you others too to sail  
Home in your barks, for ne'er shall ye behold  
The fall of lofty Ilium. Far-seeing Zeus  
Hath stretched above her a protecting hand;  
Filled are her men with boldness. Then do ye  
Report the message — the prerogative  
Of elders — to th' assembled Grecian chiefs,  
That they contrive some sounder plan than this  
To save the vessels and th' Achæan throng  
Beside the hollow ships; for this design

Of which they thought hath through mine anger  
proved

Impractical. Let Phœnix tarry here,  
And sleep beside us; on the morrow then  
May he attend me on the fleet and sail  
With us to our loved country, if he choose —  
I take him not unless he wish it so."

He spake, and all sat silent, marvelling  
At what they heard — for cruel words he spake,  
Phœnix at length, the aged knight, brake forth  
With streaming tears, and trembling for the fleet:

"Far-famed Achilles! if thy heart be thus  
Resolved upon return, if thou refuse  
Thus utterly to rescue our swift barks  
From devastating flame, since anger dwells  
Still in thy bosom, how shall Phœnix bide  
Here, if forsaken, dearest son, by thee?  
I was dispatched with thee by him, thy sire,  
Peleus, the venerable knight, that day  
When first he sent thee forth to Atreus' son  
From Phthia, still a tender youth, untrained  
In the impartial strife, or councils, where  
The heroes to high eminence attain.  
Therefore he sent me, bidding me instruct  
His son in all such knowledge, to become  
In oratory and in action famed.  
And so, dear child, I cannot bear to be  
Left here without thee — even though a god  
Promised to strip from me my hoary years,  
And make me once more young, in manhood's prime,

Such as I was when first from Greece I fled,  
The land of lovely women, to escape  
The anger of my sire Amyntor, son  
Of Ormenus. Our quarrel had aris'n  
Over a fair-haired concubine of whom  
He was enamored, casting thus a slight  
Upon his wife, my mother. Constantly  
My mother clasped my knees, and begged of me  
That I should take the maiden for mine own,  
That she might hate my father. I gave heed,  
And did as she enjoined. My father soon  
Suspected all, and show'ring many a curse  
Upon my head, invoked the Furies fell,  
Praying that never might a son of mine  
Sit on his knee. The god omnipotent  
In Hades, and Persephonè, the dire,  
Fulfilled his curse. It was my wish to slay  
My father with my whetted brand; but one  
Of the immortals bade mine anger cease,  
Turning my thoughts to what would surely be  
Said 'mong the people, and the great reproach  
That would be cast upon me by mankind,  
That I might not be called among the Greeks  
A parricide. Yet did my soul refuse  
To tarry in the palace and abide  
My father's anger. Many a friend besought,—  
My nephews too, and, thronging round me, strove  
To change my purpose to forsake my home;  
And multitudes of lusty sheep they slew,  
And of the crook-horned beeves of trailing feet,

And many a fattened porker did they singe  
And stretch upon the flames; and freely too  
Were drained the wine-jars of mine aged sire.  
For thrice three nights did my companions sleep  
About me; each in turn his vigil kept;  
And never were the fires allowed to die —  
Enkindled, one within the portico  
Of the well-guarded court, while one beside  
The sleeping-chamber's portal glowed within  
The vestibule. But when the tenth dark night  
Descended on me, I at length broke through  
The chamber doors, though joined with cunning art  
And o'er the court's enclosing wall with ease  
I leaped, unmarked by guardsmen and unseen  
By handmaids. Thence made I my way in flight  
Through broad-spread Hellas, till at last I gained  
Phthia, the fertile-soiled, where flocks are bred,  
And her King Peleus. With a gracious mien  
Peleus received me. I was loved by him  
Ev'n as a father loves his only son,  
Sole heir to all his treasure. He bestowed  
Riches upon me, placing many men  
Beneath my rule. In farthest Phthia lay  
My dwelling; I was the Dolopians' king.  
Achilles, peer of gods! it was my love  
That made thee what thou art. For thou wouldst  
ne'er  
Go to the board with any other friend,  
Nor wouldst partake of food within thy hall  
Until I set thee on my knees and carved

Thy meat, and of the relish proffered thee  
Thy fill, and to thy lips the wine-cup pressed.  
And oftentimes the tunic that I wore  
Was drenched with wine-drops that thy lips let  
stream

In helplessness of childhood. So have I  
Suffered for thee and labored, many a time,  
Considering how the gods had ne'er vouchsafed  
That son be born to me; but, godlike chief,  
I made thee mine own child, to shelter me  
From bitter fate. Achilles! yet restrain  
Thy mighty spirit; for thou hast no need  
To be thus ruthless-hearted. E'en the gods,  
Who stand so far above mankind in might,  
Virtue, and majesty, are moved by prayer.  
And therefore mortals, when they have transgressed  
And been in error, seek to appease the host  
Of heaven with supplications, making vows  
To win their favor, and their off'rings slay,  
With savory scents, and pourings forth of wine.  
For prayers are daughters of great Zeus, howe'er  
Wrinkled and lame, and with distorted eyes;  
Moving with painful steps in Folly's train;  
But Folly, strong and nimble-footed, far  
Outruns them all, and everywhere arrives  
Before them, bringing ill on men, to be  
Cured afterwards by prayers. Whoever greets  
Zeus' daughters, as they come, with rev'rence meet,  
Receives from them great benefit; they heed  
His supplications. But when one denies

And stubbornly refuses what they seek,  
They then repair to Zeus, beseeching him  
That Folly may attend upon that man  
Till his disasters have made good their wrong.  
Achilles! pay to Zeus's daughters now  
The rev'ence with which other brave men bend.  
For if Atrides proffered thee no gifts,  
Nor spake of others for the after-while,  
But were still furious in his rage, I ne'er  
Should counsel thee to fling away thine ire,  
And hasten to the succor of our host,  
Though sore their need be. But he offers thee  
Great treasures now, and others still in store,  
And he hath chosen from the Argive band  
Its noblest chiefs, the Greeks thyself lov'st best,  
And sent them hither to make prayer to thee.  
Disgrace not thou their errand nor their words;  
Although thou heretofore couldst not be blamed  
For harboring wrath. Ay, such reports as these  
Are told us of the mighty men of yore,  
When roused to furious passion. They were moved  
By presents and persuasion. Mine own mind  
Recalls the circumstances — 'tis no new thing,  
For it befell in olden days; and I  
Will now recount it, friends, before you all.  
With the Curetes there round Calydon  
Battled the Ætolians steadfast in the fray;  
Great was the slaughter; the Ætolian knights  
Defending Calydon, that city fair.  
And the Curetes eager for their part

To give the place to spoil. For Artemis  
The golden-throned had stirred them thus to strife,  
Indignant because CENEUS offered not  
To her the first-fruits of his orchard-lands.  
The other gods partook of hecatombs;  
But she alone, the child of mighty Zeus,  
Received no portion. Either he forgot,  
Or thought it trivial. Greatly erred he; soon  
The arrow-show'ring goddess, filled with rage,  
Sent a wild boar against him, gleaming-toothed,  
Which wrought great havoc in the orchards tilled  
By CENEUS. Many a stately tree it felled,  
Uprooted, covered with apple-blooms all o'er.  
But Meleager, son of CENEUS, slew  
The boar, from many cities gathering  
Huntsmen and hounds; no scanty force it took  
To slay that beast, so mighty; he had laid  
Full many a victim on the doleful pyre.  
And now the goddess made a clamor rise,  
And noisy bick'ring, 'twixt the mighty-souled  
Ætolians and Curetes, as to which  
Should have the wild boar's head and bristling hide.  
While Meleager, dear to Ares, still  
Was battling, the Curetes were hard pressed;  
Nor were they able, though a numerous host,  
To stay without the ramparts. But at last  
Into that hero's spirit entered ire —  
That passion which so oftentimes inflames  
The bosoms e'en of wise men. Wroth against  
Althæa,— her who bore him,— he remained



At home with Cleopatra, his fair bride,  
Child of Marpessa of the graceful limbs,  
Evenus' daughter, and of Idas, called  
The bravest of all mortals of his day;  
Who ventured once to bend his bow against  
Apollo's self, the comely bride to gain.  
Alcyonè the name was which the sire  
Of Cleopatra, and the queenly dame,  
Her mother, gave their child within their hall,  
For that when Phœbus, he who works afar,  
Bore off the mother, she, all desolate,  
As the sad halcyon crieth, so had mourned  
Her daughter. So beside her dallied he,  
Nursing his bitter wrath; indignant o'er  
His mother's curse. Ofttimes in grief she prayed  
The gods that they avenge her brother slain,  
And oftentimes she sank upon her knees,  
Smote with her hands the fruitful earth, and bathed  
Her breast with tears, and called on Hades' king,  
And on the dread Persephonè, to give  
Death to her son. Erinny's, she who walks  
In darkness, the relentless, heard her prayers  
From Erebus; soon round the gates rose din  
Of shattered bulwarks and tumultuous strife.  
Then did Ætolia's elder lords implore  
The help of Meleager, and they sent  
Their noblest priests to urge him to come forth  
And aid them, promising a great reward.  
In the most fertile spot of all the plain  
Of lovely Calydon they bade him choose

A field of fifty acres for his own  
Splendid domain; 'twas planted half in vines;  
The rest was cleared for ploughland. Many a time  
Did aged CENEUS, skilled to guide the steeds,  
Beseech his son to do so; oft he trod  
The threshold of his lofty-vaulted room  
And shook the strong-joined folding-doors in prayer.  
And earnestly his sisters and the queen,  
His mother, urged him; he was firmer still  
In his refusal. Many a friend besought,—  
The truest and most cherished of his friends;  
Yet failed to change the purpose of his heart;  
Till blows were show'ed upon his chamber-door  
And the Curetes scaled the battlements  
Seeking to wrap the mighty town in flame.  
Then Meleager's graceful bride at last  
Prayed him, in tears, recounting all the woes  
That mortals with a city's fall endure:  
The slaughter of the warriors, and the homes  
Wasted by conflagration, and the babes  
And the deep-bosomed women dragged away  
As captives. As he heard of these dread things,  
His soul was stirred; and he arose and cased  
His bosom in his gleaming suit of arms.  
'Twas thus, obedient to caprice, he saved  
The people of Ætolia from their fate.  
Yet did they never yield to him those gifts  
Many and fair, although he thus had proved  
Their savior. Harbor no such thoughts, dear son;  
And let no god persuade thee thus to do;

Unworthy it would be of thee to lend  
Aid only when our ships are wrapt in flame.  
Come, take the gifts — the Greeks shall honor thee  
As one divine. Less glory shalt thou share  
If later, and without reward, thou join  
The wasting combat, though thou save the day."

Then did the fleet Achilles answer make:  
"O aged father Phœnix, heav'nly-reared,  
Such honor I need not; for I have been  
Exalted by Zeus' purpose, as I deem,  
And it will hold me by my curvèd barks  
While breath still bides within my breast, and while  
My limbs have life. Be this my word to thee,  
And store it in thy bosom: Trouble not  
My soul with grief for Lord Atrides' sake.  
Thou oughtest not to love him; for I then  
Must perforce hate thee, whom I love so well.  
'Tis best that thou, as I, should trouble him  
Who troubleth me. Receive an equal part  
Of all my kingly pow'r; enjoy the half  
Of mine own glory. Leave these men to bear  
Their tidings, and remain thyself to rest  
Upon the yielding couch. At dawn of day  
We will take counsel whether to remain  
Or to depart and seek our fatherland."

He spake, and to Patroclus, with a nod,  
Gave silent sign to spread a well-laid couch  
For Phœnix, that the others might prepare  
To leave his lodging. Then the chief divine,  
Ajax, the son of Telamon, spake to them:

“Laërtes' heav'n-born son, Odysseus, famed  
For prudence, we had best begone. We ne'er  
Shall gain the object of our embassy  
By such a road as this, and we must soon  
Bear back the word, ill-boding though it be,  
Unto the Greeks that sit and wait us there.  
For still Achilles in his bosom keeps  
A fierce and arrogant spirit. Hard of heart,  
Unmoved by pity, he forgets the love  
His comrades bore him in thus honoring him  
Above all other men beside the fleet.  
E'en for the death of brother or of son  
Men accept expiation; he who slew  
Dwells still among his people, though the price  
He paid be great; th' avenger's wrathful heart,  
The penalty received, is reconciled.  
But in thy breast hath heav'n implanted ire  
Unquenchable and bitter, for the sake  
Of but one maiden. Seven we proffer now,  
Peerless in face, and stores of wealth beside.  
Let thy heart then be reconciled; respect  
Thy dwelling; here beneath thy roof are we,  
Chosen from all the multitude, and yearn  
Greatly to be esteemed thy best-beloved  
And dearest friends of all th' Achæan host.”

And then Achilles, fleet of foot, returned:—  
“O Telamonian Ajax, high of birth,  
The people's shepherd! all these words, I deem,  
Are uttered from thy heart; but still my breast  
Is swoln with wrath as I to memory call

Th' affronts that have been shown me by the son  
 Of Atreus in the eyes of Greece, as if  
 I were some worthless interloper. Go,  
 Report your message; never shall I lend  
 My thoughts to bloody warfare till the son  
 Of fiery Priam, Hector the divine,  
 Shall in his carnage of the Argives gain  
 The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,  
 And waste the ships with fire. Beside my lodge  
 And dusky bark shall Hector, as I ween,  
 Though furious, be compelled to stay his hand."

'Twas thus he spake. Each chieftain took a bow  
 With double cups; then, their libations done,  
 Led by Odysseus, sought once more the fleet.

Meanwhile Patroclus bade the serving-maids  
 And followers to prepare with utmost speed  
 A well-laid couch. So did they; soon 'twas spread  
 E'en as he bade, with fleece and rugs of wool,  
 And fine sheets spun from flaxen floss. Here lay  
 The aged man, the hallowed dawn to bide.  
 Achilles slumbered in the inner part  
 Of the firm-fashioned lodge; beside him lay  
 She whom he brought from Lesbos — Phorbos' child,  
 The fair-cheeked Diomedè. Opposite  
 Patroclus had his couch, and for his mate  
 The graceful Iphis; giv'n him for his own  
 By great Achilles on the day he took  
 High Scyros, Enyeüs' city strong.

When now those envoys came, and stood once  
 more

Among Atrides' tents, Achæa's braves  
Rose one by one to greet them, pledging them  
With golden chalices, inquiring. First  
Atrides Agamemnon asked,— the king:

“ Far-famed Odysseus, glory of our host!  
Come, tell the word — doth he consent to save  
The fleet from wasting flame, or still refuse,  
Anger yet raging in his haughty breast? ”

And great Odysseus, long-enduring, spake:  
“ Illustrious son of Atreus, king of men.  
He will not quench his anger, but is filled  
Yet more with fury, and refuseth thee  
And all thy gifts. His word to thee he sends  
That thou thyself take counsel with thy host  
How to save ships and Argives; for his part,—  
Such is his threat — at daybreak he designs  
To launch his shapely ships upon the deep;  
And 'tis his counsel that the rest embark  
For home, since ne'er shall ye behold the fall  
Of lofty Ilium. Far-seeing Zeus hath stretched  
O'er her his shelt'ring arm; her warriors' breasts  
Are filled with courage. So he spake; and these  
My followers, Ajax, the two heralds here,  
Both men of wisdom, bear me out. But he,—  
The aged Phœnix,— tarried there to rest;  
So the chief bade him; that he might set sail  
With him to-morrow for his home, if thus  
He choose — he will not take him 'gainst his will.”

Such was Odysseus' message. All were mute,  
Astounded at the fearful words he spake.

Long sate th' Achæans dumb with grief. At leng<sup>m</sup>  
Said Diomed, the great in battle-call:—

“Famed Agamemnon, son of Atreus, lord  
Of men! I would thou never hadst invoked  
The help of great Pelides, tempting him  
With countless treasures. Proud of mood is he  
Always; but thou hast made him haughtier still.  
But let us leave him to himself, to go  
Or tarry; he will join the strife again  
When stirred by heav'n, and prompted by his hear<sup>m</sup>  
Heed now my words:— Retire ye all to rest,  
Contenting first your souls with food and wine;  
Therein lies strength and courage; but at first  
Approach of beauteous rosy-fingered Dawn,  
Haste thou to range thine infantry and steeds  
Before the ships; inspire the rest, and take  
Thine own place 'mong the champions of the fray.”

Such were his words; and all the chiefs approve<sup>m</sup>  
The words that chivalrous Tydides spake.  
Libations done, each warrior sought his tent,  
There to lie down and seek the boon of sleep.

## BOOK X

### THE CAPTURE OF DOLON

Agamemnon, unable to sleep in his distress for the safety of the Greek fleet and army, is visited by Menelaüs in similar disquietude; he sends him to awaken Ajax and Idomeneus. He himself rouses Nestor; they go to awaken Odysseus and Diomed; the latter is bidden to summon Oilean Ajax and Meges. They repair to visit the guards, whom they find alert and vigilant. Nestor urges the sending of a spy to the Trojan camp to ascertain the enemy's plans and intended position. Diomed volunteers for the task and chooses, from many who offer themselves, Odysseus as his companion. Having prayed to Pallas, they arm themselves and set forth. Meantime Hector has similarly induced Dolon, son of Eumedes, to go forth to reconnoitre the Greek fleet, promising him with an oath, in the event of his success, the steeds of Achilles. Dolon on his way is seen and stopped by Odysseus and Diomed; he implores them to spare his life. They ply him with questions as to the position and plans of the Trojans, which he answers fully, volunteering the information that the camp of Rhesus, the Thracian king, newly arrived upon the field, may be safely invaded and his wonderful horses captured. Diomed and Odysseus, thus informed, put Dolon to death, dedicating his arms to Athena. They enter the camp of Rhesus, slaying him with twelve companions and seizing the steeds; which they drive to the Greek camp, Diomed being warned by Athena of the danger of lingering. The Trojans are





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roused by Apollo, but too late to capture the two Greeks who are welcomed with praise and rejoicing by their comrades in the Greek camp; they bathe, and, making libation to Athena, sit down to feast.

## BOOK X

**T**HE rest of Panachæa's chieftains slept  
All night beside their galleys, overcome  
**By** balmy slumber; but to Atreus' son,  
**To** Agamemnon, shepherd of the host,  
**Sw**eeet sleep came not,— his mind was pond'ring o'er  
**A** multitude of cares. As when the lord  
**Of** gold-tressed Hera hurls his bolts, and sends  
**His** great tempestuous rains, or show'rs of hail,  
**Or** snow-storms flecking all the fields with white,  
**Or** makes the mighty jaws of baleful strife  
**To** yawn somewhere; not less continuously  
**Did** Agamemnon's bosom pour forth sighs  
**From** his heart's depths; his soul was thrilled with  
fear.

**G**azing o'er Ilium's plain, he stood amazed  
**At** all the countless watchfires kindled there  
**Before** the city; at the sound of flutes  
**And** pipes, and outcries of the thronging men.  
**And** when he turned his eyes upon the barks  
**And** on the host of Greeks, he tore his locks  
**In** handfuls from his head, and cast them up  
**To** Zeus above; his great heart groaned aloud.  
**How**beit it at length appeared most safe  
**To** seek Neleian Nestor, first of all,  
**And** try to frame with him some sound design  
**For** rescuing all the Argives from their doom.

Rising, he slipped the tunic o'er his breast,  
Bound the fair sandals on his shining feet,  
And donning a great tawny lion's hide  
As mantle,— stained with blood, whose long folds  
swept

The ground about his feet — he grasped his spear.

So trembled likewise Menelaüs — sleep  
Sate not upon his eyelids — lest mischance  
Might come upon the Argives, who had crossed  
The mighty ocean Troy-ward for his sake,  
Bent on brave battling. His broad shoulders first  
He shrouded with a spotted leopard's hide,  
Raised the bronze helm, and set it on his brow,  
And clenched the jav'lin in his mighty hand,  
And went to rouse his brother,— chief in sway  
Over the Greeks, and by his host revered  
As one divine. Beside his vessel's stern  
He found him buckling on his glorious mail  
About his shoulders. Glad was he to see  
His brother coming. First unto the king  
Said Menelaüs, great in battle-call:

“Why gird thine armor on, O brother mine?  
Wouldst send some follower forth that he may spy  
On Ilium's camp? Yet greatly do I fear  
That none will undertake this task for thee,—  
To go alone thus through th' ambrosial gloom  
And penetrate the bivouac of the foe  
To play the scout; he needs be stout of heart.”

King Agamemnon thus in answer spake:—  
“O heav'n-reared Menelaüs, thou and I

Have need of prudent counsel, to defend  
And save the Greeks and vessels, since the mood  
Of Zeus hath turned against us. He hath more  
Regard, I ween, for Hector's off'rings now;  
For never have I seen nor heard report  
Of single hero who in one day's space  
Performed such prodigies as Hector, loved  
Of Zeus, hath wrought against the sons of Greece,  
Although from neither god nor goddess sprung.  
Deeds hath he done which must for long years bring  
Woe to the Greeks — such havoc hath he made.  
Haste now, and speeding nimbly to the fleet,  
Bid Ajax and Idomeneus attend;  
Whilst I seek noble Nestor, urging him  
To rise and go where stands the sacred band  
Of sentries, and direct them what to do.  
Him will they readily obey; his son  
Is their commander, with Meriones,  
Squire of Idomeneus; to these we gave  
Charge of the sentries as their special care."

Returned his brother great in shout of strife:  
"What then is thy behest to me — that I  
Abide there with the guards till thou arrive,  
Or give the charge and hasten after thee?"

King Agamemnon answered: "Tarry there,  
Lest we should miss each other as we go;  
For through the camp runs many a pathway. While  
Thou goest, call aloud on every man  
To watch, addressing each by family name;  
Give fitting honor unto all; let not

Thy heart be swoln with pride; for also we  
Now have our toil; since at our birth-hours Zeus  
Imposed on us a hard and heavy task."

He spake, and sent away his brother, charged  
With many injunctions. He himself meanwhile  
Went to seek Nestor, shepherd of his host.  
He found him on his downy couch reclined  
There at his lodging by his dark ship's side;  
And by the warrior lay his fair-wrought arms —  
Buckler, two jav'lins, and a glinting casque.  
Beside him too the glist'ning girdle lay  
Which the old chief bound round him when he  
                  donned

His mail and led his men to deadly strife;  
Not yielding yet to melancholy age.  
Leaning upon his elbow, with raised head,  
Spake he to Atreus' son inquiringly:

"What man art thou who comest thus alone  
Athwart th' encampment, where are moored the  
                  barks,

Through the deep night while other mortals sleep  
Dost search for sentry or for comrade? Speak,  
Come not thus silent; what is thy desire?"

Then answered Agamemnon, sov'reign king:  
"O Nestor, son of Neleus, the great pride  
Of our Achæan army, surely thou  
Wilt know Atrides Agamemnon — him  
Whom Zeus hath burthened with a heavier weight  
Of care than is endured by other men,  
Lasting while breath within my breast abides

And motion in my limbs. I wander thus  
Because refreshing slumber will not lie  
Upon mine eyes — my thoughts are full of strife  
And of the Greeks' misfortunes. For I fear  
Greatly for Greece; no calm my spirit finds;  
Dazed is my mind; the heart within me leaps  
Forth from my bosom, and my strong limbs quake.  
If thou wilt act — since thou too canst not sleep —  
Descend we hither where the sentries lie,  
To see if conquered by their weariness  
And need of slumber they have lain to rest,  
All heedless of the watch. Our enemies  
Sit close at hand, and plan, for aught we know,  
To smite us under cover of the dark."

Nestor, the knight Gerenian, ans'ring spake:  
"Illustrious son of Atreus, king of men,  
All that now Hector purposes and hopes  
The Couns'lor Zeus will never bring to pass;  
He will be laden with still weightier cares,  
I ween, if once Achilles' mood be changed  
From its fierce wrath. I gladly follow thee;  
And let us rouse the other chiefs — the famed  
Spearman Tydides, and Odysseus too,  
Ajax the fleet, and Phyleus' valorous child;  
And then — if any would repair to call  
Them too — the other Ajax, peer of gods,  
And King Idomeneus — their ships are beached  
At farthest distance, and not nigh at hand.  
But as for Menelaüs, though he be  
Dear and revered, and though thyself be wroth,

I must rebuke him, hiding not my thoughts,  
For slumb'ring thus, abandoning such cares  
To thee alone. He should be busied 'mong  
The leaders now, to urge them to the field—  
Now cometh need, to be withstood no more."

Wide-ruling Agamemnon answ'ring spake:  
"I would at other times, O aged sire,  
Urge thee to chide him—he is often lax  
And disinclined to toil; howbeit not  
From shrinking fear, nor yet from thoughtlessness,  
But that he looks to me and waits till I  
Shall prompt him. Yet he rose before me now,  
And stood beside me. I have sent him on  
To call the chiefs of whom thou askest. Speed  
We onward now, and we shall find the rest  
Before the gates among the sentries; since  
'Twas my command that they assemble there."

Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, rejoined:  
"No Argive then can censure him, nor fail  
To lend his word obedience when he comes  
To rouse him and to bid him take the field."

He spake, and wrapt the tunic round his breast,  
Beneath his shining feet fair sandals bound,  
And buckled on his cloak of purple dye,  
Double, with ample folds, thick-covered o'er  
With shaggy wool; then seized his jav'lin strong,  
Tipped with sharp brazen head, and hastened toward  
The vessels of Achæa's bronze-mailed host.  
First did Gerenian Nestor's call awake  
From sleep Odysseus, who in counsel vied

With Zeus. The shout fell sharply on his ear;  
 Out from his tent he came, accosting them:

"What men are ye who wander thus alone  
 In the fragrant night amid the camp and fleet?  
 What is the pressing need that brings you here?"

Then did Gerenian Nestor make reply:  
 "Laertes' heav'n-born son, Odysseus, famed  
 For cunning skill, be not thou wroth; for dire  
 Disaster whelms our Argives. Follow now;  
 Let us arouse yet other chiefs who may  
 Deliberate if we shall fight or flee."

He spake. Discreet Odysseus sought once more  
 His lodge, and round about his shoulders slung  
 His carven shield, and followed. Soon they reached  
 Tydides Diomed, and found the chief  
 All armed without his tent; his comrades slept  
 Around him, pillowed on their shields, their spears  
 Imbedded upright in the ground upon  
 The spikes at their butt-ends; their bronze tips  
 gleamed

Far as the lightnings of our heav'nly sire.

There the prince slept upon the outstretched skin  
 Of a wild bull, field-bedding; while beneath  
 His head a mat of brilliant hue was spread.

Then to his side Gerenian Nestor stopt,  
 And touched him with his foot, and waking him  
 From slumber, thus administered reproof:—

"Wake, son of Tydeus! why art sunk in sleep  
 All through the night? Dost not perceive how  
 they



Of Troy are camped upon the rising ground  
 Upon the plain hard by our ships, and small  
 The interval that holds the hosts apart?"

Thus spake he. Instantly the hero sprang  
 From slumber, and replied with wingèd words:—

"Perverse art thou, O aged king! Thou ne<sup>er</sup>  
 Wilt cease from toil. Are there no younger m<sup>en</sup>  
 Among the Greeks to range the camp and rouse  
 The chiefs? 'Tis useless to contend with thee."

The knight Gerenian Nestor made reply:

"All this is seasonably said, my child;  
 Unblemished sons have I, and many men  
 And one of these might go to call the chiefs;  
 Yet bitter need constrains the Grecian host;  
 The issue hangs upon the razor's edge  
 Whether th' Achæans now shall live, or die  
 A wretched death. But hasten now to wake  
 Fleet Ajax,—Phyleus' son as well, for thou  
 Art younger — if thou grieve<sup>st</sup> o'er my tasks."

He spake. Tydides round his shoulders threw  
 A huge and tawny lion's hide, that fell  
 About his feet, and grasped his spear, and sped  
 To rouse the chiefs, and brought them thence w  
 him.

Now when those chiefs had joined the troops  
 guards,  
 They did not find their captains sleeping; all  
 Sate fully armed, awake. As shepherd-dogs  
 Within the farm-yard weary vigil keep  
 Over their herds, and hearken to the roar

Of some fierce beast of prey that creeps apace  
 Through groves amid the hills; loud round him ring  
 The cries of dogs and huntsmen that give chase,  
 And slumber dieth from the watchers' eyes;  
 So from the sentries' eyes sweet slumber passed  
 As that dread night they kept their vigil,—aye  
 Scanning the plain, whenever Ilium's bands  
 Were heard in motion. Then the aged man  
 Rejoiced to see them; courage filled his heart;  
 Thus to them in winged syllables he spake:

“Keep ever vigil thus, dear sons; let none  
 Slumber, to fill our enemies with joy.”

He spake, and hastened through the trench; and  
 all

**T**he Argive chieftains who had been convoked  
**T**o council followed. Nestor's glorious son  
**W**as with them, and Meriones; for they  
**H**ad called them to take part. Thus passing o'er  
**T**he deep-drawn moat, the chieftains sate them down  
**I**n a clear space that showed amid the piles  
**O**f corpses; for the mighty Hector turned  
 Back from his carnage of th' Achæans here,  
 Since night was falling. There they took their seats,  
 Advising each his fellow. First to rise  
 Was Nestor, the Gerenian knight; who said:—  
 “Friends, can we find no man to trust so far  
 His courage as to go among the throng  
 Of great-souled Trojans? He might perhaps o'er-  
 pow'r  
 Some straggler from the hostile ranks, or hear

Some word of rumor 'mong them, and thus learn  
What their resolve be — whether they intend  
To remain posted here beside the fleet,  
At distance from the town, or to return  
To Ilium, having beaten back the Greeks.  
All this he might discover, and return  
To us unscathed. Great glory should he gain  
'Mong all mankind that dwell beneath the sky,  
Noble reward as well; for every prince  
Who now commands a bark should to him yield  
A black ewe with her unweaned lamb — a prize  
Without compare; and he shall ever have  
A seat at all our banquets and repasts.”

Thus spake he. Silent sate they all. At length  
Spake Diomed the loud in shout of strife:

“Nestor, the impulse of my hardy heart  
Prompts me to penetrate the camp, so near,  
Where lie our foes. But if some other knight  
Could go as comrade, I should be inspired  
With greater hope and courage. For when two  
Proceed together, one of them discerns  
The advantageous course before his friend;  
Where one goes singly, though he mark the truth,  
Slow is his mind to act, his prudence small.”

Thus spake he. Many knights expressed desire  
To follow Diomed. First the Ajax-pair,  
Those men-at-arms of Ares, urged their claim;  
Meriones desired it; Nestor's son  
Longed for it greatly; Atreus' son as well,  
Spear-renowned Menelaüs; and the bold

Odysseus, too, was eager to invade  
The camp of Ilium — for his heart was e'er  
Filled with stout courage. Then the king of men,  
Great Agamemnon, rose, and thus he spake:

“Tydides Diomed, my soul's dear friend,  
Take with thee now the comrade of thy choice,  
Bravest of all who come; for many a chief  
Would fain go with thee. Neither let thy heart  
Be swayed by veneration or regard  
Due to the lineage of any here,  
E'en though he be of royal rank — to leave  
The better man and take the worse with thee.”

Thus said the monarch, anxious for the sake  
Of bright-haired Menelaüs. Then rejoined  
The son of Tydeus brave in battle-call:

“If it be then thy word that mine own choice  
Appoint my comrade, how can I pass o'er  
Divine Odysseus? Zealous is his heart  
And brave his spirit in laborious tasks;  
Athena loves him well. If only he  
Were my companion, we should both return,  
Though from the midst of blazing fires; for in  
Plan and design he hath surpassing skill.”

Then great Odysseus, long-enduring, said: —

“Tydides, give me neither praise nor blame  
Beyond my due; thou speak'st before the Greeks  
Who know all well. But let us haste; the night  
Is far advanced, and daybreak draweth nigh;  
The stars verge low; two-thirds,—the greater  
part —

Of night hath passed, and but a third is left."

Thus spake the chiefs, and donned their dread  
mail;

And Thrasymedes, staunch in battle, gave  
His two-edged sword to Diomed, who had left  
His own beside his bark; his buckler too  
He lent, and placed upon his brows that casque  
Fashioned of bull's-hide, without crest or plume  
'Tis called the leather-cap, and guards the brows  
Of sturdy youths. Meriones equipped  
Odysseus with a quiver, bow, and brand,  
And set upon his head a helm of hide,  
Firm-bound within by many a thong, and set  
Thickly without with wild-boar's gleaming teeth  
Planted with cunning care. A shield of felt  
Was set between. From Eleon in days past  
Autolycus had brought the helm, what time  
He forced the strong house of Amyntor, son  
Of Ormenus; to the Cytherian prince  
Amphidamas he gave the casque, to be  
Brought to Scandea; next it was bestowed  
On Molus by Amphidamas, a seal  
Of their guest-friendship; Molus gave it then  
Unto Meriones, his son, to bear;  
And now 'twas set to shield Odysseus' brow.

So the two chieftains, having donned their arms  
Fearsome to see, set forth; the others all  
They left. Athena sent a heron down  
To hover near the way on their right hand;  
They could not see it through the murky night,

But heard its scream. Odysseus' soul rejoiced  
At the bird's call. To Pallas thus he prayed:—

“O daughter of the Ægis-bearer, hear  
My prayer — for thou art ever by my side  
In all my hardships; never do I move  
Without thy knowledge. Pallas, now bestow  
Once more thy special care on me; vouchsafe  
That we return in glory to our barks,  
Having done this great deed to trouble Troy.”

And next Tydides, brave in war-shout, prayed:  
“Hear me now also, thou unconquered child  
Of Zeus; go with me, e'en as thou didst once  
Attend my father Tydeus, godlike chief,  
That time he went as envoy unto Thebes  
Sent from th' Achæans. Tydeus left his band  
Of bronze-clad Greeks beside Asopus' stream,  
And went himself to bear the words of peace  
To the Cadmeians; and returning thence,  
O divine goddess! with thy help he wrought  
Prodigious deeds — for thou wert by his side  
With zealous aid. So now vouchsafe to stand  
Beside me to defend me. I will slay  
To thee a yearling heifer, broad of brow,  
Untamed, that ne'er hath been by master's hand  
Brought 'neath the yoke; yea, I will gild her horns,  
And offer her in sacrifice to thee.”

Thus prayed the twain, and Pallas heard their  
prayers.

So having made petition to the child  
Of mighty Zeus, the heroes hastened forth,

Ev'n as two lions, through the gloom; amid  
The slaughter, corpses, armor and dark blood—

Neither did Hector leave the valorous men  
Of Troy to slumber, but assembled all  
The captains and the couns'lors of their host;  
And thus for them his wise design he framed:

“Who for my sake will undertake and we  
Perform, for liberal recompense, this task?  
Sure shall his gain be. He shall have from me  
A battle-car and pair of arch-necked steeds,  
Fleetest in all the swift ships of the Greeks,—  
Whoever dares win glory for himself  
By stealing near the galleys, to discern  
Whether they still are guarded as of old,  
Or whether, conquered by our strength, our foes  
Bethink themselves of flight, nor longer care  
To keep the vigil through the hours of dark;  
As being with laborious toil outworn.”

So spake he; all were silent. Now there was  
A certain Dolon in the Trojan band,  
Son of Eumedes, herald loved on high;  
One rich in gold and bronze; in feature mean,  
Yet fleet of foot; the only brother born  
Among five sisters. This man now spake forth  
To Hector and before the Trojan host:

“Hector, the impulse of my dauntless heart  
Prompts me to go amid the journeying fleet  
And learn what thou wouldst know. But raise aloft  
Thy sceptre with a vow that thou wilt yield  
The steeds and chariot, rich with bronze, that bear

Blameless Pelides. I'll not be to thee  
A useless scout, nor disappoint thy hope;  
For I will hold a straight course through the camp  
Till I arrive at Agamemnon's bark;  
Since there it is the chieftains' plan to hold  
Their council whether they will fight or flee."

Such were the warrior's words; and Hector  
grasped

The sceptre, vowing thus: "Let Zeus himself,  
Hera's loud-thund'ring lord, be witness now  
That no man else of Ilium's sons shall ride  
After those steeds; thine shall the glory be."

He spake; the oath was vain, yet filled the man  
With ardor. O'er his shoulders soon he slung  
His curving bow, and wrapt a gray wolf's hide  
About him, setting on his head a casque  
Of weasel's skin, and grasped his whetted lance,  
And hastened from the camp to where the barks  
Of Greece were beached. Yet was he destined  
ne'er

To leave those galleys more, nor bear the word  
Back unto Hector. Passing now beyond  
The throngs of chiefs and coursers, Dolon sped  
Eagerly on his way. But as he came  
Toward them, Odysseus, he of heav'nly birth,  
Espied him and to Diomed thus spake:

"Yonder, Tydides, comes a warrior forth  
From the foe's camp — I know not if he seek  
To spy upon our fleet, or to despoil  
Some of the dead. But let us leave him first



To slip a little past us on the plain,  
 Then suddenly dart forth and capture him.  
 If he outstrip us, we will constantly  
 Menace him with our lances, thrusting him  
 Back from Troy's camp, and toward our galleys, ~~lest~~  
 He 'scape us, speeding toward the city-walls."

Thus spake the chiefs, and crouched amid ~~the~~  
 slain

Outside the highway, whilst their thoughtless foe  
 Rushed by. But when he was as far away  
 As mules from oxen move, when, yoked in teams,  
 They plough a furrow's length — because the mule ~~can~~  
 Can drag the firm-wrought plough more swift ~~ly~~  
 through

The deep soil, newly-turned — the warriors sped  
 To cut him off. He, at the sound, stood still;  
 For his heart hoped they might be friends from  
 Troy

Sent to recall him, at a new command  
 Of Hector. When they were a spear's-cast off,  
 Or even less, he saw them to be foes,  
 And nimbly plied his limbs in flight; the twain  
 Hot in pursuit. As two hounds sharp of teeth,  
 Experienced in the chase, press steadily  
 On through a wooded glade, pursuing deer  
 Or hare, that shrieking still before them flies;  
 So Diomed and the spoiler of walled towns,  
 Odysseus, pressed straight onward without stay,  
 Parting him from his comrades. When he neared  
 The ships in flight, and soon would have been lost

Among the guards there, Pallas lent new might  
 To Diomed, that no other bronze-mailed Greek  
 Might give the first wound, thus to vaunt his feat,  
 Whilst Tydeus' son came second. That bold chief,  
 Whilst charging on Dolon, spear in hand, thus spake:

“Halt, or I find thee with my lance; not long  
 Canst thou escape thy downfall at this hand.”

He spake, and cast it, yet designèdly  
 Missing his man. The burnished spear's point sped  
 O'er his right shoulder and stood fixed in earth,  
 While, trembling, stamm'ring, Dolon stood, with  
 face

Livid with terror, and with chatt'ring teeth;

And the two panting chieftains overtook

The wretch, and seized his hands. He wept aloud:

“O take me captive! I will surely buy

My ransom; there is gold within our hall,

Bronze too, and iron forged with toil; of these

There should be giv'n you freely by my sire

Uncounted ransom, should he learn that I

Were living and beside th' Achæan barks.”

Then spake Odysseus of unnumbered wiles:

“Take courage; let not thought of death oppress

Thy heart, but tell me truly what I ask:

Whither thou goest, quitting thus thy camp

Alone, and hast'ning toward our galleys here

Through the deep night when other mortals sleep?

Comest thou with intent to spoil the slain?

Or else hath Hector sent thee forth as spy,

To the deep barks? Or is the thought thine own?”

Returned he, trembling-kneed: "All 'gainst my will,

'Twas Hector, to my ruin, who prevailed  
On me to come. He promised I should have  
Far-famed Pelides' solid-footed steeds,  
And chariot, rich with bronze-work; bidding me  
Haste through the darksome and swift-sinking night  
And, stealing near the enemy, ascertain  
Whether the barks be guarded as of old,  
Or whether, conquered by our strength, your Greeks  
Bethink themselves of flight, nor longer care  
To keep the vigil through the hours of dark,  
By their hard labors spent and overworn."

Then wise Odysseus answered with a smile:  
"Thy heart was set on glorious gifts indeed —  
Those steeds of fierce Æacides; 'tis hard  
For mortal man to tame or drive that pair,  
Save for Achilles, an immortal's son.  
But answer now, and tell me truthfully:  
When that thou camest hither, in what place  
Didst thou leave Hector, shepherd of the host?  
Where lie his martial arms, and where his steeds?  
Where are the other Trojans' sentry-bands,  
And where their couches? What is now their  
plan,—

Intend they to stay posted here beside  
The fleet and far from Troy, or to retire  
Toward Ilium, having routed thus our host?"

Dolon, Eumedes' son, in answer spake:—  
"Truly will I declare what thou wouldst know.

Hector conferreth with his couns'lors now  
Beside the tomb of Ilus, godlike chief,  
Far from the tumult. But as for the bands  
Of guards concerning which thou question'st me,  
None hath been chosen, hero! — none defends  
Or watches o'er the camp. The men of Troy  
Maintain the vigil, as they must, round all  
Their camp-fires, urging every man his mate  
To watch; but their allies from many a land  
Are wrapt in sleep, and leave the sentries' task  
To Troy; they have no wives nor children near."

The man of craft, Odysseus, answ'ring spake:  
"Tell me; how slumber they — amid the knights  
Of Ilium, or apart? that I may know."

Eumedes' scion, Dolon, thus rejoined:  
"This too I now will truthfully reveal.  
There by the sea are camped the Carian bands,  
And the Pæonians armed with curving bow;  
The Lelegans, Cauconians and divine  
Pelasgians; on the side of Thymbra placed  
Are Lycians, Mysians also, fierce in fray,  
As well the Phrygians, conqu'rors of the steeds,  
And the Mæonians, skilled in chariot-fight.  
But why inquire all these details of me?  
If ye desire to make your way within  
The Trojan lines, the Thracians, late arrived,  
Furthest, removed from all the rest, are there;  
Rhesus, their king, son of Eïoneus,  
Is with his troop. He hath the fairest steeds  
That ever I beheld, and largest too;

Whiter than snow,— like wind their speed; his ca  
 With silver and with gold is richly dight;  
 Arrayed in massive mail of gold he came,  
 Wondrous to see; no mortal men should bear  
 Such armor, but th' undying gods alone.  
 But bring me now to the swift barks, or bind  
 Me with your cruel chains, and leave me here  
 Till ye return; make trial of my word,  
 And whether I have not informed you well."

But with a frown spake Tydeus' mighty son: —  
 "Think not, O Dolon, that thou canst escape,  
 Once fall'n within our hands, though truly thou  
 Hast brought good news. If now we ransom the  
 Or let thee go, thou wilt another time  
 Come to the swift Achæan barks, to spy,  
 Or to wage open war; if to my hands  
 Thou yield now, and thy life be lost, thou ne'er  
 Canst come to trouble the Greek army more."

Thus spake the chief. As Dolon, with strong  
 hand  
 Clasping his chin, would have made prayer, he  
 sprang  
 Upon him with his brand, and with it smote  
 The Trojan's neck. Both tendons were cleft  
 through;  
 As yet he cried, his head rolled in the dust.  
 Then from his brow they took the weasel casque,  
 Took the wolf's-hide, long lance, and bending bow;  
 And great Ulysses raised the spoil aloft  
 In booty-gath'ring Pallas' sight, and prayed: —

“Receive, O queen, for thy delight, this spoil;  
Thee do we honor first of all the gods  
The  
Up  
To  
Upon Olympus. Lead us also now  
where the Thracians have their beds and steeds.”

Such was his prayer. He raised the trophies  
high

And hung them on a tamarisk, breaking off  
The tree's luxuriant boughs and reeds to mark  
The place conspicuously, that they might not  
Pass it unnoticed, through the swift night's gloom  
Returning. Onward then the heroes passed,  
'Mid heaps of armor and black blood, and soon  
Attained their goal, the Thracians' bivouac. These,  
Spent with their labors, slept; their shimm'ring arms  
Resting beside them on the ground, all piled  
Fairly in triple rows; by each man's side  
Stood his yoked steeds; and Rhesus in the midst  
Slept by his own fleet chargers, by their reins  
Tied to the chariot-rim. Odysseus first  
Marked him, and showed him to his fellow-chief:

“Here is the man, Tydides, here the steeds  
Revealed to us by Dolon, whom we slew.  
Show now thy valorous might — thou shouldst not  
stand

Idle, all armed. Unyoke the steeds, or smite  
The men, and leave the coursers to my care.”

He spake, and Pallas of the sparkling eye  
Inspired his frame with might. He turned and  
slew

On every hand; and dreadful groans were heard

From the sword-smitten; and the earth with blood  
Ran red. As when a furious lion creeps  
Where lies a flock unshepherded of goats  
Or sheep, and springs upon them; so the son  
Of Tydeus sprang upon the Thracian host  
Till twelve were slain. The chief of many wiles,  
Odysseus, aided; when Tydides smote  
One with the brand, Odysseus came and seized  
His foot, and dragged him backward from the way,  
That the fair-manèd steeds, untrained in strife,  
Might find a readier path, nor feel affright  
In treading the unwonted heaps of slain.  
But when Tydides came upon the king,  
He took the thirteenth cherished life away,  
And slew him, as he panted; for that night  
A baleful dream, in guise CEnides, stood  
Above the warrior's head, by Pallas' plan.  
Odysseus, the long-suff'ring, loosed meantime  
Th' uncloven-footed steeds, and, coupling them  
With reins, he drave them from amid the throng,  
Urged with his bow — he had not thought to take  
The shining scourge from out the rich-wrought  
car,—

And with a whistle signalled Diomed.  
But that brave warrior tarried, as he thought  
What were the boldest feat he might perform —  
To seize the chariot where the rich mail lay,—  
To draw it by the pole, or raise it high  
And bear it off — or whether to destroy  
E'en greater numbers of the Thracian band.

Whilst thus brave Diomed reflected, came

Pallas Athena to his side, and spake:

“ Son of great Tydeus, now bethink thee how

Thou shalt return to the deep barks, for fear

Thou mayst be driv'n to them in flight, should one

Of th' other gods awake the host of Troy.”

She spake. He heard the heav'nly voice, and  
sprang

Swiftly upon his car. Odysseus smote

The coursers with his bow; these, fleet of foot,

Sped toward th' Achæans' swiftly-sailing barks.

Nor did Apollo of the silver bow

Keep vigil blindly, seeing Pallas thus

Attend Tydides. Filled with wrath at her,

Down sprang he 'mid the numerous Trojan throng,

And bade Hippocoön, Thracian couns'lor, rise,—

Rhesus' brave kinsman. Starting up from sleep,

Seeing the place all empty where had stood

The swift-paced steeds, the warriors quivering

In gory death, he groaned, and called by name

His beloved comrade. Then was heard a din

And mighty uproar, as the Trojans sped,

Flocking together, and beheld aghast

The prodigies the chieftains had performed,

Who now were hast'ning toward their hollow barks.

When the two reached the place where Hector's  
spy

Had fall'n, Odysseus, heav'n-beloved, reined in

The speeding chargers, whilst Tydides sprang

To earth, and gave the gory trophies to



Odysseus' hands, then climbed the car once more;  
He lashed the steeds, and these with willing feet  
Flew toward the hollow barks — the path they love  
Nestor first heard the clatt'ring hoofs, and called:

“ Friends, counselors and chieftains of the Greek  
Shall I speak truth or falsehood? yet my heart  
Prompts me to utter what I think. The sound  
Of flying coursers' hoofs assails mine ear.  
Would that Odysseus and brave Diomed now  
Were urging hither solid-footed steeds  
Seized from the Trojans! But I greatly fear  
Lest these, the bravest of the Argive knights,  
Have suffered harm from Troy's tumultuous bands

But ere he yet had ended, lo, they came.  
Down leaped they to the earth; their friends, o'er-  
joyed,  
Hailed them with hand-clasps and with cordi-  
praise;

And first Gerenian Nestor questioned thus: —

“ Renowned Odysseus, glory of our host,  
Tell me, I pray, where captured ye these steeds?  
Did ye then penetrate the Trojan camp,  
Or else did some immortal, whom ye met,  
Bestow them on you? for their beauty glows  
Bright as the sun's rays. Oft am I within  
The lines of Ilium, for I loiter not —  
Old warrior though I am — beside the fleet;  
Yet chargers such as these I ne'er have seen,—  
Seen, nor discovered. 'Twas some god, I know,

**M**et you and gave them; for cloud-gath'ring Zeus  
**L**oves ye both well; and so doth Pallas too,  
**T**he sparkling-eyed, the Ægis-bearer's child."

The many-counselled chief in answer spake:—

"Neleian Nestor, glory thou of Greece,  
 'Tis true, a god might readily bestow  
**U**pon us fairer steeds than even these,  
**S**eeing the gods' might surpasses ours so far.  
**B**ut these, O venerable chief, of which  
**T**hou askest me, are Thracians, new-arrived;  
**F**or valiant Diomed hath slain their lord  
**A**nd comrades twelve, all nobles, by his side;  
**Y**et a thirteenth died—'twas a scout we slew  
**H**ard by the fleet, whom Hector and his train  
**O**f braves had sent to spy upon our camp."

Thus the chief spake, and, all exultant, drove

**A**cross the moat th' uncloven-footed steeds;  
**F**ollowed the other Greeks in jubilant throng.  
**W**hen to Tydides' fair-built lodge they came,  
**W**ith well-trimmed thongs they made the coursers  
 fast

**I**n the steeds'-manger, in the place where stood  
**T**ydides' horses, swift to run, and fed  
**U**pon delicious wheat. Laertes' son  
**M**eantime had laid slain Dolon's gory spoil  
**A**t his ship's stern, designing to prepare  
**A** sacred gift to Pallas. Then the chiefs  
**E**ntered the ocean-tide, to lave from knee  
**A**nd neck and thigh the copious sweat of toil;

Then cleansed by ocean's billows, and refreshed  
They sought the polished baths; and now, <sup>1</sup>  
bathed

And rubbed with the rich olive-oil, sate down  
To mid-day meal; and from the brimming bowl  
Poured Pallas a libation of sweet wine.

## BOOK XI

### THE VALOR OF AGAMEMNON

The goddess of Strife is sent by Zeus to the Greeks to inspire them with ardor. Agamemnon arms himself for battle; his wonderful armor described in detail. The Greek and Trojan positions are also described. The struggle is resumed; the Greeks at length break the Trojan lines, slaying many champions. Agamemnon leads in the carnage, slaying Isus and Antiphus, sons of Priam, regardless of their prayer for mercy. The Trojans, put to rout before the Greek king, are pursued by him to the Scaean gate. Zeus sends Iris to Hector, enjoining him to abstain from battle till Agamemnon shall be wounded, but promising him triumph after the disabling of the king. Agamemnon slays Iphidamas and Coön, but is wounded by the latter, and forced to leave the field, upon which Hector rallies his forces once more, striking down many Greek chiefs. The Greeks are succored by Diomed and Odysseus. The former deals havoc among the Trojans, at last wounding Hector, who escapes in his chariot. Diomed is now wounded in the foot by the arrow of Paris, and forced to retire. Odysseus, left alone, is sorely pressed by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy; he is wounded by Socus, whom he slays. Plucking forth the shaft from his wound, and calling for aid, he is rescued by Telamonian Ajax and by Menelaüs, before whom the Trojans are put to flight. The surgeon Machaon, son of Æsculapius, is wounded by Paris, and borne from the field in the chariot of Nestor. Urged by

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7  
✓ 7  
Cebryones, Hector attacks Ajax, who, inspired with terror by Zeus, reluctantly retreats before the foe. He is aided by Eurypylos, who in the act receives a wound. Achilles bids Patroclus ascertain from Nestor whom he has conveyed from the field. Patroclus repairs to the lodge of Nestor, where the wounded man is receiving care; and learns that it is Machaon. Nestor relates the prowess of his youth in his exploits against the men of Elis and Epeians, and reminds Patroclus of the admonitions of the latter's father Menoetius upon the son's setting forth to the war with Troy; he urges him to regard these words, and to prevail upon Achilles to send him (Patroclus), in his own stead, at the head of the Myrmidons, to take the field, should Achilles himself still be disinclined to do so. Patroclus, returning from his mission, meets and takes to his tent the wounded Eurypylos, and dresses the latter's wound.

BOOK XI

**N**OW rose the Dawn from where beside far-  
famed

**T**ithonus she reposed, to bring her rays

**T**o men and gods. And now did Zeus send forth

**F**ell Discord to the swift Achæan fleet,

**B**earing the badge of conflict in her hand.

**S**he stood upon Odysseus' wide black bark,

**T**hat lay at middle distance; one might cry

**T**hence even to the tents of Ajax, son

**O**f Telamon, or to the other side,

**T**o those of great Achilles; these had beached

**T**heir shapely barks at greatest distance, filled

**W**ith pride in their own prowess and strong hands.

**T**here stood the goddess; loud and dread the call

**S**he shrilled afar, inspiring each Greek heart

**W**ith mighty strength, and waking the desire

**T**o fight and never pause; and sudden seemed

**T**he strife more sweet to them, than e'en return

**I**n their deep vessels to their own loved land.

Then called Atrides, bidding all his host

**T**o don their armor; he himself put on

**H**is glitt'ring panoply. First round his limbs

**H**e set the shining greaves, with silver clasps,

**T**hen o'er his breast that coat-of-mail, of yore

**B**estowed on him by Cinyres, a mark

**O**f hospitable friendship — for he heard

From Cyprus all the wondrous news, and how  
The Greeks were setting sail for Troy; and so  
Gave to the king the mail, to win his heart.  
Ten bands it had of dusky steel, and twelve  
Of gold; of tin a score; on either side  
Three steel-blue serpents hung extended towards  
The neck, like rainbows set by Chronus' son  
In storm-clouds,— portent to our mortal kind.  
And round his shoulders next the monarch threw  
His broadsword, bright with studs of gold, in sheath  
Of silver, from a golden baldric hung;  
Then grasped his buckler, mighty for defence,  
Fair, richly-dight with work of cunning art,  
Around whose orb ten brazen circles ran;  
A score of bosses of bright tin it had,  
While the midst was one of steel dark-blue;  
And crowning all a Gorgon's savage face,  
Fearsome to see, with Flight and Terror round.  
Around the shield-band, wrought of silver, coiled  
A steely serpent with three writhing heads,  
Grown from a single neck. Upon his brow  
He set the double-ridged four-crested casque  
Tufted with horsehair; grimly waved the plume  
From the helm's summit. Then within his hand  
The monarch grasped two strong bronze-mounted  
spears,  
Keen-edged, whose radiance filled the distant sky.  
Loudly Athena and the queen of heav'n  
Thundered, to honor rich Mycenæ's king.  
Each knight now charged his charioteer to stay

His coursers by the trench, in order meet;  
Themselves, all armed, sped forth on foot to fight;  
Filled was the morn with cries that never ceased.  
Beside the moat they ranged their ranks, before  
The cavalry that closely followed. Then  
Did great Chronides fill their ranks with dire  
Disorder, and from heav'n rained drops of dew  
Tinged red with blood; since 'twas his will to hurl  
To Hades countless souls of mighty braves.

Opposing them the Trojans formed their lines  
Upon the rising plain, and in command  
Were the great Hector and Polydamas  
Unblemished; and Æneas, whom Troy's host  
Revered as one divine; besides the three  
Sons of Antenor, Polybus, and strong  
Agenor, and the youthful Acamas,  
Peer of th' immortals. 'Mid the vanguard chiefs  
Hector bore onward still his orbèd shield.  
As from a cloud looks forth a baleful star  
With brilliant beam, and soon is veiled again  
In shadowy mists; e'en so was Hector seen  
Now 'mong the foremost, 'mong the rearmost now,  
Charging his host; his brazen mail aglow,  
Bright as the Ægis-bearer's lightning-flame.

And as, line facing line, the reapers clear  
Some wealthy farmer's wheat- or barley-fields,  
And thick the handfals fall to earth; so leaped  
Each upon each the hosts of Greece and Troy  
To slay their foemen; neither army thought  
Of fatal fleeing. 'Twas a well-matched fight;



Like wolves the warriors rushed upon the foe;  
 Strife felt her ruthless bosom thrill with joy—  
 She only of the gods was present in  
 The combat; all the rest were far away,—  
 Each seated undisturbed within the hall  
 Of his own stately palace reared amid  
 Th' Olympian vales. Yet all reproached the son  
 Of Chronus, dark in mists, that he should thus  
 Choose to show honor to the Trojan host.  
 Heeding them not, our Father sat apart  
 From all, in pride of strength, and overlooked  
 The Trojans' city and the Argives' fleet,  
 The glow of bronze, the slaughterers and the slain

Whilst yet 'twas daybreak, while dawn's sacred  
 rays

Grew bright, the missiles of both hosts rained fast  
 And thickly fell the slain; but at the hour  
 When the wood-cutter in the mountain glen,  
 Weary with felling the tall trees, and spent  
 In spirit, makes his mid-day meal, and craves  
 With a keen appetite the relished food,  
 The Argive host, each man exhorting each  
 Throughout their ranks, now broke the squares

Troy

With bold attack. First Agamemnon charged,  
 And slew Biënor, shepherd of his host,  
 And next he struck his friend, Oïleus, down,  
 Smiter of steeds, who from his chariot sprang  
 And stood confronting him. His sharpened lance  
 Transfixed the forehead of the charging foe;

Nor did the pond'rous brazen helmet serve  
To shelter him; it cleft the helm, and cleft  
The bone beneath; the brain was drenched with  
blood;

Thus the rash warrior died. The king of men,  
Atrides, left the corpses where they fell,  
Stripped of their tunics, with their white breasts  
bare;

Then pursued Isus next, and Antiphus,  
To spoil them. Both were sons of Priam,— one  
Lawful, and one base-born, and seated both  
Within one car. The base-born drove the steeds;  
And Antiphus, far-famed, stood by his side.  
In Ida's vales Achilles had one day  
Captured these warriors twain, whilst tending there  
Their sheep, and bound them fast with pliant withes  
Of osier, but for ransom set them free;  
Yet now did Agamemnon, wide of sway,  
Smite with his jav'lin Isis in the breast  
Above the pap; and next the monarch's sword  
Gave wound to Antiphus, beside the ear,  
Dashing him from his car. Atrides stripped  
The warriors' bodies of their glorious arms,  
Coming in haste — he recognized the chiefs,  
For he had seen them once before beside  
The galleys, when Achilles, swift in chase,  
Brought them from Ida. As a lion comes  
Upon a fleet doe's lair, and with strong teeth  
Crushes with ease the helpless young, and takes  
Their tender lives; the mother, e'en though near,

Is powerless to aid, herself the prey  
Of terror; and she springs with sudden bounds  
Through the dense oaken coppice; — on she speed  
All sweat-stained, from the fierce beast that assai  
So none of all the sons of Troy could now  
Save the two warriors from their doom — they t  
Fled from the charge of Greece in panic flight.

Next on Pisander and Hippolochus,  
Steadfast in strife, he sprang. The sons were the  
Of bold Antimachus, who had received  
From Paris heaps of gold and precious things;  
And hence consented not that Priam's son  
Should render to her fair-haired lord once more  
His Helen. His two sons the king o'ertook,  
Both in one car, both guiding their swift steeds;  
Then they, in terror, dropped from out their hand  
The glist'ning reins, as like a lion came  
Atrides onward. From their car thus prayed  
The brothers, as they sank upon their knees:  
"Take us alive, Atrides, and receive  
Fitting reward. Great store of riches lies  
Within Antimachus's mansions — bronze,  
And gold, and steel laboriously wrought.  
From these our sire would liberally bestow  
Rich gifts upon thee, should he learn that we  
Were living and among th' Achæan barks."

'Twas thus they wept, and sought to move the king  
With soothing speech; relentless words they heard:

"If sons are ye of fierce Antimachus,  
Who once, when Menelaüs envoy came

Attended by divine Odysseus, gave  
His voice amid the Trojans' council-throng  
To slay him there, nor suffer him to come  
Back to th' Achæans, then your downfall now  
Must expiate the insult of your sire."

He spake, and thrust Pisander from his seat,  
And 'gainst his breast the spear-point drave; he lay  
Face upward on the ground. Hippolochus  
Sprang from his car; but Agamemnon laid  
Him also low, and sev'ring with his brand  
His hands and neck, he sent the head to whirl  
Quoit-like amid the throng. He left the slain,  
And rushed where'er his ranks he routed found,  
His well-greaved Greeks around him. Infantry  
Slew infantry, as pressed by need, they fled;  
Horsemen laid horsemen low; and from the plain  
Rose dust-clouds from the coursers' sounding feet;  
While pressed Atrides onward, slaught'ring still,  
And urging on his Argives to the fray.  
As through some dense-grown wood spreads wasting  
flame,

Blown by the whirling winds to every hand,  
And root and branch the coppice falls, o'erborne  
By fire's assault; so by Atrides' spear  
The fleeing Trojans fell, and many steeds  
Of arching necks dragged on with rattling sound  
Their empty chariots through th' embattled files,  
Missing their noble charioteers, that lay  
Stretched on the ground, more dear to vultures now  
Than to their wives. But now was Hector borne

By Zeus beyond the reach of threat'ning spears,  
Of dust and slaughter, blood and battle-roar;  
Whilst onward eagerly Atrides pressed,  
Cheering his Greeks. Their flying foes now near  
The tomb of aged Ilus, Dardanus-sprung,  
By the wild fig-tree, through the middle plain  
Speeding to gain the shelter of their walls.  
Still onward charged Atrides, with loud cries,  
Drenching in gore his unresisted hands.  
But when they now had won the Scæan gate  
And the great beech, the Trojans made a stand,  
Waiting their comrades; more were flying still  
Over the mid-plain, like a herd of kine  
On which at dead of night a lion springs,  
And drives them all in panic; — one is doomed  
To perish there; with cruel teeth its foe  
Seizes its victim, breaks its neck and then  
Swallows the entrails, and gulping down the blood;  
E'en so Atrides Agamemnon drave  
The enemy before him, slaught'ring aye  
The hindmost, whilst before his face they fled.  
And many a knight fell prone from out his car,  
Slain by Atrides' might; before, around,  
He charged with spear in hand. But when he now  
Had pushed th' assault right up to Troy, and came  
Close 'neath her lofty bulwarks, then the sire  
Of gods and men came down from heav'n, and sate  
Upon the crest of Ida, rich in springs,  
A bolt of lightning in his hand; and spake  
To golden-pinioned Iris his behest:

"Hasten, fleet Iris, and to Hector bear  
**This** my command. As long as he beholds  
**The** son of Atreus, shepherd of the host,  
**Charging** amid the vanguard, laying low  
**The** warrior-ranks, so long must Hector yield,  
**Yet** must command his soldiers to maintain  
**Stub**bornly still the conflict with the foe.  
**But** when the monarch, smitten by a spear,  
**Or** stung by shaft, behind his coursers springs,  
**I** will endow him then with strength to smite  
**Till** he shall have attained their fair-decked fleet —  
**Till** the sun sinks, and falls the sacred dark."

**H**e spake, and Iris, swift of pace as wind,  
**Obe**eyed; and down from Ida's height she sped  
**To** hallowed Ilium. There she found the son  
**Of** fiery Priam, Hector the divine,  
**Stand**ing amid the steeds and well-wrought cars;  
**Now** by his side fleet Iris stood, and spake: —

"Hector, thou son of Priam, peer of Zeus  
**In** wisdom, he, our Father, sent me here  
**To** bear to thee this message. While thou seest  
**King** Agamemnon, shepherd of the host,  
**Charging** amid the vanguard, laying low  
**The** warrior-ranks, so long thou needs must yield,  
**Yet** must command thy soldiers to maintain  
**Stub**bornly still the conflict with the foe.  
**But** when the monarch, smitten by a spear,  
**Or** stung by shaft, behind his coursers springs,  
**Zeus** will endow thee then with strength to smite  
**Till** thou shalt have attained their fair-decked fleet;

Till the sun sinks, and falls the sacred dark."

Thus the fleet Iris spake, and went her way;  
And down from out his chariot Hector sprang,  
Clad in full panoply, and, brandishing  
His whetted jav'lins, roved to every hand  
Throughout his ranks, and urged them to the fray  
Waking the furious strife. His warriors wheeled  
And stood confronting the Achæans, while  
On their own side the Argives likewise made  
Their columns firm. The fight was now prepared  
The armies face to face; and Atreus' son  
Charged onward, first of all — 'twas his desire  
To fight as foremost champion of his host.

Tell me now, Muses, of Olympian halls,  
Who of the Trojans or allies far-famed  
Came against Agamemnon first that day?  
Iphidamas came first, Antenor's son,  
A valiant man and mighty, nurtured there  
In Thrace, the fertile-soiled, where flocks are bred.  
His mother's father, Cisseus, reared the lad  
From infancy within his halls — the sire  
Of rosy-cheeked Theano. When he reached  
His splendid youth's meridian, Cisseus still  
Detained the prince, and gave to him his child  
In marriage. Soon as he was joined to her,  
He left his nuptial chamber, and came forth,  
Hearing the tidings of th' Achæan strife,  
Followed by twice six curving-beakèd barks; —  
Yet at Percotè left his shapely ships  
And came on foot to Ilium. He it was

Who now met Agamemnon, Atreus' son.  
And when th' advancing foes to close range came,  
Atrides missed — his jav'lin glanced aside;  
The Thracian foeman pierced his girdle next  
Under the breastplate, lending to the blow  
His full strength, trusting to his strong arm's might;  
Yet failed to pierce the gleaming belt; the point  
Was turned like lead upon the silver mail.  
Then monarch Agamemnon, ruling far,  
Mighty in fury as a lion, seized  
The lance and dragged it toward him, wrenching it  
From out the Thracian's hand; then smote his foe  
With his own brand upon the neck and made  
His limbs to fail. So fell he there, and lay,  
Sleeping, the hapless one! a brazen sleep,—  
Falling in aid of Ilium's dwellers, far  
From his young bride, yet ignorant of her charms,  
Though bought with countless gifts — an hundred  
beeves  
Giv'n with the promise of a thousand goats  
And sheep commingled with them from among  
The vast herds in his pastures. Then the son  
Of Atreus stripped the fallen chief, and bore  
His glist'ning trophies through the Argive throng.  
When now distinguished Coön saw him fall,—  
Antenor's eldest son,— keen anguish now  
Darkened his eyes to see his brother slain;  
And unperceived by Atreus' son divine  
He stole beside him, javelin in hand,  
And pierced the mid-arm of the king below



The elbow; through and through the bright point  
passed.

Then shuddered Agamemnon, king of men,  
Yet would not cease from battling nor from strife;  
But charged upon the Trojan with his shaft  
Toughened by winds; while Coön eagerly  
Caught by the foot the slain Iphidamas,  
Who was his brother by the selfsame sire,  
And strove to drag him thence, and called for aid  
On all the chieftains. As he dragged the dead  
On through the throng, beneath his studded targe  
Atrides smote him with bright bronze-tipped shaft,  
Made his limbs sink, and o'er Iphidamas  
Severed his head. So there Antenor's sons  
Fulfilled, beneath Lord Agamemnon's spear,  
Their fate, and to the halls of Hades passed.  
Still charged the monarch through the Trojan files  
With jav'lin, sword and massive stones in hand,  
While from his wound gushed still the tepid tide.  
But when the flow ceased, and the wound grew dry,  
O'er his strong limbs sharp pangs of torture came.  
As when a laboring woman feels the sting  
Of pain-darts, which th' Ilythian damsels send,  
Bringers of travail,— daughters born are they  
Of Hera, having pow'r o'er cruel pangs,—  
So did the poignant shafts of suff'ring sting  
The stalwart son of Atreus; and he sprang  
Upon his car, and bade the charioteer  
Make for the hollow galleys, for his heart  
Was heavy with distress; but yet, with call

That echoed far, he shouted to his host:

“ Friends, chieftains and advisers of the Greeks,  
The task must now be yours to turn away  
The dreadful conflict from our journeying fleet,  
Seeing that for this day’s space the couns’lor Zeus  
Forbids my battling with the Trojan band.”

Thus spake the monarch, and the charioteer  
Toward the deep galleys scourged the fair-maned  
steeds;

Right willingly they flew along. Their breasts  
Were flecked with foam, and clouds of dust arose  
From ’neath the coursers’ hoofs, as fast they bore  
The weary sov’reign from the press of strife.

Now Hector saw the king withdraw, and cried  
Loud to his Trojans and the Lycian host:

“ Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans strong  
In close encounter! now, friends, quit yourselves  
Like men; your former furious strength recall;  
Their mightiest chief departs, and Chronus’ son  
Hath giv’n to me great triumph. Then make haste  
To urge your solid-footed steeds against  
The stalwart Greeks, still more renown to gain.”

Thus Hector spake, and stirred to strength the  
heart

In every breast. As when a huntsman sets  
On lion or wild boar his white-toothed hounds,  
So Hector, Priam’s son, as fierce in ire  
As Ares, called the scourge of mortals, set  
Upon the Argive ranks his great-souled braves  
Of Ilium, whilst himself, exultant, sped

Amid the van, descending on the field  
Like a strong-blowing gale that rushes down  
And chafes to fury all the violet sea.

Who then was first, who last, to fall beneath  
The hand of Hector, Priam's son, when Zeus  
Gave to his arms such glory? Foremost fell  
Asæus, next Autonoüs, and then  
Opites; Dolops, son of Clytius, next,  
And Agelaüs, and Opheltius too,  
Æsymnus, Orus, and Hipponoüs,  
The staunch in battle. All these chiefs of Greece  
He smote, and after them the baser throng;  
As when the west-wind with fierce hurricane  
Scatt'reth a cloud-mass gathered by the blast  
Of the strong-blowing south wind; and the waves  
Roll to vast size, and high in air is dashed  
The foam before the baffling tempest's breath;  
So on that day the heads fell thick and fast  
Of the Greek warriors slain by Hector's hand.

Then havoc and irreparable harm  
Would have been wrought, and presently the host  
Of Greece had rushed on board their ships for flight,  
Had not Odysseus called to Tydeus' son:—

“What hath come o'er us, Diomed, that we thus  
Forget our fiery courage? Friend, come thou,  
Stand by my side; a sore reproach 'twill be  
If now bright-crested Hector gain our fleet.”

And Diomed, the stalwart chief, replied:  
“Yea, I will stand beside thee, and endure  
Whate'er befall; small gain we yet shall yield,

Since 'tis the Cloud-compeller's will to lend  
Strength, not to our arms, but to those of Troy."

He spake, and smote Thymbræus with his shaft  
In the left breast, and thrust him from his seat;  
Odysseus too dispatched the chieftain's squire,  
Divine Molion. So they let them lie,  
Disabled thus from strife, and rushed to spread  
Through the dense ranks disorder; as two boars  
Fall in fierce triumph on the hounds i' the chase.  
So rushed they back, and smote the files of Troy.  
And gladly now the fleeing Argives breathed  
A respite from the mighty Hector's hand.

Then captured they a chariot and two chiefs,  
The princes of their people — the two sons  
Of Merops the Percosian, who excelled  
All men in augury, and strove to keep  
His sons from going forth to deadly strife.  
But yet they would not heed him; destinies  
Of dark doom led them on. So Tydeus' child,  
Spear-renowned Diomed, now robbed them both  
Of life and spirit, stripping from the slain  
Their glorious arms. Hippodamus the while  
Fell with Hypirochus by Odysseus' hand.

Now did the son of Chronus view the fray  
From Ida's peak, and made the stress of strife  
Equal on either side; both armies now  
Smote and were smitten. Now Tydides' shaft  
Wounded Agastrophus Pæonides,  
The valiant, in the hip. The chieftain's steeds  
Were nowhere nigh to yield him means of flight.

Sorely was he beguiled; his man-at-arms  
Had stayed the steeds far off, whilst he, the chief,  
Charged 'mid the van on foot till he was slain.  
But through the ranks his fall soon Hector spied,  
And charged upon the Achæans with a cry,  
His Trojan squadrons following. 'Tydeus' son,  
Great in the war-shout, saw, and shuddering,  
Called straightway on Odysseus near at hand:—

“Behold, our bane, the huge-limbed Hector,  
comes

Rolling upon us. Let us yet stand fast  
And well defend ourselves against the foe.”

He spake, and brandished his long-shadowed  
spear,

And hurled it, missing not his aim, upon  
The crest of Hector's headpiece; but the brass  
Rebounded from the brass, attaining not  
To the fair flesh, arrested by the casque  
Of triple thickness with its upright plume,  
Bestowed by Phæbus. Hector sprang away  
To a great distance, mingling with the mass,  
Sank on one knee, and stayed his mighty hand  
Upon the ground, while darkness veiled his gaze.  
But whilst Tydides sped to seek his spear  
Planted at distance in the ground among  
The vanguard champions, Priam's son revived,  
And, springing to his chariot, dashed away,  
Escaping cruel fate, athwart the throng.

Tydides, spear in hand, gave chase, and cried:—

“Dog, for the nonce hast thou escaped thy fate,

That yet came nigh thee. 'Twas Apollo's hand  
That once more saved thee; thou invokest him  
Whene'er thou enterest strife where jav'lins ring.  
Later will I encounter thee, nor fail  
To slay, if any god befriend me. Now  
Go I to smite the rest — whome'er I meet."

So spake the chief, and of his armor stripped  
Pæonides, illustrious with the spear.  
But Alexander, fair-haired Helen's lord,  
Leaned 'gainst a pillar near the burial-mound  
Of ancient Ilus, elder of his race,  
And son of Dardanus; and now he drew  
His bow to smite the shepherd of the host,  
The son of Tydeus, who was rending then  
The glitt'ring corselet of Agastrophus,  
The valiant, from his breast, the buckler too  
From round his shoulders, and the helm so strong.  
Now by the mid-piece Paris bent his bow  
And sped the arrow. Not in vain the dart  
Fled from his hand; it smote the chief's right foot,  
And, passing through the flesh, stood fixed in earth.  
Then with a merry laugh the Trojan leaped  
Forth from his ambush, with exultant call:—

"Wounded art thou — not vainly sped my dart;  
Would it had pierced thee through the groin, to take  
Thy life away; then Ilium's sons had found  
A respite from the cruelty, who now  
Dread thee as bleating goats the lion fear."

But undisturbed the valiant Greek replied:  
"Archer and sland'rer, brilliant with thy bow,

Ogler of girls! If thou shouldst provèd be  
Against me, man to man, in armèd fight,  
That bow of thine and those thick-show'ring shafts  
Should aid thee little. Vainly vauntest thou  
That thou hast scratched my foot. I heed the harm  
No more than if a maid had stricken me,  
Or silly child; 'tis but a blunted dart  
That the poor coward speeds. Not thus doth fly  
Mine own keen lance; though it but graze the flesh,  
Instant it slays; the victim's helpmeet rends  
Her cheeks, his babes are orphaned; and he stains  
The soil with blood, and rots, while vultures, now  
More numb'ring than the women, hover round."

He ceased. Spear-famed Odysseus now came  
nigh

And stood before him. Diomed sank down  
And drew the swift shaft from his foot, while pangs  
Of bitter pain shot through him; he made haste  
To mount his car, and bade the driver speed  
Towards the deep barks; for anguish thrilled his  
frame.

And now Odysseus, famed for skill with spear,  
Stood there alone; not one of Argos' braves  
Left by his side, for all were overborne  
By panic fear. In indignation thus  
Held he communion with his own great heart:

"What shall I do, alas? 'Twere bitter shame  
If, fearful of their thronging mass, I turn  
To fly; but worse to fall into their hands  
Thus solitary. Chronus' son hath made

All th' other Greeks to flee. Why doth my heart  
Hold converse with me thus? Full well I know  
It is the coward's part to quit the field;  
But for the champion, he hath need to stand  
Firm, to be smitten by, or smite, his foe."

Whilst thus the chieftain stood in thought, the  
files

Of Ilium's sons advanced, with shields all armed,  
And hemmed him round; a dangerous foe was he  
They shut into their midst. As when the hounds  
And lusty huntsmen close about a boar  
That issuing from the deep-grown jungle whets  
His curved jaws' gleaming tusks; on every hand  
His foes leap up, yet hear the gnashing teeth  
And bide their time, not daring to assail  
A beast so dread; 'twas thus with them of Troy  
That surged around Odysseus, loved on high.  
Upon Deïopites first he sprang,  
And pierced him in the shoulder with the blade  
Of his keen lance; and now clove Thoön down,  
And Ennomus; and next Chersidamas  
Fell by his hand; who, leaping from his car,  
Was wounded in the navel by the spear  
Passed 'neath his bossy targe, and sank in dust,  
Clutching the earth. Then, leaving these, he  
pierced

Charops Hippasides — own brother this  
Of high-born Socus. Then the godlike prince,  
Socus, sprang nigh to lend his brother aid,  
And close approaching, thus addressed his foe: —



“Far-famed Odysseus, man insatiable  
For wiles and toils! thou either shalt this day  
Exult in victory over both the sons  
Of Hippasus, in having slain two chiefs  
Valiant as we, and stripped us of our mail,  
Or fall and die beneath my weapon’s blow.”

Thus Socus spake, and drove his lance against  
The chief’s round shield. The pond’rous weapon  
passed

Through the bright buckler, through the well-  
wrought mail,

And tore the flesh from all his side away;  
Howbeit, Pallas’ will forbade the point  
To gain the inward parts. Odysseus knew  
No mortal blow had fall’n, but yet gave way,  
And in these words, addressing Socus, spake:—

“Wretch that thou art! complete destruction  
now

Cometh on thee. Thou hast disabled me  
From battling with the Trojans; yet know well  
Death and dark doom are thine this day; my lance  
Shall lay thee low, and thou to me shalt yield  
A boast, a soul to Hades famed for steeds.”

Thus said the chief. His enemy meanwhile  
Had turned to flee; but even as he wheeled,  
The jav’lin of Odysseus pierced his back  
Midway between the shoulders; and came through  
Athwart his breast. He fell with crashing arms,  
And brave Odysseus vaunted o’er the slain:—

“O Socus, son of Hippasus, that knight

Of fiery mettle, tamer of his steeds!  
Ere thou divined, thy fate o'ertaketh thee;  
Thou couldst not shun it. Hapless one! thy sire  
And lady mother shall not close thine eyes  
For thy last sleep, but carrion birds of prey  
Shall fold around thee many a gath'ring wing  
And pluck thy bones, whilst I, if death befall,  
Receive due ritual from Achæa's braves."

Thus said the chief, and plucked from out his  
wound,

And from his bossy buckler, the huge shaft  
Of Socus of the fiery heart. But when  
It was withdrawn, the blood outpouring came,  
And anguish seized him. When the haughty sons  
Of Ilium now beheld Odysseus' blood,  
Each called to each, and all in gathered mass  
Sped to attack him. But the chief gave way,  
And shouted to his friends. Three times he cried,  
Loudly as mortal voice could sound; and thrice  
Did martial Menelaüs hear his call,  
And straightway said to Ajax, nigh at hand: —

"O Telamonian Ajax, high of birth,  
The people's shepherd! now assails mine ear  
The war-shout of Odysseus — of that soul  
So strong and steadfast. 'Tis as if the host  
Of Ilium's knights had compassed him around  
In the fierce fray alone, and were e'en now  
O'erpow'ring him. Come, haste we where they  
throng;

'Tis best to go to his relief — I fear

Lest, left alone, he undergo mischance  
 Among the Trojans, valiant though he be,  
 And lest great yearning come on Argos' host."

So saying, he led on — the godlike man  
 Attending. Soon they found the heav'n-loved chief;  
 And round about him pressed the Trojan bands;  
 As the red jackals on a mountain's steep  
 Crowd closely round a hornèd stag laid low  
 By arrow speeding from some archer's string; —  
 As the stag fled, the fleetness of his feet  
 Shook off the foe, while still his blood coursed  
 warm

And while his limbs had motion; but at last,  
 When he is conquered by that flying dart,  
 Come herds of greedy jackals o'er the hills  
 To where he lies within the shadowy glade,  
 And tear his flesh, till, brought by fate, appears  
 The rav'ning lion, and the jackals all  
 Scatter in panic, leaving him to feast;  
 So round Odysseus of the fiery heart,  
 Subtle in stratagems, the Trojans pressed,  
 Many and valiant; yet the hero sprang  
 Upon them, lance in hand, averting still  
 His day of doom. And now drew Ajax nigh,  
 Wielding his buckler like a tow'r, and took  
 His stand beside him; and the Trojans fled  
 Hither and thither. Then the martial chief,  
 Great Menelaüs, took the hero's hand  
 And led him from the press; meantime his squire  
 Drove his steeds near. And Ajax now assailed

The Trojans, slaying first a spurious son  
Of Priam, Doryclus, and piercing next  
Pandocus, then Lysander, Pyrasus,  
And last Pylartes. As a stream, all swoln  
With wintry snow-storms, rushes down the steep  
To the low lands beneath, and brings the rain  
Of Zeus as its attendant, sweeping on  
Full many a withered oak and many a pine  
Upon its tide, discharging in the deep  
Masses of mud; thus on famed Ajax swept,  
Driving the foe before him, o'er the plain,  
Cleaving the throngs of warriors and of steeds.  
Hector as yet perceived it not — that chief  
Was battling on th' extreme left of the field,  
Hard by Scamander's banks, where thickest fell  
The men in death, and clamor never stilled  
Rose round the spot where mighty Nestor stood,  
And, great in war, Idomeneus. 'Mong these  
Hector contended, doing marv'llous deeds  
With his skilled horsemanship and lance, and dealt  
Havoc among the squares of youthful braves.  
Nor had the valiant Argives even then  
Yielded the way, had Alexander, lord  
Of bright-haired Helen, not disabled now  
Machaon, shepherd of the host, who stood  
Their mightiest brave. With shaft of triple barb  
In the right shoulder Paris smote the chief;  
And now the fury-breathing Greeks were filled  
With fear lest Troy should turn the battle's tide  
And slay the hero; and Idomeneus

Straightway thus spake to Nestor the divine:

“O Nestor, son of Neleus, thou the pride  
Of all our host! Haste, mount thy car, and give  
Machaon place beside thee; speed to gain  
The barks with thine uncloven-footed steeds;  
For the physician hath to us the worth  
Of multitudes, to cut from out the wound  
The dart, and o'er it soothing balms to spread.”

He spake, and Nestor, the Gerenian knight,  
Complying, swiftly mounted; and the son  
Of Æsculapius, healer without blame,  
Machaon, rode beside him. Nestor lashed  
The chargers onward; willingly they flew  
O'er the loved pathway to the hollow barks.

Cebriones, who sat by Hector's side,  
Perceived the Trojan rout, and spake to him:  
“Hector, while we engage the Argives here  
Upon the edge of the tumultuous fight,  
The rest of Ilium's men, in disarray,  
And driv'n in wild confusion, knights and steeds.  
Hard pressed are they by Ajax,— by that son  
Of Telamon. Full well I marked the chief  
By the broad buckler that he wears to shield  
His shoulders. Thither let us likewise urge  
Our car and coursers, to that quarter where  
The horse and foot are joined in fiercest strife,  
Where man slays man, and ne'er the din doth cease.”

So the knight spake, and smote with whistling  
lash

The fair-maned beasts. They heard and felt the  
blow;

And swiftly bore the flying car where thronged  
The Trojans and Achæans, treading down  
Slain men and shields; beneath the battle-car  
The axle, and the double rim that bound  
The seat, were all defiled with blood-drops  
show'ed

From 'neath the tires and from the coursers' feet.  
Still on pressed Hector, eager to assail  
And burst the human mass. His onset spread  
Confusion 'mong the Argives, and his spear  
Had little rest. Yet while he roved and tried  
The files of th' other fighting-men with brand  
And jav'lin and huge stones, he shunned the strife  
With Telamonian Ajax — Zeus in ire  
Forbade his battling with a mightier chief.

But now our Father, throned on high, instilled  
Fear into Ajax's heart. He stood aghast;  
Throwing his shield of oxhide, seven folds strong,  
Behind his back, and turning oft to peer  
Round at the foe like some wild beast at bay,  
The chief fell back, dismayed, and slowly moved  
Now one knee, now the other. And as when  
The rural yeomen chase away with hounds  
A tawny lion from the cattle-fold,  
Watching all night, nor leaving him to rend  
Their beeves' fat flesh; he, longing for his food,  
Attacks — without avail; for in thick show'r

Spears speed to wound him from men's hardy hands,  
And burning fagots, which he dreads, despite  
His fierce desire; and so at break of day  
Backward he wends his way with heavy heart;  
So Ajax, heavy-hearted, yielded ground  
Before the onset of the Trojan host,  
Though sore reluctant — trembling for the fleet  
Of the Achæans. As a sluggish ass,  
Though many a stick was shivered on his hide,  
Despite th' attacking urchins, breaks the bounds  
Of some tilled field, and, having entered, crops  
The deep-grown corn; and though the boys assail  
The ass with cudgels, yet their strength is slight;  
Scarce can they when he has devoured his fill  
Drive the brute thence; so now the valiant sons  
Of Ilium and their numerous allies  
Pursued great Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Still pricking with their shafts the midmost part  
Of the chief's shield. And Ajax now would face  
About, and call fierce daring back to mind,  
And force the columns of the knightly host  
Of Troy to halt — then turned and fled once more.  
Yet did he bar the way for all their band  
To the swift ships, and, standing steadfast, charged  
Betwixt the ranks of Argos and of Troy.  
And of the lances aimed by hardy hands  
Against the chief, some fell implanted fast  
In his huge buckler; many others dropt  
Halfway, and fixed themselves in earth, before  
Attaining the white flesh for which they longed.

When now Eurypylos, Evæmon's son,  
Th' illustrious knight, saw Ajax thus o'erborne  
By show'ring shafts, he hastened to his side,  
There took his stand, and aimed his glinting dart,  
And wounded Apisaon, Phausius' son,  
A shepherd of his people, just below  
The midriff, in the liver; and his knees  
Sudden sank under him. Eurypylos  
Rushed up, and from his shoulders stripped the  
arms.

But Paris, the divine of countenance,  
Who saw the spoiling, bent his bow with speed  
Against Evæmon's son. His arrow smote  
The chief's right thigh. Its shaft broke short and  
left

The limb weighed down with anguish. He with-  
drew

In torture to where thronged his fellow-braves;  
Yet to the Argives called in piercing tones:

“ Friends, couns'lors and commanders of our  
host!

Turn and stand firm, from cruel death to save  
Our Ajax, now beset with show'rs of spears;  
I ween, the chief will ne'er escape alive  
From out this battle's turmoil. Yet stand fast  
To shield great Ajax, sired by Telamon.”

So spake the wounded brave. His fellows came  
And closed around him, with their bucklers borne  
Upon their shoulders, brandishing their spears  
In upraised hands; and Ajax came to meet



His friends, then turned to face the foe once more.

So raged the strife like furious flame. Mean-  
while,

Reeking with sweat, the steeds of Neleus bore  
Nestor from battle, and Machaon, chief  
Among his people. This Achilles marked,—  
The fair and fleet. He stood upon the stern  
Of his wide-bellied bark, surveying all  
The arduous toil, the dolorous pursuit,  
And from his ship called straightway to his side  
His friend Patroclus. At the sound he came  
Forth from the lodge, like Ares — thus began  
The hero's evil fortune. Then the brave  
Son of Menœtius thus bespake his chief:

“Why dost thou call, and why requirest me,  
Achilles?” Then replied the warrior fleet:

“Son of Menœtius, godlike friend, endeared  
Unto this bosom, now I ween, the host  
Of Argos' braves about my knees will throng,  
Entreating help; now cometh on them need,  
To be withstood no more. But hasten thou,  
Heav'n-loved Patroclus, and of Nestor ask  
Who is this wounded warrior that he brings  
From out the combat. From behind he bears  
Closest resemblance to Machaon, son  
Of Æsculapius; but I could not mark  
His eyes, so madly by the chargers sped.”

'Twas thus he spake. Menœtius' son obeyed  
His well-loved friend, and hast'ning forth soon  
reached

The tents and galleys of the Argive host.

When now those other chiefs the dwelling gained  
Of Neleus' scion, they dismounted soon  
Upon the fruitful earth. Eurymedon,  
His squire, now loosed the aged monarch's steeds  
From off the car. The warriors dried the sweat  
That drenched their tunics, standing in the gale  
That swept the salt sea's marge; and ent'ring now  
The tent, took places on reclining seats.  
And soon the fair-tressed Hecamedè mixed  
A bev'rage for the heroes — she, the child  
Of noble-souled Arsinoüs. The old chief  
Took her from Tenedos when Peleus' son  
Laid the isle waste; the Argives chose the maid  
For Nestor, as supreme 'mong all mankind  
In counsel. First she set before the guests  
A table, polished, beautiful, with feet  
Steel-blue; then on a brazen salver placed  
An onion, that gives relish to one's wine;  
And yellow honey too, and hallowed meal  
Of barley; and a noble chalice last,  
Brought by the aged king from his own land,  
All set with golden studs. Four ears it had,  
And round each ear two turtledoves of gold  
Fed; while two others made the base below.  
Hard 'twould have proved for any other man  
To lift that goblet brimming from the board;  
But aged Nestor raised it readily.  
And now the heav'nly-featured damsel stirred  
Within the cup a draught of Pramnian wine,

And grated o'er it with a brazen knife  
Cheese of goat's milk, strewed in white barley-meal,  
And bade them quaff the potion thus prepared.  
And so they quaffed; and when their parching thirst  
Was slaked, the company diversion found  
In cheerful chat. Then, lo! within the door  
Appeared and stood Patroclus, youth divine.  
Beholding him, the aged king upsprang  
From his bright seat, and clasped him by the  
hand,—

Led him within the tent, and bade him sit;  
Patroclus, for his part, declined, and spake:—

“No time is there for sitting, ancient chief  
Nurtured on high; no word of thine can change  
My purpose; for a man revered and dread  
Is he who sent me forth, to ask of thee  
Who is this wounded warrior thou dost bring  
From off the field. Yet well I recognize  
And know Machaon, shepherd of his host.  
But now I go to bear the message back  
Unto Achilles. Thou thyself know'st well,  
Noble and venerable chief, how dread  
He is, prone e'en the guiltless one to blame.”

Then rejoined Nestor, the Gerenian knight:—  
“Why should Achilles thus compassionate  
Achæa's sons, when smitten by the spear?  
Little he knows the sorrow that hath spread  
Throughout our host. Our bravest knights lie  
pierced

By weapons cast or thrust, within their barks.

He, Tydeus' son, the valiant, is laid low ;  
Strong-speared Odysseus hath a wound ; so too  
Hath Agamemnon ; and Eurypylus  
Hath in the thigh received an arrow. Now  
Have I but lately borne this other chief  
From out the combat stricken by a dart  
Winged from the bowstring. But for Peleus' son,  
Brave as he is, he careth not for Greece,  
Nor hath compassion. Doth he still delay  
Till our swift-sailing barks upon the strand,  
Resistance overcome, shall blaze with fire ?  
No more in these once pliant limbs abides  
The force of former years. O, that I had  
The youthful vigor and unshaken might  
That I possessed, what time the quarrel rose  
Betwixt the men of Elis and ourselves,  
Over the kine-herds driven from our land ;  
The day that I laid low Itymoneus,  
Hypirochus' brave son, who had his home  
In Elis' realm, and in reprisal drave  
His own beeves thence. For as the hero strove  
To guard his cattle, combating among  
The champions, he was smitten by a spear  
Hurled from this hand, and fell ; his rustic band  
Fled, panic-stricken. From the plain we brought  
Booty in rich abundance : fifty herds  
Of cattle, and as many flocks of sheep ; —  
As many swine ; — of goats that wander wide  
As many ; finally of tawny steeds  
Sevenscore and ten, all mares, and many of these

Had foals beside them. So we drave them all  
By night within Neleian Pylus' bounds  
And to our city. Glad was Neleus' heart  
At the rich spoil I gained when to the field  
I thus repaired so young. At break of day  
The call of heralds summoned all to come  
Who had debts due them from fair Elis' land;  
And soon the Pylia chiefs, assembling, shared  
The booty 'mongst them. For th' Epeian tribe  
Owed debts to many, since our scanty race  
Had been misused in Pylus. In past years  
Did the strong Heracles, invading, bring  
On us great woes. Our noblest chiefs were felled;  
Twelve were the sons of blameless Neleus; I  
Only survived of these — the rest were slain.  
At this th' Epeians, clad in brass, were filled  
With exultation, and they insolently  
Outraged, with wanton injuries, our land.  
Now from the spoil the aged ruler took,  
As his own share, a herd of beeves, beside  
Sheep, a great flock; three hundred chose he out,  
Besides their herdsmen. Unto him was due  
An immense debt from Elis — twice two steeds,  
Yoked to their chariots; winners in the games,  
Sent to a contest. There was planned a race,—  
The prize a tripod. King Augeias kept  
The coursers back; — the driver set he free,  
Sad for his steeds. The ancient ruler now,  
Infuriate at these words and deeds of wrong,  
Took limitless amends; the rest he gave

His people, for division, that none might  
Go disappointed, lacking measure meet.  
So faithfully we did, and through the town  
Made sacred off'rings to the gods. But, lo,  
The third day, came our foes — a num'rous band  
Of warriors with uncloven-footed steeds,  
In furious haste. Molionè's two sons  
Bore arms amongst them, though mere striplings, yet  
Untaught in furious strife. A city lies,  
Called Thryoëssa, on a tow'ring steep  
Near far Alpheüs, on the outmost verge  
Of sandy Pylus. Round it they encamped,  
Eager to lay it low. As now o'er all  
The plain they passed, by night Athena sped  
Down to us from Olympus, with the word  
That we should arm. Thus gathered she our bands  
To Pylus, nothing loth, but filled with zeal  
For battle. Neleus would not let me don  
Mine armor, and concealed from me my steeds;  
For I was yet untrained, he said, in arts  
Of warfare. Yet I took a foremost place  
Among our horsemen, though I fought on foot —  
Since thus did Pallas lead me to the strife.  
A certain river, Minyeïus, flows  
Into the sea hard by Arena. Here  
The Pylian horse awaited sacred day;  
Thither the bands of infantry now streamed  
And joined our forces. Arming then with speed,  
Our host by mid-day gained the hallowed tide  
Of the Alpheüs. There we offered up

Fair victims unto Zeus, supreme in might;  
A bullock to Alpheüs, and one more  
Unto Poseidon; and to Pallas, queen  
Of lustrous eyes, a herding heifer last;  
Then took by companies our evening meal  
Throughout th' encampment, and lay down to rest,  
Each in his armor, by the stream. The proud  
Epeians were encompassing meanwhile  
The town I spake of, eager to o'erthrow;  
But first they were to witness a great deed  
Of war. No sooner had the bright sun's rays  
O'erspread the lands, than we, with prayer to Zeus  
And Pallas, joined in battle. When began  
The fight 'twixt Pylian and Epeian braves,  
I was the first to strike a spearman down,  
Mulius,— and drave his solid-footed steeds  
Thence as my prize. The son-in-law was he  
Of Lord Augeas, since he had to wife  
The gold-haired Agamedè, first in years  
Of the king's daughters, who was deeply versed  
In every sort of healing plant that grows  
In the wide earth. My brazen-pointed spear  
Smote him as he advanced, and dashed him down  
Into the dust. I leaped into his car  
And took my place amid the van of strife;  
And the great-souled Epeians fled in fear  
Hither and thither, when they thus saw fall  
The captain of their cavalry, their chief  
In combat. Then did I pursue their host

Like a dark hurricane; the battle-cars  
I took were fifty, and beside each car  
Bit dust two warriors that my spear had slain.  
The sons of Actor and Molionè  
Had likewise been my victims, had their sire,  
The widely-ruling, who makes earth to quake,  
Not hid them in impenetrable cloud,  
Thus rescuing them from danger. Then did Zeus  
Lend to the arms of Pylus wondrous might;  
For o'er the wide-spread plain we chased their bands,  
Slaying the men, and gleaning weapons rare,—  
Nor ever stayed we till we brought our steeds  
Unto Buprasium's wheat-fields, and the crag  
Called the Olenian, and the hill yclept  
Alisium. Pallas turned us backward here  
From the pursuit; my latest victim then  
I slew and left to lie. Th' Achæan knights  
Back from Buprasium drave their flying steeds  
To Pylus, rend'ring honor unto Zeus  
'Mong all the heavenly host, and 'mong mankind  
To Nestor. Such was I — if I indeed  
Was ever thus — among my fellow-braves,  
Achilles only shall reap benefit  
From his own prowess; bitterly he too  
Will mourn, I trow, the slaughter of our host.  
Dear friend! 'twas even thus Menœtius gave  
To thee injunction, when he sent thee first  
From Phthia to the king,— to Atreus' son;  
For we, the brave Odysseus and myself,



Were there within the palace, hearing all  
E'en as he spake. While gath'ring troops through-  
out

Achæa, land of fertile fields, we gained  
The noble home of Peleus. In the hall  
We found the chief Menœtius and thyself,  
And by you was Achilles. There within  
The court's enclosure did the aged chief,  
Peleus, the smiter of the steeds, consume  
In honor of the Thund'rer Zeus the thighs  
Of a fat bullock; holding in his hand  
A golden tankard, pouring sparkling wine  
On the burnt-off'ring. Ye were laboring o'er  
The bullock's flesh, when presently we came  
Within the gateway. Up in wonder sprang  
Achilles, clasped our hands, and led us in,  
Bidding us sit, and set before us gifts  
Of hospitality in plenteous store,  
The guest-friend's meed. So when we were re-  
freshed

With food and wine, I broached the matter first,  
Urging that ye should follow to the strife;  
And ye were very eager, but your sires  
Gave to you many charges. The old chief,  
Peleus, enjoined Achilles aye to be  
First in the fight, surpassing other braves;  
And in like manner did Menœtius, son  
Of Actor, lay upon thee his behest: —

“ Achilles is more nobly born, my child,  
Though thou art elder; and in might he far

Excels thee. But fail not to render him  
Wise counsel and suggestion, and point out  
His course, and he, for his own good, will hear.  
Such was thine aged father's charge to thee,  
And thou forgettest. Tell these things e'en now  
To fierce Achilles, if he will but heed;  
Who knows? perchance, with heav'nly aid, thy  
words

May move his spirit; since a friend's advice  
Is salutary. If the chieftain shuns  
Some fateful prophecy, foretold him by  
His queenly mother, heard by her from Zeus,  
Let him send thee forth; let the rest,— the bands  
Of Myrmidons,— attend thee; thou shalt bring  
Light to the Argives. Let him give to thee  
His beauteous arms, to bear them to the fight;  
Thus haply shall the foe, mistaking thee  
For him, avoid th' encounter, and the brave  
Argives find respite, now so spent and worn;  
Yet brief the breathing-space from strife! Your  
troops,

Still fresh, might readily repulse, from tents  
And barks, the wearied Trojans to their walls."

'Twas thus he spake, enkindling ardor in  
The bosom of Patroclus. Forth he sped  
Toward the Greek ships to seek Æacides.  
And when his swift course brought him where  
divine

Odysseus' barks were moored — the spot they used  
As their tribunal and their council-place,

And where were reared the altars of the gods,—  
He met Eurypylus, the nobly-born  
Son of Evæmon, wounded by a dart  
That pierced his thigh, and limping from the field;  
Moist sweat from head and shoulders streamed, and  
dark

Gurgled from that fell wound the bloody tide;  
Yet was his heart still steadfast. Then the brave  
Son of Menœtius sorrowed as he saw,  
And spake compassionately wingèd words:

“ Ah, hapless chiefs and couns'lors of the Greeks!  
Is't thus that, far from friends and native land,  
Your snowy flesh must furnish a repast  
For the swift dogs of Troy? But tell me this,  
Zeus-nurtured Prince Eurypylus: shall still  
Th' Achæan host withstand great Hector's might,  
Or must they perish, vanquished by his shaft? ”

Eurypylus, the wounded brave, returned:—  
“ No longer now can succor, heav'n-born knight,  
Avail th' Achæans; they must fall beside  
Their black ships; all that were their best of yore  
Lie in their galleys, by the Trojans' hands  
Wounded by weapons, cast or thrust; the foe  
Gaineth strength ever. To my sable bark  
Lead thou and save me; cut the shaft from out  
My thigh,— with tepid water wash away  
The dark-hued blood; and salve the wound with  
balms

Pain-quelling, healing remedies in which  
They say Achilles taught thee — he himself

Tutored by Chiron, who was called most just  
Of Centaurs. For of our physicians, one,  
Machaon, so I think, lies wounded now  
Among the tents, and hath himself sore need  
Of the skilled surgeon; Podalirius still  
Withstands upon the plain the wrath of Troy."

Then thus replied Menœtius' hero-son;  
"How shall these things be, brave Eurypylus?  
What shall we do? To fierce Achilles now  
I bear the word that the Gerenian knight,  
Warder of Greece, entrusted to my care;  
Yet will I not desert thee, thus outworn."

So spake the chief, and, clasping round the breast  
The people's shepherd, bore him to his tent;  
His squire, beholding, spread upon the floor  
The oxhide mats; on these Patroclus laid  
His friend, and with the sacrificial knife  
Cut the keen arrow from the warrior's thigh,  
And from the wound with tepid water laved  
The dark-hued blood; then crushing in his hands  
A bitter root, alleviating pain,  
He laid it on the hurt. All suff'ring ceased;  
The wound grew dry; stayed was the gory tide.



## BOOK XII

### THE BATTLE AT THE WALL

The destruction of the Greek wall by Poseidon and Apollo, subsequent to the narrative, related. A fierce conflict is now waged before it, the Trojans under Hector endeavoring to break through, but checked by its solid masonry and by the trench. Hector, at the advice of Polydamas, bids the army abandon the chariots and essay the passage of the trench on foot. The five Trojan divisions and their commanders enumerated. Asius, assailing the wall at the place where the gates are held open for the reception of fugitives, is confronted by the two Lapithæ, Polypætēs and Leonteus, its defenders, who, aided by missiles showered down by the Greeks above, slay many Trojan leaders. An omen from heaven of an eagle clutching a serpent is seen by the division of Trojans under Hector when about to pass the trench, and interpreted disadvantageously to the Trojans by Polydamas, who is reproved by Hector, and his advice disregarded. The struggle is resumed with showers of stones on both sides; the Greeks are inspired and aided by the heroes Ajax. Urged on by Zeus, Sarpedon, the Lycian leader, calling on Glaucus to aid him, makes a determined assault upon the wall with his command. Menestheus, captain of a tower, sends for the Ajax-pair to come to his aid, which Telamonian Ajax does, slaying Epicles; Glaucus is wounded by Teucer. Sarpedon, slaying Alc-mæon, wrenches the battlement from the summit of the wall; Teucer fails to disable him, but he is checked



## *The Iliad*

by Ajax. The Greeks and Lycians continue to struggle for mastery; at length, however, Hector shatters the gates by hurling against them a great stone, and charges with his followers into the camp of the Greeks, who fly to their ships in disorder.

## BOOK XII

**T**HUS at th' encampment did that hardy chief,  
Mencæti'us' son, attend with healing arts  
Wounded Eurypylus; while, densely massed,  
The hosts of Greece and Ilium waged their strife.  
No longer could their moat afford the Greeks  
Protection from their enemies, nor e'en  
The massive wall above which they had reared  
To shield their ships, and girdled it around  
With the delved trench — (yet failed to render up  
To heav'n its due of noble hecatombs)  
That thus it might encompass and defend  
Their rapid barks, and all their spoil. 'Twas done  
Against the will of the undying gods;  
Hence might not long endure. Whilst Hector  
lived,  
While still the wrath of Peleus' son was fierce,  
And undestroyed as yet King Priam's walls,  
So long the mighty bulwark of the Greeks  
Stood firm. But when the bravest of their foes  
Had all been slain, and many of themselves  
Had fall'n as well, though others yet were left,—  
When in the tenth year Priam's capital  
Was pillaged, and the Argives, in their barks,  
Had sought their own loved land, Poseidon then  
Took counsel with Apollo how to throw  
The bulwark down, uniting for the task



The strength of all the rivers that flow forth  
From pinnacles of Ida to the sea:  
Rhesus, Caresus and Heptaporus,  
Rhodius and Granicus, Æsepus too,  
Scamander's sacred wave and Simoïs, where  
Lay in the dust full many an oxhide shield  
And casque, and corse of hero half divine.  
Gath'ring their force, the mouths of all these  
streams

Phœbus diverted, and for nine days hurled  
Their torrent 'gainst the wall; while Zeus sent rain  
Incessant, sooner to submerge the mass  
Amid the flood. The god who shakes the lands,  
Wielding his trident, led the tides, and whelmed  
Among the billows each foundation-stone  
And timber that the Greeks with toiling hands  
Had set in place, and razed the whole to earth  
By Hellespont's strong stream; and once again,  
When thus the wall was leveled, covered o'er  
The spacious beach with sand, and turned the  
streams

To where their tranquil currents used to flow.

Such were Poseidon's and Apollo's deeds,—  
Deeds to be done in future. Now around  
That massive rampart blazed the flame of strife,  
And roared the battle; loudly crashed the beams  
Built in the tow'rs. The Argives, lashed, it seemed,  
By Zeus' own scourge, pent up 'mong their deep  
barks,

Still strove to hold their ground, yet terrified

By Hector, him so potent to inspire  
Panic in warriors' breasts; he, as of old,  
Raged like a hurricane. As some wild boar  
Or lion in the pride of strength is brought  
To bay among the hunters and their pack;  
They, formed in solid column, wait his charge,  
While thickly fly aimed jav'lins from their hands;  
Yet his stout heart fears not, nor doth he flee —  
His valor proves his downfall; oft he wheels,  
Testing the huntsmen's ranks; where'er he springs,  
The ranks must yield; so Hector to and fro  
Turned 'mid the throng, exhorting his command  
To cross the moat. But this the swift-paced steeds  
Dared not essay; but halted on the brink,  
Neighing aloud, and frightened at the sight  
Of the broad trench, not easy to o'erleap  
Nor to pass through; 'twas fenced on either hand  
With beetling banks, and these were covered o'er  
With sharpened palisades in close array,  
Massive in size, implanted by the host  
Of Argives, from the foemen's force to shield.  
No steed that drew a well-wheeled car might here  
Find ready passage; and the infantry  
Stood pond'ring if they might succeed. Then thus  
Polydamas addressed his hardy chief:

“ O Hector and ye others who command  
The Trojans and allies! 'tis folly thus  
To urge across the trench our fleet-hoofed steeds.  
'Tis terrible to pass; sharp palisades  
Are planted there, and close above them tow'rs

The rampart of the Greeks. Our mounted force  
Cannot descend within it, nor make fight  
Having once done so; 'tis a narrow space,  
Where many would be wounded. Now, if Zeus  
That thund'reth in the clouds, doth wholly hate  
Our foes, and meditates their overthrow,  
And would aid Ilium, then 'twould be my choice  
That the Greek host might straightway perish here,  
Nameless, afar from Argos. If they wheel,  
And sally from their vessels, and we rush  
Into the deep-drawn moat, not one, I ween,  
Escaping from their rallied force, will find  
His way again to Troy to tell the tale.  
Come, then, as I enjoin let all give heed;  
Let now your squires make fast your chargers here  
Beside the moat; whilst all our force, on foot  
And armed, shall follow Hector in close throng;  
The ranks of Greece will not withstand our charge  
If doom hath truly spread for them her snare."

Thus spake Polydamas. His happy words  
Pleased Hector's heart; straight from his car he  
sprang,

All armed, to earth. The other Trojan braves  
Gathered no more in chariots; all leaped down,  
On seeing godlike Hector. Then each knight  
Gave order to his charioteer to rein  
There by the moat his steeds in order meet;  
The men, at intervals, and formed in files,  
In five divisions marched behind their chiefs.  
First, under Hector and Polydamas,

The blameless, the most numerous squadron came  
And hardest, fiercely burning to break through  
The wall and battle by the hollow barks.  
As their third captain came Cebriones,  
For Hector by his battle-car had left  
Another,— a less worthy man than he.  
Their next division Paris led, beside  
Alcathoüs and Agenor; Helenus  
The third battalion, with Deïphobus,  
Of heav'nly mien — both sons of Priam these;  
And Asius had third charge — brave Asius, son  
Of Hyrtacus, from out Arisba brought,  
And from the stream Selleïs, by his steeds  
Huge-framed and shining. O'er their fourth array  
Æneas held the chief command — the strong  
Son of Anchises; with Archilochus  
And Acamas — Antenor's scions these;  
Conversant both with every rule of strife.  
Sarpedon captained the renowned allies,  
Choosing as comrades Glaucus and the bold  
Asteropæus; since he reckoned these  
To be without dispute the bravest knights  
Of any save himself, who all surpassed.  
So having fitted to each other's arms  
Strong oxhide shields, they charged impetuously  
The Greeks, assured they would no longer stand,  
But rush disordered to their black-hulled fleet.

The other Trojans and far-famed allies  
Obeyed the counsel of Polydamas,  
The unreprouched. Yet one, Hyrtacides

Asius, the warrior-chief, was disinclined  
To leave his battle-steeds, and squire that drave  
His car, behind; but came with them full near  
To the swift ships — not destined, hapless chief!  
To 'scape his cruel doom, nor to return  
In pride of steeds and chariot from the fleet  
To windy Ilium. Bitter fate was first  
To shroud him, fall'n a victim to the shaft  
Of famed Idomeneus, Deucalion's son.  
He drave to left-ward of the barks,— the way  
O'er which the Greeks were pressing from the plain  
With cars and coursers. Here he urged his steeds  
And chariot, neither finding at the gate  
The portals shut nor the long bar in place;  
Men held them swung wide open, in the hope  
To save their comrades fleeing from the fight  
Fleetward for refuge. Resolute of heart,  
Thither he wheeled his chargers; and his train  
With shrill cries followed, certain that the Greeks  
Could hold their ground no longer, but must flee  
To their black barks. Misguided men! they found  
Two doughty champions at the portals — bold  
Sons of the Lapithæ that wield the spear;  
Brave Polypætes one, Pirithoüs' son,  
And one Leontes, peer of Ares, scourge  
Of all mankind. Before the lofty port  
Stood the two heroes as tall oak-trees stand  
Upon the mountains, braving wind and rain  
Through all their days, by mighty roots bound fast  
That stretch afar; so they, reliant on

Their strength and prowess, bided, as he came,  
Asius the mighty, turning not to flight.  
On toward the firm-built wall their foemen sprang  
Shouting aloud, with seasoned shields of hide  
Upborne aloft, and following as their chiefs  
Asius the prince, besides Iälmenus,  
Orestes too and Adamas, the son  
Of Asius; Thoön; CEnomaüs last.  
Now the two Lapiths had withdrawn the while  
Within the bulwarks, urging their greaved host  
To battle and defend their ships. But when  
They saw the Trojans surging toward the wall,  
Saw the Greeks turned to flight, and heard their  
cries,  
Forth sallied both the champions and engaged  
The foe before the portal — like wild boars  
That on the mountain meet a noisy band  
Of huntsmen with their hounds, and spring upon  
The enemy obliquely, crushing down  
The wood around, and hewing trunks of trees  
Off at the root; the gnashing of their tusks  
Is heard above the din, till hostile hand  
Can smite them down and take their lives away;  
So loudly did the brazen armor ring  
Upon the warriors' breasts beneath the blows  
That rained upon them; for they battled hard,  
Reliant on assistance from their friends  
Behind the walls, and strong in their own might;  
While from the massive tow'rs the other Greeks  
Dropped stones upon th' assailants, combating

To save themselves, their tents, and their swift  
fleet.

And thickly as to earth the snow-flakes fall,  
Show' red o'er the fruitful soil beneath the breath  
Of some tempestuous gale that onward sweeps  
The shadowy mists; so thickly fell the rain  
Of weapons both from Greek and Trojan hands;  
And hoarsely 'neath the crash of huge stones rang  
The casques and bossy bucklers. With a groan  
Asius Hyrtacides now smote his thighs  
With angry gesture, and in these words spake:

“O Father Zeus, thou now hast proved to be  
Wholly deceitful. Ne'er did I suppose  
The Argive heroes could withstand our might  
And our resistless arms. But they — like wasps  
Of supple waists, or bees, that build their nests  
Beside a craggy path, and ne'er forsake  
Their hollow hiding-places, but await  
The hunters there and battle for their young,—  
So do these champions, though but two, refuse  
To yield the gate till captured or till slain.”

So spake he; but such words could not win o'er  
The heart of Zeus, whose purpose 'twas to yield  
Renown to Hector. Now at other gates  
Battled still other chiefs; — too hard the task  
Should I essay to sing — as though endowed  
With heav'nly tongue — of all their feats of arms;  
For all about that rampart raged a fire  
Of stones. The Argive warriors, sad at heart,  
Battled, as need was, for their ships; and grieved

Were all among th' immortals who espoused  
The cause of the Achæans in the fray.

Now presently the Lapithæ,— the twain,—  
Joined in the carnage; and Pirithoüs' son,  
The mighty Polypœtes, with his shaft  
Smote Damasus athwart the bronze-cheeked casque;  
The helm stayed not the stroke; the brazen head  
Pierced through and cleft the skull; and all the  
brain

Within was shattered. So he fell; and next  
The Lapith Ormenus and Pylon slew.

And now Leonteus, sprung from Ares, smote  
Antimachus, Hippomachus's son;

His jav'lin pierced the baldric of the foe.  
Then drawing from its sheath his whetted brand,

He darted through the press, and at close range  
Struck first Antiphates, and dashed him down

Backward to earth; and presently had stretched  
Menon, Iälmenus, Orestes, all

In quick succession on the fruitful plain.

But while they stripped the bodies of the dead  
Of their resplendent mail, the troop of youths

Who followed Hector and Polydamas,—  
Forming the bravest and most numerous band,

Composed of those who longed most eagerly  
To break the wall and set the ships aflame,

Were standing still beside the moat, perplexed —  
For to them, as they strove to cross, appeared

An omen. There upon their left, as if  
Dividing them, an eagle, soaring high,



Held in its talons a huge serpent, red  
As blood, alive and quiv'ring still, not yet  
Ceasing to struggle; for with backward coil  
It struck the bird that clutched it, in the breast,  
Beside the neck. The eagle, agonized,  
Released its hold upon its prey, that dropped  
To earth among the crowd of Trojans, while  
The bird, wind-wafted, flew with screams away.  
The Trojans shuddered when they saw the snake  
Lie writhing in their midst — a prodigy  
From ægis-bearing Zeus. Polydamas  
Came now to hardy Hector's side and spake: —

“Hector, e'en when my judgment is most sound,  
I constantly incur rebuke from thee;  
It is unseemly, true, for any man  
Among the populace, either on the field  
Or in the council, to oppose thy will;  
Nay, such an one should ever strive to swell  
Still more thine influence; none the less, I now  
Must plainly speak as seemeth best to me.  
Let us not go to fight the men of Greece  
To gain their ships. For this, I trow, will prove  
The outcome, if this omen hath indeed  
Come to our Trojans, as we strive to pass  
The moat — this eagle, soaring o'er our left,  
Dividing the two armies, and which bore  
Within its talons a huge serpent, red  
As blood, but still alive; and suddenly,  
Ere it had reached its well-loved eyrie, dropped  
Its prey among our host, and brought it not

Home to its young. So, though our might suffice  
To storm the Achæans' ports, and break their  
wall,—

Though they retreat before us,— we shall not  
Traverse that selfsame pathway, from the fleet,  
Without disaster; we must leave behind  
Full many a Trojan, whom the foe shall smite,  
In battling for their barks, with brazen brands;  
For such would be the interpretation given  
This omen by the soothsay'r deeply versed  
In auguries; the people would give heed."

Bright-crested Hector, frowning, thus replied:  
" Polydamas, thy words no longer meet  
With my approval. Surely thou couldst find  
Some sounder plan to offer. If these words  
Are spoken seriously, the gods, I ween,  
Have stol'n thy senses. Thou wouldst have me  
then

Forget the purpose of the Thund'rer Zeus,  
And what he promised and with nod made sure!  
By this advice, forsooth, we must obey  
The birds of prey that soar on spreading wing —  
To which, as for myself, I give no heed,  
Of which I reckon not; must observe their flight,—  
If it be toward the right hand, toward the sun  
And dawn of day, or leftward, toward the shades  
Of misty gloaming. Let it be for us  
To yield obedience to great Zeus' decree;—  
He o'er all mortals and immortals reigns.  
There is one omen, best of all,— to war

For one's own land. Why tremble at the fight  
And the fierce fray? Though all we others die  
Here by the barks of Argos, yet no fear  
That thou wilt meet thy downfall; for thy heart  
Is neither strong nor steadfast on the field.  
Yet if thou fail to bear thy part in strife,—  
If word of thine turn any else away,—  
Straightway thou diest, smitten by my spear.”

Thus the chief spake, and led the way. His men  
With deaf'ning uproar followed. Zeus, that wields  
The lightning, sent meantime from Ida's steep  
A hurricane, whose blast blew clouds of dust  
Toward where the fleet lay; and he dulled the sense  
Of the Achæans, whilst he glorified  
Hector and Troy. These, trusting to the signs  
He had revealed, and to their valor, strove  
To force a passage through the great Greek wall.  
They rent the breasting of the tow'rs away,  
Threw down the battlements, with levers pried  
From their positions the projecting piles  
Laid by the Greeks first on the ground to hold  
The tow'rs securely stayed; they loosened these,  
Trusting to break the rampart down. But not  
As yet would the Achæan warriors yield  
The path; but shelt'ring with their shields of hide  
The breastworks, from behind them rained down  
blows  
Upon the foe that pressed beneath the wall.  
The two chiefs Ajax sped to every hand  
Over the ramparts, striving to inspire

The hearts of Greece with ardor; — chiding now  
With honeyed sweetness, now with stern reproof,  
Whome'er they saw relinquishing the fray.

“ O friends! both ye who are preëminent  
Among the Greeks, and ye of middle place,  
And ye who are inferior! — (since all men  
Are not alike in combat) — there is now  
Work for ye all, as well ye also know.  
Let no man turn him backward to the barks  
Hearing that chief's loud shout; but press straight  
on;

Let each inspire his comrade; that perchance  
Olympian Zeus, who wields the bolt of flame,  
May give us to repel their force, and drive  
The foes before us to their city-wall.”

Thus, with loud shouts, the chieftains roused once  
more

The martial spirit of the Greeks; and now,  
Thick as on winter's day the snow-flakes fly,  
When Zeus the Couns'lor sends a storm of snow  
And manifests his arrows to mankind;  
When, lulling all the winds to sleep, he bids  
Incessant flakes descend, to shroud the crests  
Of lofty hills, and promontories steep,  
The plains abloom with lotus and the rich  
Fields of the ploughmen; by the gray sea's side  
O'er inlet and o'er cape the snow is strown;  
The smiting billow checks it — all things else  
Are mantled deep beneath the burd'ning show'r  
Sent down by Zeus; so thickly flew the stones

From either side, now hurled against the men  
Of Troy, and now by them against the Greeks;  
O'er all the wall was heard the clash of arms.

Yet even then the Trojans and renowned  
Hector could not have burst the rampart-gates  
Or the long bar that held them, had not Zeus,  
The Couns'lor, made his son Sarpedon rise  
Against the Argives, as a lion comes  
On beeves of crumpled horns. His buckler soon  
He grasped, and held before him — orbed and fair;  
Faced with forged brass well hammered by the  
smith,

And sewn beneath with thick-set layers of hide  
Bound with long golden pins upon the rim.  
And this he held before him, whilst his arm  
Brandished two jav'lins, and he charged amain  
Like lion of the mountains, hungry long  
For flesh, and prompted by his hardy heart  
To try the flock e'en in its strong-fenced fold;  
And though he find the herdsmen there, who guard  
Their sheep with dogs and darts, he hath no mind  
To flee the fold, untried; but either springs  
Upon his victims, making one his prey,  
Or as he makes his onset is himself  
Pierced by a weapon hurled from some prompt hand;  
E'en so the godlike chief, Sarpedon, now  
Was prompted by his spirit to assail  
The wall, and break the breastworks. Straight he  
called  
To Glaucus, scion of Hippolochus: —

“ Why, Glaucus, are we honored most of men  
With thrones, and meats, and beakers brimming o'er,  
In Lycia? and why gazed upon as gods  
By all mankind? and wherefore do we hold  
A vast domain by banks of Xanthus, fair  
In vineyards and in wheat-fields? Then we now  
Must take our stand among the vanguard chiefs  
Of Lycia, and engage the fiery strife;  
That our cuirassè soldiery may then  
Say each to each: ' With no inglorious sway  
Our princes reign in Lycia, though they feast  
On fattened sheep, and quaff their choice sweet wine;  
Surpassing might is also theirs — they war  
Among the foremost knights of Lycia's land.'  
Dear comrade! were we destined — having once  
Escaped this strife — to be forever free  
From death and hoary age, I ne'er should take  
My place among the champions, nor should send  
Thee to bear part in the ennobling fray;  
But as it is, since close beside us stand  
Unnumbered Fates that lead us to our doom,  
Which 'tis impossible for mortal man  
To flee or shun — then onward! to give fame  
To others or to gain it for our own.”

So spake he; nor did Glaucus turn aside  
Nor fail to heed. Straight on they came, and led  
Their vast command of Lycians. Now the son  
Of Peteos, Menestheus, marked their pace,  
And shuddered; for 'twas toward his tow'r they came  
With mien that boded ill. He turned to scan

The close-massed phalanx of Achæa's host,  
Hoping to find some captain strong to shield  
His comrades from their fate. Anon he spied  
The two called Ajax, e'er athirst for strife;  
Both standing, close to Teucer, who had late  
Come from his lodge. His shouting could not gain  
Their ears, so loud the din and clamor rang;  
Rising to heav'n — the sound of smitten shields,  
And plumèd helmets, and of battered gates —  
For closed were all the portals, and the foes  
Beset them, laboring hard to break them through  
And press within. He called the herald now,  
Thoötes, bidding him to seek the chief: —

“Divine Thoötes! speed thee hence and call  
Ajax, or rather both who bear the name;  
That were the safest — we are threatened here  
With swift and utter ruin; so the bands  
Of Lycia press us — proved ere now so fell  
And furious in fierce combat. If there too  
They labor hard, and bitter be the strife,  
Then let brave Telamonus come alone,  
And Teucer follow, skilled to speed the dart.”

He spake; the herald heard, nor failed to heed  
The chief's command, but flew along the wall  
Raised by the brazen-kirtled Greeks; and soon  
Reaching the warriors Ajax, quickly spake: —

“Ye princes Ajax, leaders of the Greeks  
Arrayed in brazen armor, Peteos' son,  
Belovèd, and divinely-reared, entreats  
That ye haste thither and for short space share

The battle's labor; preferably both;  
'Twere safest thus, for we are threatened there  
With swift and utter ruin — so the bands  
Of Lycia press us, proved ere now so fell  
And furious in fierce combat. If here too  
Ye labor hard, and bitter be the strife,  
Then let brave Telamonius come alone,  
And Teucer follow, skilled to speed the dart."

He spake. Great Ajax, sprung from Telamon,  
Failed not to heed, but, quickly turning toward  
Oïleus' son, in winged accents spake: —

" Here, Ajax, stand your ground — ye two, thy-  
self

And mighty Lycomedes, and exhort  
The Greeks to battle bravely, whilst I haste  
Thither and share the labor of the fight,  
And return straightway, having rescued these."

Thus saying, Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Set forth, with Teucer, his half-brother, child  
Of the same father; and beside them walked  
Pandion bearing Teucer's curving bow.  
When, passing round within the wall, they gained  
Great-souled Menestheus' tower, and came to aid  
His struggling force — for Lycia's leaders bold  
And couns'lors stormed the breastworks like the gale  
Of a black hurricane — they soon engaged  
The foe, and loud arose the din of strife.

First Telamonian Ajax slew his man,  
Epicles, comrade of Sarpedon; known  
As a great-hearted knight. He smote him fair



With a huge jagged rock that lay upon  
The rampart's inner side — the topmost stone,  
Close to the breastwork. 'Twere no easy task  
For any man, as men now are, and though  
In the full prime of youth, to wield that stone  
In both his hands; yet Ajax raised it high,  
And hurled it; on the fourfold-crested casque  
It fell with crushing force, and all the skull  
At once was shattered. From the lofty tow'r,  
E'en as the diver leaps, he dropped, and life  
Fled from his frame. Next Teucer with his dart  
Smote Glaucus, scion of Hippolochus,  
The valiant warrior, as he sought to scale  
The tow'ring rampart — pierced him where the arm  
Was seen uncovered, and disabled him  
From battle. From the wall the hero sprang,  
Yet stealthily, that no Achæan might  
Perceive his wound, and glory o'er his harm.  
Sarpedon, seeing Glaucus gone, was filled  
With sorrow; yet he would not quit the fight,  
But with his jav'lin pierced Alcmaeon — son  
Was he of Thestor — and drew forth the shaft;  
And following it the knight head-foremost crashed  
Down, and about him rang his armor gay  
With brazen ornaments. Sarpedon seized  
In his strong grasp the battlement, and tore  
The structure from its place; the whole mass fell;  
Thus was the summit of the wall left bare  
Of all defence, and thus a pathway made  
Where many men might pass. But Ajax now

And Teucer met the Lycian; Teucer's dart  
Pierced the bright belt which round his bosom bound  
The shelt'ring buckler. Yet did Zeus protect  
His son from doom, nor suffered him to die  
By the ships' sterns. Then Ajax, springing nigh,  
Smote the foe's shield; the weapon could not pierce,  
Yet dealt the furious chief a stunning blow,  
And from the battlement the warrior fell  
Backward a little space, yet would not turn  
To full retreat, for he was yearning still  
To win himself renown. Then, wheeling, thus  
He shouted to his godlike Lycian host: —

“Why, men of Lycia, do ye thus give o'er  
Your martial prowess? Hard I find the task,  
Brave as I am, to break with single arm  
A path to where the ships lie. Follow now;  
Where many toil the work is ended soon.”

Such were his words. In awe of his command,  
With still more zeal his soldiery pressed round  
Their counsel-bearing sov'reign; whilst the men  
Of Argos, on their side, made strong the lines  
Within the rampart. Fearful was the task;  
For neither could the sturdy Lycians break  
Through the Greek wall, nor force a path to where  
The ships lay, nor could the lance-bearing Greeks  
Drive from the wall their foes when once they  
gained

A place beside it. And as when two men  
Stand in a tilled field which both seek to share,  
Disputing o'er the boundary, and strive

In narrow space for what each deems his due,  
Measure in hand; e'en so the battlements  
Divided the twain hosts; yet over them  
The warriors fought and strove to hew from round  
Each other's breasts the orbèd shields of hide  
And the light targets with their flutt'ring folds.  
And the remorseless brazen jav'lin pierced  
The flesh of many a combatant whose back  
Showed, as he turned, unguarded; many more  
Were smitten through their bucklers. All around,  
The tow'rs and breastworks were bedewed with  
blood

Of Greek and Trojan warriors. Yet the Greeks  
Could not be driv'n, but still maintained their  
ground.

As when an honest dame who earns her bread  
By daily spinning, balances her scales,  
Adjusting fairly wool and weight to bring  
The scales to equilibrium, thus to gain  
A slender stipend for her babes; e'en so  
This battle hung in equipoise, till Zeus  
Bestowed the greater glory of the fight  
On Hector, son of Priam — he it was  
Who first sprang down within the Grecian wall,  
And called his followers in stentorian tones: —

“Up, knights of Ilium! break the Argive wall,  
And hurl against their ships devouring flame.”

Thus Hector urged his followers on. They  
heard,  
And now they stormed the wall in gathered throng;

And soon they scaled the breastworks, brandishing  
Their whetted spears. Then Hector seized a rock  
That lay before the portal; —'twas a stone  
With a broad base and sharpened upper side;  
Not the two mightiest men in all the land,  
Such as men are in these days, could upheave  
That boulder readily, from where it lay,  
Into a wagon; yet the chief, with ease,  
And single-handed, swung it; for the son  
Of crafty Chronus made the burden light.  
As when a shepherd raises in one hand  
Lightly a shorn ram's fleece to bear, and feels  
Its weight but slight; so Hector raised with ease  
The stone aloft, and dashed it with full force  
Against the planks which shielded the tall gates,  
Of massive workmanship and firmly hung; —  
Two bars secured their inner side, which shot  
In opposite directions, and one key  
Fitted them both. Approaching close, he stood  
Firm-planted, and with feet apart, to lend  
No feeble impulse to the weight he cast;  
And in their midst he smote the gates; the blow  
Shattered off both the hinges; and the stone  
Fell with a crash inside; the portals groaned  
Aloud; no longer could the bolts hold fast;  
The Sundered planking fell on every hand  
When smitten by that stone. Great Hector leaped  
Within, with mien as fearful as swift night;  
With baleful splendor gleamed the mail of brass  
That clad his body, and in either hand


He waved a spear. None who had met him then,  
Save one of the immortals, could have checked  
His onset, when within the gate he sprang;  
His eyes flashed fire; and turning to the throng  
Of Troy, he cried to them to scale the wall;  
And they obeyed his voice, and straightway some  
Climbed o'er the rampart; others still poured  
through  
The fair-wrought portals. To their wide ships fled  
The Greeks, and rose a clamor without end.



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**THE ILIAD OF HOMER**  
**VOL. II**





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## BOOK XIII

### THE BATTLE AT THE FLEET

Poseidon, yoking his steeds to his chariot, comes from Samos to the aid of the Greeks, and in the guise of Calchas encourages the warriors Ajax to deliver the Greeks from Hector. He exhorts other chieftains to heroic deeds, reproaching them for the present triumph of a foe formerly so timid. The Greeks stand firm against the attack of Hector. Deïphobus is attacked by Meriones; Imbrius and Amphimachus are slain by Hector. Poseidon, disguised as Thoäs, exhorts Idomeneus, who with his friend Meriones now takes the field upon the left. The plans of the gods regarding the combatants narrated. Idomeneus slays Orthryon-eus, Alcathoüs, and Asius; Hypsenor dies at the hands of Deïphobus. The latter with Æneas advances against Idomeneus, who calls his comrades to his aid, but is forced to retire. Ascalaphus is slain by Deïphobus, who is now disabled by Meriones; other warriors fall; exploits of Antilochus. Adamas is slain by Meriones; Helenus is disabled by Menelaüs; Pisander is slain by Menelaüs; Harpalion by Meriones, and Euchenor by Paris. Hector, ignorant of the reverses upon the left, continues to endeavor to force his way to the fleet. The valor of the warriors Ajax, who fight side by side. Hector, advised by Polydamas of the disaster, and urged to call a council of war, hastens to the left, reproaching Paris for his part in the fall of so many champions. He vainly endeavors to break the Greek phalanxes; he is defied by Ajax; the Greeks



*The Iliad*

are encouraged by the omen of an eagle soaring over their right, and the Book ends with the struggle still being hotly waged with indecisive result.

### BOOK XIII

**B**UT now when Zeus had brought the men of  
Troy

And Hector to the fleet, he left them there  
Beside them, to pursue unceasingly  
Their labors and to suffer; whilst he turned  
Away his radiant orbs to view the realms  
Where dwell the Thracian breeders of the steeds,  
The Mysians, skilled in fighting hand to hand,  
The noble Hippomulgæ, fed on milk,  
And th' Abians, called most just of all mankind.  
No more on Troy were fixed those lustrous eyes;  
None of the gods, he thought, would go to lend  
Aid to the host of Ilium or of Troy.

Not vainly did the lord that shakes the lands  
Maintain his vigil; high aloft, upon  
The topmost peak of wooded Samothrace,  
He sat, beholding with a wond'ring eye  
The conflict — for from thence he overlooked  
The whole of Ida, Priam's city-walls  
And the Greek galleys. Thither from the deep  
He came to take his seat, and sorrow-filled,  
Beheld th' Achæans routed by their foes,  
And in his bosom bitter anger rose  
'Gainst Zeus. Adown the rocky pinnacle  
Sudden he sprang, and swiftly trod the way;  
And each high mountain-crest and forest quaked

Beneath the never-dying feet, as on  
Poseidon sped. Three strides he took, and gained  
At the fourth stride his goal,— at Ægæ, where  
His fair, imperishable mansion stood,  
Resplendent, wrought of gold, deep underneath  
The waters of the ocean. Here arrived,  
Poseidon to his battle-car soon yoked  
His swift and bronze-hoofed coursers, with long  
manes

Of gold; his form in golden armor mailed;  
Grasped the fair golden scourge within his hand,  
Mounted his car, and urged his steeds apace  
Over the waves. The monsters of the deep  
Came forth from all their lairs and gamboled round  
His feet, nor failed to recognize their king;  
And the glad billows parted to each hand,  
That he might pass. Still onward flew the steeds;  
Swiftly they flew, with lightsome bounds, nor wet  
The brazen axle underneath; and thus  
They bore Poseidon to the Argive barks.

There lies a spacious cavern deep submerged  
Beneath the tide of ocean, 'twixt the isle  
Of Tenedos and Imbros' craggy steep.  
And here it was Poseidon, he whose pow'r  
Maketh the earth to tremble, stayed his steeds,  
Unyoked them from the car, and gave to each  
Ambrosial food; and binding on their feet  
Fetters of gold, impossible to break  
Or to undo, that they unmoved might wait  
Their master's coming, sought the camp of Greece.

In eager throng the sons of Troy, like flame  
Or whirlwind, and with loud tumultuous cries,  
Were following Hector, Priam's son; fierce fire  
Burned in their breasts; they hoped to make the fleet  
Of Greece their prize, and lay her bravest chiefs  
All low beside them. But Poseidon, he  
That shakes the earth, and holds it in his hand,  
Spurred the Greeks on, emerging from the deep  
In Calchas' guise, assuming both his form  
And his unwearied voice; and first addressed  
The Ajax-pair, already, ere his call,  
Impetuous in their ardor for the fight:

“O warriors! 'tis for you to rescue now  
The host of the Achæans. Call to mind  
Your prowess; let chill panic be forgot.  
For in no other quarter do I fear  
The Trojans' tameless hands — not even though  
Their multitudes have scaled our mighty wall;  
The greaved Achæans shall maintain their ground  
'Gainst all their numbers. It is here alone  
I greatly dread disaster — only here  
Where Hector, the infuriate, leads the way,  
Flamelike of countenance — he who boasts to be  
The son of Zeus th' Omnipotent. I crave  
That heav'n within your bosom may awake  
Strength to stand firm, and bid your fellows stand;  
From your swift galleys then might ye with ease  
Repulse this warrior, raging as he is,  
Though he be roused by the Olympian King.”

Thus spake the lord who shakes and who upbears



The earth, and with his sceptre smote each chief,—  
Filled them with furious ardor; and he made  
Supple the warriors' limbs, their feet, their hands;  
Whilst he,— as soars a falcon swift of wing,  
That from a lofty precipice's side  
Rising darts forth, pursuing o'er the plain  
Some other bird; Poseidon, he that sets  
The lands aquake, so flashed from out their sight;  
Fleet-footed Ajax, from Oileus sprung,  
Was first to recognize the god, and thus  
Unto his fellow Telamonius spake:

“O Ajax, one among the gods that hold  
Olympus hath assumed the soothsay'r's guise  
To bid us battle by the fleet — for this  
Was not prophetic Calchas, skilled in lore  
Of oracles. With ease I recognized,  
As he passed hence, the track of limbs and feet;  
For readily the gods are to be known.  
And in my breast my spirit too is stirred  
With renewed ardor for the fight and fray;  
Rage fills my feet beneath me, and my hands.”

Then Ajax, son of Telamon, returned:  
“So are mine own indomitable hands  
Filled full of fury as they grasp the spear;  
Might is awakened in me; both my feet  
Bid me haste on; I burn for single fight  
With this infuriate Hector, Priam's son.”

So spake they each with each, rejoiced to feel  
The martial valor with which heav'n had thrilled  
Their bosoms. But the lord who shakes the lands

Meanwhile spurred on th' Achæans — those in rear  
Who cooled themselves from combat by the side  
Of their swift barks,— whose limbs were spent and  
worn

With the fierce struggle, and whose hearts were  
sore

As they beheld the Trojans who had thus  
Surmounted in strong force the rampart vast.  
And as they gazed upon their foes, the tears  
Came welling from their eyes; for now they deemed  
That they were pow'rless to escape their fate.  
But readily the god that shakes the earth,  
Passing among them, rallied and made strong  
Their columns. Unto Teucer first he came,  
To urge him forward, and to Leïtus,  
And to Peneleos and Deïpyrus,  
Thoäs, Antilochus, Meriones,  
The raisers of the shout of war; and thus,  
Cheering them on, in wingèd accents spake:

“ Shame, shame, ye youths of Argos! 'tis in you  
I trust to combat and to save our fleet;  
If ye shall thus neglect the woeful strife,  
Surely the day is dawning when the host  
Of Troy shall overcome us. Woe the while!  
'Tis a great marvel that these eyes behold,  
And dire, which ne'er, methought, could come to  
pass:

That Ilium's men should come to storm our barks —  
They that aforetime seemed like timid hinds  
Helplessly roving through the glades, to feed

The jackals, wolves and leopards — faint of heart,  
And knowing not the joy of battle — so  
The Trojans were of yore, nor ever dared  
One moment to resist the mighty hands  
Of the Achæans; now they venture forth  
Far from their city-walls, and, push the fray  
Up to our hollow galleys. Yet it all  
Results from our commander's deeds of wrong  
And the remissness of our troops; for they,  
Angered against him, care not to defend  
Their speedy barks, but here amongst them fall.  
Yet even though in very truth the chief,  
Atrides Agamemnon, wide of sway,  
Be culpable, because he cast a slight  
On fleet Pelides, 'tis impossible  
That we should shirk the conflict. Sooner far  
Mend we the mischief; brave men's hearts are soon  
Made whole. No longer can ye now give o'er —  
Consistently with honor — your fierce might,  
Ye, numb'ring all the bravest of our band.  
I, for mine own part, would upbraid no man  
Of puny strength, if he were to forsake  
The fight; but you I blame with all my heart.  
Cowards! ye soon will make disaster worse  
By this inaction. Let each heart be filled  
With fear of shame,— reproach among mankind;  
For there is wakened now a fearful strife;  
Now Hector, loud in shout of war, and strong  
In might, is battling by our very barks,  
And shatt'ring the long bar, hath forced the gate."

Thus the earth-shaking lord, exhorting, urged  
The Argives onward. Round the Ajax-pair  
Firm stood the columns; ev'n the god of war,  
Had he come 'mongst them, could have found no  
blame

In them, nor Pallas, she that rouseth hosts;  
For in picked companies the mightiest braves  
Waited the onslaught of their foes of Troy  
And noble Hector — fencing spear with spear,  
Buckler with buckler of o'erlapping folds;  
Shield leaned 'gainst shield, and helm 'gainst helm,  
— each man

Against his fellow. With their nods, the plumes  
Of horsehair brushed, that topped each glinting  
crest;

In such close ranks they stood; their brandished  
spears

Shook in their resolute hands, whilst all, intent  
And steadfast, burned with ardor for the fray.

First in a body charged the Trojans, led  
By raging Hector. As a rolling rock,  
Thrust from a cliff-top by a wintry stream,  
Whose swollen torrent undermines the stays  
That held the ruthless boulder, onward whirls,  
Bounding in air; the grove with crash resounds  
Beneath it; yet unceasingly it speeds  
Till it has gained the level plain, and there,  
Though one should push it onward, rolls no more,—  
So Hector, who till then had made his boast  
That he could hew a passage to the sea

With ease through tents and galleys, slaught'ring,—  
when

He met their solid squadrons, stayed, yet pressed  
Them close. Confronting him, the sons of Greece  
Pricked him with swords and double-edgèd spears,  
And forced him back from them; and he gave way,  
Calling, in tones stentorian, on his host:

“Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans, skilled  
In the close fray, stand steadfast at my side;  
For no long space shall the Achæan bands  
Withstand mine onslaught, though thus marshalled  
here

In columns strong as tow'rs; but, well I know,  
Will yield before my jav'lin, if indeed  
It be the Thund'rer, Hera's spouse, and first  
Among the heav'nly host, that rouseth me.”

Thus the chief spake, and kindled resolute might  
In every bosom. Now amongst them walked  
Deïphobus, a son of Priam, filled  
With arrogance, his orbèd buckler borne  
Before him; swiftly strode he on, beneath  
The shelter of his shield. Meriones,  
Couching at him his gleaming jav'lin, smote  
Unerringly that rounded shield of hide;  
Yet pierced it not — far from it; the long spear  
Was broken at the shaft. Deïphobus,  
Grasping his bull's-hide buckler, held it far  
Before him, fearing in his soul the dart  
Of brave Meriones. That chief fell back  
Among his comrades, filled with bitter rage

At both discomfitures — the vict'ry lost,  
The shattered jav'lin; and he hastened toward  
Th' encampment and the galleys of the Greeks  
To fetch the spear that in his tent remained;  
The rest fought on — the clamor never ceased.

First Telamonian Teucer slew a brave,  
The spearman Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich  
In coursers. Ere the sons of Argos came,  
He in Pedæum dwelt, and had to wife  
Medesicasta, Priam's base-born child.  
But when arrived the curved Greek galleys, he,  
Returning unto Troy, became a chief  
Among the Trojans; dwelling near the king,  
And honored by the monarch equally  
With his own children. Telamonius now  
With his long jav'lin pierced him 'neath the ear,  
And plucked again the weapon forth. He sank  
As falls an ash-tree on a mountain peak,  
Seen far away, which brazen axe hath felled  
And brought its tender foliage to the ground.  
So fell the chieftain; loud his armor rang,  
Rich-wrought of bronze. Then Teucer eagerly  
Rushed up to strip the armor from the slain;  
But Hector aimed against him, as he sped,  
His shining lance; yet Teucer marked the act  
And narrowly avoided the bronze shaft;  
Yet Hector's jav'lin wounded in the breast  
The chief Amphimachus, Cteatus' son,—  
Sprung from that son of Actor,— as he sped  
To join the combat; with a heavy crash

He fell amid the din of clanking arms.  
Up Hector sprang to plunder from the brow  
Of the great-souled Amphimachus the casque  
Shielding his temples. Ajax, as he came,  
Aimed his bright lance at Hector. The chief's flesh  
Nowhere appeared uncovered; sheathed was all  
By the dread bronze. Howbeit Ajax pierced  
The buckler's boss, and pushed with pond'rous might  
The chieftain back. Retreating, he forsook  
Both corses; the Greeks drew them from the field.  
The lords of the Athenians, Stichius  
And brave Menestheus, bore Amphimachus  
Among the Greeks; the furious Ajax-pair  
Did so with Imbrius. As two lions snatch  
From the sharp teeth of dogs a goat, and bear  
Through the dense underbrush the victim, held  
Within their jaws, high lifted from the ground,  
So the twain helmeted Ajaces bore  
The dead aloft, and spoiled him of his arms.  
And from the tender neck Oïleus' son,  
In anger for Amphimachus, hewed off  
The head, and sent it whirling like a ball  
Among the Trojan ranks; at Hector's feet  
It fell in dust. Poseidon's heart was filled  
With furious anger at his grandson's fall  
In the fierce fight. Through the Greek tents and  
barks  
He sped to spur the warriors, and prepared  
Woes for the Trojans. Presently he met  
That famous lance, Idomeneus, returned

From his companion, lately come to him  
From combat, pierced i' the hollow of the knee  
With a keen dart. His fellows bore him thence,  
And, the physicians charged, Idomeneus  
Was passing to his lodge; for still he burned  
To share the conflict. Him th' earth-shaking king  
Addressed, impersonating in his tone  
The prince Andræmon, son of Thoäs, who  
Through Pleuron, and through Calydon the steep,  
Ruled over the Ætolians, and to whom  
The people rendered homage as divine:—

“ Idomeneus, thou counsel-bearing lord  
O'er Cretans, whither have the threats now passed  
That the Greeks uttered 'gainst the Trojan host? ”

The Cretans' chief, Idomeneus, replied:—  
“ Thoäs, no man can now be held to blame,  
As far as I discern; for we do all  
Know how to fight. Nor is't that coward fear  
O'ermasters any, nor that any yields  
To shrinking dread and leaves the bitter fray.  
'Tis that Chronides the Omnipotent  
Hath willed that here th' Achæan host must die,  
Inglorious, far from Argos. But do thou,  
Thoäs,— for thou wert brave in days of yore,  
Arousing others where thou saw'st them fail,—  
Spur now each man, nor quit thyself the strife.”

Returned Poseidon, he that shakes the lands:  
“ I would, Idomeneus, that he who fails  
Through his own will to-day to take his part  
In combat, never may return from Troy,



But that the dogs here with his corse may play.  
But take thine arms,—haste here; these things must  
all

Be done with speed if we may hope — we two —  
To aid the rest. When force combines, it turns,  
E'en in the puniest men, to strength; but we  
Are competent to meet the strong in fight."

Thus saying, he, th' immortal, sought again  
The scene of mortals' toil. Idomeneus,  
Arriving at his stately lodge, encased  
His flesh in beauteous mail, and grasped two spears;  
Then forth he sallied like a lightning-bolt  
Wielded and brandished by Chronides' hand  
From radiant-peaked Olympus, as a sign  
To mortal men, so dazzling bright its gleam;  
Thus flashed the bronze upon his breast, as still  
He sped. His valiant squire Meriones  
Met him hard by the tent, for he had come  
To fetch a brazen jav'lin. Unto him  
Idomeneus, the mighty hero, spake:—

"Molus' fleet son Meriones, best loved  
Of my companions, wherefore art thou come,  
Abandoning the fight and furious fray?  
Art thou then wounded,—doth a weapon's tip  
Torture thy frame, or searchest thou for me,  
Bearing a message? I myself care not  
To sit within my dwelling, but to fight."

Then thus replied discreet Meriones:—  
"Idomeneus, thou counsel-bearing lord  
O'er bronze-clad Cretans, I am come to find

Whether within thy tent was left a spear,  
And fetch it; for I brake the one I had,  
On arrogant Deïphobus's shield."

Idomeneus, the Cretans' chief, returned:—  
"Of spears, if thou require them, thou mayst find  
Within my tent, one, aye, and twenty, here,  
Ranged on the gleaming side-walls — all from Troy,  
Gleaned from slain bodies. It is not my wont,  
In battling with my foes, to take my stand  
Far off from them; and therefore have I won  
Lances and bossy bucklers, helmets too,  
Besides cuirasses of resplendent gleam."

The wise Meriones in answer spake:—  
"I also, in mine own tent and within  
My dusky bark, have countless Trojan spoils;  
But it is far to fetch them. Nor do I  
Forget my valor either; for I stand  
Among the foremost in th' ennobling fray,  
Whene'er the fight hath wakened. Though per-  
chance

Other bronze-mailed Achæans have not marked  
How I can battle, surely thou must know."

Idomeneus, the Cretan chief, replied:  
"I know how great thy valor is; what need  
That thou shouldst mention this? For if we all,  
The mightiest, by the fleet, should gathered be  
For ambuscade — 'tis then men's hardihood  
Is readiest discerned, and there 'tis seen  
Who are the brave, and who the faint of heart,—  
For the complexion of the base doth change

From one hue to another, and his soul  
Cannot be calmed, permitting him to sit  
Quiet, nor tremble; but he shifteth aye  
From knee to knee, and sits upon both feet;  
And loudly knocks within his breast his heart,  
And his teeth chatter as he waits his fate;  
The brave man's color alters not, nor yet  
Fears he o'ermuch, when first he takes his seat  
Among the men in ambuscade, but yearns  
Quickly to mingle in the woeful strife;  
No man, were this to happen, could reproach  
Thy might nor strength of arm. If in such fray  
Thou smitten wert, or pierced by missile cast,  
The weapon would not strike thee from the rear  
In neck or back, but it would meet thy breast  
Or stomach, as thou hastenedst on among  
Thy fellows of the vanguard. But enough!  
Let us no longer stand, like imbeciles,  
Chatt'ring of things like these; or we may meet  
Stinging rebuke. But quickly go within  
The tent and fetch from thence a pond'rous shaft."

'Twas thus he spake. Meriones, the peer  
Of Ares the fleet-footed, brought with speed  
A brazen jav'lin from the lodge, and ran  
After Idomeneus, with all his heart  
Intent on combat. E'en as Ares goes —  
The scourge of humankind — to join the fray,  
Followed by Panic, his dear son, at once  
Mighty and fearless — he that turns to flight  
The doughtiest hero, when they don their mail

To go from Thrace against the Ephyri  
Or 'gainst the large-souled Phlegyæ, nor heed  
The prayers of both the armies, but bestow  
Glory on one alone; e'en so the chiefs  
Of men, Idomeneus and Meriones,  
Went into battle helmed in shining brass;  
And, to his friend, Meriones first spake:—

“ Son of Deucalion, where dost thou desire  
To join the combat — on th' extreme right hand,  
Or in the midst, or rather on the left?  
For nowhere else, methinks, the long-haired Greeks  
Need reinforcements as they need them here.”

Then thus in answer spake Idomeneus,  
The Cretans' lord: “ At the mid-fleet there stand  
Others, enough to guard: — the Ajax-twain  
And Teucer, who excels th' Achæans all  
In archery, and who is likewise brave  
In the close-fought encounter. These suffice  
To sate with combat Priam's son, though filled  
With zeal for warfare and of wondrous might.  
Hard will he find the task,— though eagerly  
He thirst for battle,— to o'erwhelm their pow'r  
And their indomitable arms, and burn  
Our ships with flame — unless Chronides' self  
'Gainst our swift barks shall hurl his blazing brand.  
Great Ajax, son of Telamon, would ne'er  
Give way to any mortal warrior fed  
Upon Demeter's corn or vuln'erable  
To bronze or huge stones cast. Nor would he yield  
E'en to Achilles, scatt'rer of the hosts,

In hand-to-hand encounter, though no peer  
To him in fleetness. Therefore lead us on  
To join the army's left, that we may learn  
Quickly if we be destined to yield boasts  
To others, or to earn from them our fame."

Thus the king spake. Meriones, as fleet  
As Ares, onward led the way, until  
They reached th' encampment where the monarch  
bade.

When now the foe beheld Idomeneus,  
Flamelike in valor, and his comrade, armed  
Alike in rich-wrought mail, each warrior called  
Upon his mate, and, gath'ring in a throng,  
All sped to assail him. Presently around  
The vessels' sterns there rose the mutual strife;  
As when, upon a day when densest lies  
The dust along the highways, shrilling winds  
Blow up a hurricane that sweeps the mass  
All into one vast cloud; so mingling came  
The combatants, their hearts all fury-filled  
To strike their foemen down with whetted brands  
Amid the tumult. All the deadly field  
Was bristling with long jav'lines which their hands  
Wielded to pierce each other's flesh; the eye  
Was blinded by the brazen glare that gleamed  
From glancing helms, cuirasses burnished new,  
And glitt'ring shields, as to the shock they sped;  
He were indeed bold-hearted who could look,  
Delighted and unpitying, on that fray.

Meanwhile, diversely-minded, the two sons

Of Chronus, mighty deities, prepared  
Great hardships for the heroes. Zeus desired  
That in the battle victory should pass  
To Hector and his Trojans, to bring fame  
To fleet Achilles. Yet 'twas not his will  
That all th' Achæan host should meet their fate  
In front of Troy; 'twas only his design  
To honor Thetis and her valorous child.  
But now Poseidon, climbing secretly  
From the gray deep, had joined the Argive host,  
Urging them forward; for he mourned to see  
The Trojans routing them, and fierce his rage  
Rose against Zeus. Now both divinities  
Were peers in birth, their parentage the same;  
Yet of the twain was Zeus the elder-born  
And wiser; and Poseidon hence forbore  
To aid his favorites openly, but donned  
Ever a mortal's guise, and stealthily  
Went 'mong the ranks to rouse them. So the pair  
Entwined, and stretched o'er both the hosts, a net  
Wov'n of fell discord and all-leveiling strife,  
Not to be loosed nor broken — aye, and one  
Which made the limbs of multitudes to fail.

And now Idomeneus, though hoary hairs  
Showed on his head, yet rallied on the Greeks,  
Assailed the ranks of Ilium, and inspired  
Panic amongst them. First Orthryoneus,  
One of their number, smote he,— who had come  
But lately from Cabetes to the fight  
In quest of glory, and who sought the hand,

Undowered, of King Priam's fairest child,  
Cassandra, with the promise to achieve  
A mighty labor: — he would drive the Greeks,  
Despite their every effort, out from Troy.  
So aged Priam promised him the maid,  
And gave the nod; the hero joined the fight,  
Reliant on his word. Idomeneus  
Took aim, and smote him with his gleaming shaft,  
As he stepped proudly forth. The bronze cuirass  
He wore stayed not the stroke; the weapon pierced  
His middle; and he fell with heavy clang,  
While thus th' Achæan gloried o'er his fall: —

“Orthryoneus! I shall extol thee more  
Than all men else, if truly thou perform  
The vow thou made to Priam, Dardanus-sprung;  
He promised thee his daughter; so would we  
Make thee a promise which shall be fulfilled: —  
That we will bring from Argos the most fair  
Of Agamemnon's daughters for thy bride,  
And give to thee, if thou wilt lend us now  
Thine aid to overthrow the populous walls  
Of Ilium's citadel. But follow here; —  
Beside the journeying barks we may discuss  
The marriage; no illiberal givers we.”

Thus saying, the heroic Cretan seized  
The body by the foot, to drag away  
Through the fierce combat. But against him came  
Asius as rescuer; he walked on foot  
Before his coursers, which the charioteer  
So guided, that their breath was ever blown

O'er Asius' shoulders. Fierce was his desire  
To smite Idomeneus. The chief forestalled  
His thought, and with his jav'lin pierced his throat  
Beneath the chin; and drave the point right through.  
Crashing he fell, as poplar falls, or oak  
Or tow'ring pine, hewn down by craftsmen's hands  
With newly-whetted axes on the steep  
To frame a vessel; so the chief sank low  
And lay outstretched before his car and steeds,  
Moaning aloud, and clutching as he fell  
The blood-bespattered dust. The charioteer,  
In terror, lost his senses, daring not  
To wheel his steeds about to hazard flight  
From the foes' hands. Antilochus, the staunch  
In combat, pierced his middle with his spear;  
Now did the brazen corselet which he wore  
Suffice to stay the stroke; the point transfix'd  
Th' abdomen. From the ornamented car,  
Gasping, he dropped; and great-souled Nestor's  
child,

Antilochus, from 'mong the Trojans drave  
The chargers toward the greavèd ranks of Greece.

But now Deïphobus, approaching close  
Up to Idomeneus, with aching heart  
For Asius, aimed his gleaming lance. The chief,  
Seeing it fly, escaped the brazen shaft;  
For he was covered by the orbèd shield  
He bore,—two-handled, fairly turned, and made  
Of shining brass and bulls'-hide. Close he crouched  
Behind it, and the brazen lance flew past



Its goal; but yet the buckler hoarsely rang  
As the spear smote it. Not in vain it fled  
The foe's strong hand, but struck Hypsenor, son  
Of Hippasus, the people's shepherd — smote  
The liver 'neath the midriff. Suddenly  
His limbs gave way. With loud exultant shout  
Deïphobus now gloried o'er his foe: —

“Not unavenged lies Asius; but shall be  
Rejoiced, as he descendeth to the halls  
Of Hades the strong doorkeeper, that I  
Have furnished him an escort on his way.”

Such were his words; the Greeks with stricken  
hearts

Heard the proud boast. Antilochus the brave  
Was angered most; but yet, despite his grief,  
Neglected not his comrade. Hast'ning up,  
He stood above the body, which he hid  
Beneath his shield. Two trusty men-at-arms,  
Mecisteus, son of Echius, and divine  
Alastor, on their shoulders raised the slain,  
And bore him sighing to the hollow barks.  
But the fierce fury of Idomeneus  
Abated never; still he yearned to cast  
The veil of blackness o'er some Trojan's sight,  
Or fall himself to earth, with clashing arms,  
While battling to save Argos from her fate.  
Now did he smite Alcathoüs, the loved son  
Of high-born Æsytetes, and as well  
Son-in-law to Anchises; since he took  
To wife Hippodamia, first in birth

Of that chief's daughters,— fondly cherished by  
Her sire and queenly mother in their hall;  
For she excelled all damsels of her age  
In wisdom, loveliness and skillful arts;  
And hence was chosen by the noblest man  
In all broad Troy. And now Poseidon wrought  
His downfall at the Cretan chieftain's hands,—  
Enchanting his bright eyes, and fett'ring fast  
His stately limbs, depriving him of might  
To turn or flee; and as a pillar stands,  
Or tree with lofty crown, unmoved he stood,  
Receiving brave Idomeneus's spear  
Full in the breast; the tunic wrought of brass,  
That oft of yore had saved him from his fate,  
Cloven and shattered by the jav'lin gave  
A loud hoarse groan. He fell with clanging mail  
To earth, and fixed within his heart the spear  
Quivered and shook, both butt and shaft, until  
At length was spent the weapon's furious might.  
Idomeneus, with shout that echoed far,  
Thus arrogantly boasted o'er the chief:

“ Deïphobus, shall we regard th' account  
As fairly balanced, when for one man slain  
Three have been slaughtered? Thus indeed we  
hear

Thee vaunt, O rash one. Come thyself and stand  
Against me, and thou shalt discover soon  
Who cometh to confront thee,— how I claim  
My birth from Zeus, who, founder of our race,  
Was sire to Minos, Crete's protecting lord;

The son of Minos was the unreprieved  
Deucalion; and Deucalion fathered me;  
And I was ruler over countless throngs  
Throughout broad Crete; my good ships brought  
me here

To work disaster unto thee, and to  
Thy sire, and to the rest of Ilium's race."

Such were the chieftain's words. Deïphobus  
Stood undecided whether to retire  
And call one more brave Trojan to his aid,  
Or to essay the fight with single hand.  
Consid'ring all, he deemed it best to go  
To seek Æneas. Presently he found  
That warrior standing in the rearmost files  
Of all the host; he was continually  
At enmity with Priam the divine,  
Since he was never honored by the king,  
Though brave among the heroes. To his side  
Deïphobus approached, and winged words spake: —

"Æneas, couns'lor of the Trojan host,  
Sore is the need that thou shouldst rescue now  
The husband of thy sister, if his fate  
Grieveth thee aught. Come, follow, to defend  
The body of Alcathoüs, who of yore  
Was brother-in-law to thee, and nurtured thee,  
Whilst yet a tender infant, in his hall;  
Spear-famed Idomeneus hath laid him low."

He ceased; within Æneas' breast his words  
Stirred fury. Forth he sallied to assail  
The Cretan chieftain, thirsting for the fray.

But 'twas not for Idomeneus to feel  
Terror, as might a boy — he stood his ground  
Like a wild mountain-boar in pride of strength,  
That in a lone spot steadfastly withstands  
The rout of huntsmen, clamorous and strong,  
Assailing — stands with bristling back, and eye  
That flashes fire; he whets his tusks, all filled  
With ardor for defence 'gainst men and hounds;  
Not less unflinchingly Idomeneus,  
That renowned spearman, bided, as he charged,  
The follower of the battle-cry, the fleet  
Æneas. Yet he summoned with a shout  
His comrades, looking to Ascalaphus,  
To Aphareus, and to Deïpyrus,  
Antilochus, Meriones,— to these,  
The raisers of the war-shout. To them all  
He called, and urged them onward with winged  
speech:—

“Come, hasten, friends,— for all alone I stand —  
Hither to aid me. Greatly do I fear  
The onset of Æneas, fleet of foot,  
Who comes against me; for a mighty arm  
Is his to hew down warriors in the fight;  
And he is in the very flow'r of youth,  
When strength is greatest. If we could but be  
Equal in age, mine ardor still the same,  
He soon should gain a mighty vict'ry then  
O'er me, or I myself should win the boast.”

So spake he; then with one accord all sped  
And stood beside him, with their shields inclined

Over their shoulders. Toward the other hand  
Æneas called his comrades, with his eye  
Singling out Paris and Deiphobus,  
And brave Agenor — these, his fellow-chiefs  
'Mong Trojans; and behind them came the host;  
As from the pasture comes a flock of sheep  
Down to the watering-place; all troop behind  
The leading ram, and make the shepherd's heart  
Glad at the sight; Æneas thus felt joy  
To see the warriors thronging in his train.

And now around Alcatheüs' corse the foes  
Rushed on to close encounter with long spears;  
The brazen armor clanged with fearful sound  
Upon their bosoms, as they aimed their darts  
Through the disordered throng. The heroes twain,  
Warlike, preëminent among them all,  
Æneas and Idomeneus, the peers  
Of Ares, yearned to cleave each other's flesh  
With ruthless shafts. Æneas aimed his lance  
First at Idomeneus; he marked its flight,  
And shunned the brazen point; Æneas' spear  
Plunged trembling in the earth — in vain it sprang  
From his strong hand. And now Idomeneus  
Pierced CEnomaüs in the midst; his dart  
Broke through the convex corselet, opening  
The entrails; and in dust the Trojan fell,  
Clutching the ground. The Cretan chieftain  
plucked  
Forth from the body his long-shadowing shaft,  
Yet could not strip the other glorious arms

From the knight's shoulders; he was overborne  
By the foe's weapons. For his feet were now  
No longer firm beneath him as he sped  
Onward, in leaping after his own spear  
Or in avoiding others; so he fought  
At standstill, warding off his hour of doom,  
As one no longer having nimble feet  
To bear him from the battlefield. As step  
By step the chief retired, Deïphobus  
Took aim, and hurled at him his glist'ning shaft;  
For 'twixt him and the Cretan king was hate  
Long and unending. But he missed his aim,  
And the spear struck Ascalaphus, the son  
Of the great battle-god; the massive spear  
Forced its way through his shoulder; and he fell  
In dust, and clutched the earth with anguished hand.

Not yet had mighty Ares, he whose call  
Resounds afar, learned that his son was slain  
In the hard-fought encounter; for he sate  
'Neath golden clouds upon Olympus' peak,  
Since Zeus' decree confined him to the mount  
Where likewise others of the deathless host  
Sate, all debarred from joining in the fray.

Still round the body of Ascalaphus,  
Close-ranged, the warriors battled. From the slain  
Deïphobus had snatched the gleaming casque,  
When with swift spring Meriones, as fleet  
As he that ruleth battles, with his lance  
Smote the chief's arm; and from his hand the helm,  
Fitted with flute-like socket at the crest,

Fell ringing to the earth. Meriones,  
Swooping again, like vulture, on the foe,  
Plucked from the upper-arm his pond'rous brand,  
And shrank again among his comrades' throng.  
Then the own brother of the wounded chief,  
Polites, threw his arms about his midst  
And bore him from the clam'rous fray, until  
They reached the spot where rearward of the fight  
Stood with their rich-wrought car his speeding  
steeds

And charioteer; they brought him, groaning loud  
In anguish, to the city; whilst the blood  
Still trickled from the lately-wounded hand.

But still the rest fought — cries unquenchable  
Rose from the field. Now, charging with keen  
spear,

Æneas pierced the throat of Aphareus,  
Caletor's son, who faced him; and his head  
Drooped to one side; and dropped the helm and  
shield

Following the lance, and life-destroying fate  
Shrouded his sight. Next, measuring with his eye  
Thoön, who turned his back, Antilochus  
Smote him with swift assault, and cleft the vein  
Which through the back runs to the neck; quite  
through

He severed it. The chief, as back he fell  
In dust, outstretched imploringly his arms  
To his dear comrades. Then Antilochus  
Ran up, and glancing round, began to strip

The armor from the shoulders of the slain ;  
While Trojan warriors, gath'ring from each hand,  
Hemmed him about, and pricked his broad bright  
shield ;

Yet their remorseless weapons could not pierce  
Through it, nor graze the tender flesh below,  
Seeing that Poseidon, shaker of the lands,  
Sheltered the son of Nestor, though beset  
By many a dart. But yet shunned not the chief  
Encounter with his enemies, but turned  
To smite them ; never was his spear at rest,  
But ever whirled and brandished ; constantly  
He aimed to hurl his weapon at some foe  
Or spring at him in combat hand-to-hand.

But Adamas, the son of Asius, spied  
The son of Nestor, as with levelled spear  
He moved amid the ranks. From where he stood,  
Hard by, he made a sudden spring, and pierced  
With his keen lance the centre of his shield ;  
Yet Lord Poseidon of the dusky locks  
Made the stroke powerless, permitting not  
That life be taken. Half the shaft remained,  
Like a charred stake, implanted fast within  
Antilochus's shield ; the other part  
Lay on the ground. Back shrank the Trojan chief  
Amongst his fellows ; but Meriones  
Pursued him as he went, and with his spear  
Smote him midway 'twixt loins and navel, where  
Wounds prove most painful to our hapless kind,  
When giv'n in combat. Here the jav'lin's point



Entered; the Trojan, falling at the blow,  
Lay quiv'ring as it pierced him, like a bull  
That mountain herdsmen have by main strength  
bound

With twisted cords, and lead against his will.  
Thus quiv'ring now the stricken champion lay  
Awhile — not long — till brave Meriones  
Came to his side and from the torn flesh plucked  
The jav'lin; and then darkness veiled his sight.

Then Helenus, approaching, dealt upon  
The temple of Deïpyrus a blow  
With his huge Thracian brand; and cleft apart  
The helm; rebounding, to the ground it fell,  
And one of the Achæan warrior-throng  
Lifted it as it rolled betwixt his feet;  
And darkness dimmed the fallen hero's gaze.

But Menelaüs, Atreus' son, the strong  
In shout of battle, sorrowed at the sight;  
And at the brave prince Helenus he sprang  
With vows of vengeance, brandishing in air  
His whetted brand. The Trojan grasped his bow  
By the mid-piece and bent it. On they came,  
Till they encountered — one intent to cast  
His keen-tipped lance, the other to let fly  
An arrow from his bowstring. Priam's son  
Sped now his bitter shaft; it smote the Greek  
Upon the breast, but from the convex mail  
Rebounding, it glanced harmlessly away.  
As when upon some spacious threshing-floor

From the wide winnowing-fan the black-hulled  
beans

Or chick-peas leap, driv'n by the shrilling blast  
Of wind, and by the force the winnower wields;  
E'en so from the cuirass of Atreus' son,  
The glorious warrior, did that bitter dart  
Lightly rebound, and far away took flight,  
And now Atrides Menelaüs, brave  
In war-cry, wounded Helenus's hand  
That grasped the polished bow. The point of brass  
Transfixed the hand and in the bow stood fast  
Implanted. Shrinking 'mong his friends, he  
shunned

His fate; his arm beside him helpless hung,  
Dragging the ashen spear. The large-souled chief,  
Agenor, plucked the weapon from his hand,  
And with well-twisted fleece he swathed around  
The wound a sling which the attending squire  
Held ready for the shepherd of the host.

Now against gallant Menelaüs came  
Swiftly Pisander. Inauspicious fate  
Conducted now the hero to his end,  
Doomed as he was, Atrides! to be slain  
By thee in fierce encounter. When they came  
To near approach, Atrides missed his mark,—  
His weapon glanced aside. Pisander's lance  
Smote upon noble Menelaüs' shield;  
Yet could its bronze point not pass through; the  
wide

Buckler resisted, and the weapon brake  
Short at the hilt. Glad was the Trojan, still  
Hoping for victory. Then did Atreus' son  
Draw forth his silver-studded brand, and spring  
Upon Pisander; while the Trojan, from  
Beneath his buckler, seized his halberd bright,  
Of bronze well-forged, and mounted on a long  
And polished helve hewn from the olive-tree.  
Both at once charged. Pisander struck away  
The crest upon the tufted helm, below  
The plume that topped it. But, as on he came,  
The spear of Menelaüs smote his brow,  
Where brow and nose unite. With crashing sound  
The bone gave way; and bathed in blood, both eyes  
Fell at his feet in dust. He dropped, convulsed  
With anguish. Th' Achæan set his heel  
Upon his breast, and stripped away the mail,  
And with exultant boast in these words spake:—

“ Thus shall ye, insolent Trojans, thirsting e'er  
For baleful battle, yet be forced to leave  
The galleys of the sons of Greece that guide  
Fleet coursers. Deeds sufficient have ye done  
In bygone days, of outrage and of shame;  
Yea, curs and cowards that ye are! the crime  
Ye wrought 'gainst me, and recked not of the ire  
Of mighty Zeus the Thund'rer, who defends  
The stranger-guest, and shall one day o'erthrow  
Your tow'ring citadel. In wanton wrong  
Ye bore away from me my youthful bride,  
And countless treasures,—having been received

By her with kindly welcome. Now ye burn  
To hurl fell fire against our barks that roam  
The deep, and slay our warriors. Ye shall soon  
Be stayed, despite your furious rage, from strife.  
O Father Zeus, in wisdom, as 'tis said,  
Surpassing all both human and divine!  
All this originates in thee — so great  
The favor thou dost show this insolent train  
Of Trojans, who have ever lent their hands  
To deeds of wanton sin, and ne'er can slake  
Their thirst for uproar of impartial strife.  
With all things men grow sated soon,— with love,  
Slumber, sweet song, and tuneful choral strain;  
In things like these most men prefer to appease  
Their passions rather than in war; but aye  
The Trojans are insatiate of the fray."

So saying, blameless Menelaüs tore  
The blood-stained armor from the corse and gave  
To his companions, passing thence to take  
His place among the foremost in the fight.

But now the son of King Pylæmenes,  
Harpalion, sprang upon him. He had come  
With his dear sire to Troy, to join the strife;  
Yet was he destined never to return  
To his own land. With jav'lin, at close range  
He pricked the centre of Atrides' shield;  
Yet failed to force through it his brazen shaft.  
Avoiding death, Harpalion shrank among  
His men-at-arms, yet glancing all around  
Lest some foe's weapon should be hurled and graze

His flesh. But, as he went, Meriones  
Let fly a bronze-tipped arrow, smiting him  
In the right buttock, 'neath the bone. The dart  
Passed through and pierced the bladder. There,  
embraced

By his dear comrades' arms, he breathed away  
His spirit; stretched upon the ground as lies  
The earthworm, and with his dark issuing gore  
Staining the soil. Then the magnanimous band  
Of Paphlagonians took him to their care,  
And raised him on a car, and bore the chief,  
Mourning, to sacred Troy. Amongst them walked  
His father, bathed in tears, who yet received  
No expiation for his child thus slain.

Great was the sorrow Paris felt when fell  
Harpalion, who had been his host among  
The Paphlagonian multitudes. In rage,  
He winged a bronze-tipped shaft. A certain knight  
There was, by name Euchenor; son was he  
Of soothsay'r Polyïdus; he was brave  
And affluent also, and in Corinth dwelt.  
'Twas with full knowledge of his coming fate  
He had embarked. For oft his aged sire,  
Good Polyïdus, had foretold his end,—  
Either to perish there within his home  
Of terrible disease, or else, beside  
The ships of Greece, to fall by Trojans' hands.  
So, trusting that he might escape at once  
The rigors of the penalty the Greeks  
Would have exacted, and the loathsome plague,

And fearful of remorse, he joined the host.  
He now was pierced by Alexander's dart  
'Twixt jaw and ear; the spirit from his frame  
Took wing, and hateful darkness veiled his sight.

Thus raged the contest like devouring flame.  
Not yet had Hector, dear to Zeus's heart,  
Heard, but was all unconscious, how upon  
The galleys' left his troops by Argive hands  
Were massacred. The victory soon had passed  
Wholly to Greece,— so mightily had he  
Who shakes and who upbears the earth inspired  
The host with zeal, and lent his own strong arm  
As well to shelter them. But Hector still  
Was pressing onward, there where first he sprang  
Within the gates and rampart, scattering  
The close-massed ranks of Argives armed with  
shields,

Just where lay beached Protesilaüs' barks,  
And those of Ajax, by the hoary main.  
Of the whole wall, the part which sheltered these  
Was lowest, and here raged most furiously  
The strife of men and steeds. Bœotia's force,  
And the Ionians, with their trailing garb,  
The Locrians too and Phthians and far-famed  
Epeians, here with difficulty held  
Th' assailant from the galleys, yet could not  
Drive from before them Hector the divine,  
Flamelike of countenance. There foremost stood  
Picked troops of Athens, captained by the son  
Of Peteos, Menestheus; after whom

Came Phidas, Stichius, and brave Bias last.  
Th' Epeians followed Meges, Phyleus' son,  
Amphion too and Dracius. Next the tribe  
Of Phthians came; Medon commanded these,  
And, staunch in strife, Podarces; the first-named  
Being a son, although of spurious birth,  
Of the divine Oïleus — brother thus  
To Ajax, but he dwelt in Phylacè,  
Far from his native land; for he had slain  
The brother of Queen Eriopis,— her,  
His own stepmother, to Oïleus wed.  
And Iphiclus Phylacides was sire  
Unto Podarces. Armor-clad, they led  
Their great-souled Phthians to defend the fleet,  
With the Bœotians forming one array.

But swift Oïlean Ajax would not quit,  
E'en for a single instant's space, the side  
Of Ajax Telamonius; but as when  
Two dusky bullocks through the fallow field  
Drag the strong plough,— the mettle of both beasts  
Equal, and from the bases of their horns  
Sweat pours in streams, and nothing but the yoke,  
Rounded and smooth, divides them as they speed  
Along the furrows,— cleave the sod apart  
To the field's bound; so stood the champions twain  
Shoulder to shoulder. Comrades many and strong  
Attended Telamonius, to receive  
His buckler's weight whenever weariness  
And sweat of battle made his limbs to fail.  
But with Oïleus' son, the stout of heart,

His Locrian knights went not; for in close fight  
Their courage failed them; helmets had they  
none,—

Brazen, and plumed with horsehair,—nor round  
shields

Nor ashen-shafted jav'lines; for they came,  
Trusting their bows alone, with him to Troy;  
These, and their slings of well-wound fleece, which  
soon

Served them to send their missiles in thick rains  
That brake the Trojans' serried ranks. For while  
The champions, in their armor carven fair,  
Were battling in the forefront with the braves  
Of Troy and bronze-clad Hector, from behind  
The Locrians sped their arrows, all unseen,  
That soon the foes, bewildered by their darts,  
Perforce forgot their eagerness for strife.

Then had the Trojans, put to hapless rout,  
Retreated from th' Achæan camp and fleet  
To windy Ilium, had Polydamas  
Not sought and thus addressed their hardy chief:

“Hector,” so spake he, “hopeless is the task  
To seek to move thee by persuasive speech;  
Because, forsooth, heav'n gave thee passing might  
For feats of arms, thou deem'st thyself more wise  
Than any else in council. Yet it is  
In vain that thou dost strive to compass all  
Great qualities together. For one man  
Is heav'n-endowed with strength for martial deeds,  
And one with grace in choral dance, and one



With skill to tune the lyre, and charm of song;  
Whilst in another's bosom far-seeing Zeus  
Implants sagacious counsel, and the mass  
Hear him and reap the benefit; 'tis he  
Rescues a host. Himself most readily  
Discerns the pow'r he hath. Yet now will I  
Speak out, declaring that which I deem best;  
The blazing ring of battle circleth thee  
On every hand; and of our valiant host  
That leaped the barrier, some, in armor, stand  
Aloof from combat; some are battling still  
In scanty numbers 'gainst a mightier force,  
Dispersed among the galleys. Now retire,—  
Call hither every chief, that thus we may  
Consider, in its full details, the plan  
Of war, resolving whether to assail  
The many-seated barks, if heav'n shall yield  
The mast'ry to our arms, or else to fall  
Back from the ships, unharmed. I fear that for  
Yesterday's score the Greeks may soon demand  
A reckoning; seeing that beside the ships  
There abides still, insatiable of war,  
A man who will no longer, as I think,  
Wholly refuse to bear his part in strife."

So spake Polydamas. His wholesome words  
Met the approval of the prince, who sprang  
From his seat instantly, arrayed in arms,  
To earth, and thus in winged accents spake:

"Tarry thou here, Polydamas,— detain  
All of the bravest. I myself must fare

Yonder to share the battle, but return  
Straightway, when I have duly charged my host."

He spake, and like a snow-capped mountain-peak  
In aspect, sped away amid the throng  
Of Trojans and allies, while rang aloud  
His war-cry. All his followers flocked around  
Polydamas Panthoïdes, the strong,  
At sound of Hector's call. Their captain moved  
Throughout the vanguard, searching everywhere,  
If haply he might find Deïphobus,  
Prince Helenus the stalwart, and the son  
Of Asius, Adamas, and Asius, sprung  
From Hyrtacus. But yet he found them not —  
Not all of these — still living and unharmed;  
But some of them were stretched beside the sterns  
Of the Greek barks, laid low by Argive hands;  
Others within the rampart lay o'erthrown  
By weapons cast or thrust. But, on the left  
Of that most dolorous battle-field, he marked  
The heav'nly-featured Alexander, lord  
Of fair-tressed Helen, cheering on his band  
And spurring them to combat. To his side  
Came Hector, and upbraidingly thus spake:

"O ill-starred Paris! thou of beauteous face,  
Infatuate, that seducest womankind!  
Where are they now — Deïphobus, and strong  
Prince Helenus? and where is Adamas,  
The son of Asius? Asius,— where is he,—  
Hyrtacides? and where Orthyoneus?  
Now shall our tow'ring Ilium be o'erthrown

From its high pinnacle; and as for thee,  
Be sure thine utter ruin is at hand."

Divine in beauty, Paris made reply:  
" Since, Hector, 'tis thy humor thus to load  
With accusations one so free from blame,  
Another day I may perchance forsake  
The battle-field. I left my mother's womb  
Not wholly faint of heart; for since the hour  
When leading on thy followers thou didst wake  
The strife beside the galleys,— since that time,  
Here have we stood, and stubbornly maintained  
The fight against th' Achæans. They — the friends  
Of whom thou askest of me — have been slain;  
Deïphobus, I know, and Helenus,  
The strong, have left the conflict — both with hands  
Pierced by long spears; Chronides from their fate  
Shielded them still. But lead thou now the way,  
Whither commands the impulse of thy heart;  
We eagerly will follow thee, nor show,  
I trust, a lack of hardihood, while still  
Our strength remaineth. For when strength de-  
parts,  
E'en the most zealous cannot keep the field."

Thus spake the hero, and his words won o'er  
His brother's heart; and now both chieftains sped  
Into the thickest of the fight, and where  
Uproar was loudest; where Cebriones,  
Blameless Polydamas and Phalces stood,  
Orthæus, Polyphætes the divine,  
Palmys, Ascanius, Morys — these, the last,

Hippotiön's sons. But yesterday had these  
Arrived as substitutes from fertile-soiled  
Ascania; but now Zeus had fired their hearts  
To share the combat. On the warriors swept  
Like a tornado, born of furious blasts,  
Driv'n by the thunderbolt of father Zeus  
Athwart the plain; — it mingles with the deep  
With fearful sound; — the breakers, arched and  
sheen,

That foam upon the myriad-echoed sea,  
Some first, some after, rear aloft their crests;  
E'en so the host of Trojans, some before  
And others after, followed in array  
Their leaders, with resplendent mail agleam.  
Hector Priamides was foremost — peer  
Of Ares, scourge of mortals; his orb'd shield  
Wielded before him, strongly sewn with folds  
Of bullock's-hide, and coated well with brass;  
The glinting helmet quivered, that was set  
To shield his temples. Striding forth, the chief  
Essay'd the phalanxes on every hand,  
Thus to discover whether they would break  
Before him, as, well guarded by his shield,  
He came against them. But the hearts that beat  
Within the Argives' breasts were undismayed;  
And first among them Ajax, stalking on  
Proudly, thus sent his challenge to the foe: —

“ Good friend, come near; why seek'st thou to  
affright

The Argives? Not so ignorant are we

Of warfare, though indeed the cruel scourge  
Of Zeus hath fallen harshly on our band  
Of Greece. Thou hopest in thy heart to give  
Our ships to spoil; but we as well have arms  
Strong to defend. Long ere thy wish attains  
Fulfillment, thine own populous town shall fall  
Our prey, and shall be ravaged by our hands.  
And for thyself the hour approacheth now —  
Thus I declare to thee — when, driv'n in flight,  
Thou shalt send forth thy prayers to Father Zeus  
And all the others of the immortal train  
That swifter than the falcons fly may speed  
The fair-maned coursers that 'mid whirling dust  
Shall bear thee from the plain to Ilium's walls."

As thus the hero said, on his right hand  
High soared an eagle; and the Argive host  
Shouted aloud, encouraged as they marked  
Th' auspicious sign. Famed Hector answ'ring  
spake:

"O braggart Ajax, rash of speech, what words  
Are these? Would I were but as certainly  
The Ægis-bearer Zeus' undying child,  
And born of sov'reign Hera, and revered  
Like Pallas and Apollo, as this day  
Shall surely downfall bring to all the host  
Of Argos. Thou thyself shalt meet thy fate  
Among the others, if thou dare withstand  
This my long jav'lin, which shall surely feed  
Upon thy lily flesh; thy fat and brawn  
Shall glut the dogs and vultures here in Troy

When thou liest slain beside th' Achæan fleet."

Thus spake the chief, and led the way. His  
troops

Followed with deaf'ning uproar, whilst loud cries  
Sounded from those in rear; and opposite these  
The Argives likewise shouted, nor forgot  
Their hardihood, but steadfast stood to meet  
Th' assault of Ilium's bravest. From both hosts  
Arose loud clamor; and the echoes pierced  
The ether and the Father's glowing sky.



## BOOK XIV

### THE DECEPTION OF ZEUS BY HERA

Nestor, alarmed by the clamor of the battle, discovers the rout of the Greek forces and the imminent peril of the fleet. He seeks Agamemnon, whom he meets returning from the field in company with the other wounded chiefs Diomed and Odysseus. They consult upon what plan may be feasible to save the ships from destruction; Agamemnon, advising a flight in the ships under cover of the night, is opposed by Diomed. The latter advises that they all, disabled as they are, return to the field to inspire their comrades. They accordingly return, greeted and encouraged by Poseidon. In order to effect succor of the Greeks from their grave danger, Hera resolves to beguile Zeus, to divert his attention from the struggle. Arraying herself in jewels and sumptuous apparel, she borrows of Aphrodite her girdle instinct with the charms of love, on the pretext that she intends to visit her foster-parents Oceanus and Tethys and through its aid end their old quarrel. With the promise of one of the Graces as his bride, she induces Sleep to aid her in lulling Zeus to slumber. Hera and Sleep set forth together to find Zeus, and the latter, in the guise of a bird, sits within the branches of a fir-tree, while the queen induces Zeus, enthralled by her heightened charms, to repose with her; they recline on a flowery couch, veiled by Zeus in impenetrable golden clouds, and Zeus is lulled to rest. Roused by Sleep, Poseidon descends to aid the Greeks; who having been marshalled





## *The Iliad*

by the wounded princes, Poseidon leads a charge against Hector and his command. Ajax, unharmed by the spear cast at him by Hector, disables the latter by hurling at him a huge stone; he is borne senseless from the field. The Greeks repel their assailants with great havoc; Satnius, Archilochus, Ilioneus and others fall on the Trojan side; Promachus, Prothoënor, and others, on the side of Greece.

BOOK XIV

THE ear of Nestor, as he quaffed his wine,  
Failed not to catch the clamor of the fight;  
And to Asclepius' son he spake winged words:

“Tell me, divine Machaon, what shall be  
The outcome of these doings? Louder still  
Echo our strong young heroes' battle-cries  
Beside the galleys. Do thou tarry now  
Here in thy seat and taste the sparkling wine,  
Whilst fair-tressed Hecamedè warms for thee  
A tepid bath, and cleanses from thy wound  
The blood and gore; meantime will I ascend  
The place of look-out and will quickly know.”

He spake, and grasped the buckler of his son —  
Of Thrasymedes, tamer of the steeds,—  
Well-forged, and all agleam with bronze, that lay  
Within the tent. It was the father's shield  
That the son bore. He seized the strong-made shaft  
With tip of whetted brass; and took his stand  
Without the lodge; and soon his eye beheld  
An ignominious scene — the Grecian host  
Driv'n in disordered flight, and closely pressed  
By the proud Trojans, and all overthrown  
Th' Achæan wall. As when the spreading main  
Is all a-surge with soundless billows' crests  
Betok'ning the swift course of shrilling gales,  
Rolling not forward nor to either hand

Till the strong blast descends from Zeus — e'en so  
The old man pondered, with a mind perplexed  
Between two courses — whether he should pass  
Among the host of Greeks that breed swift steeds,  
Or seek out Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
The people's shepherd. This he judged more  
wise,—

To seek the king. Still battled on the hosts,  
Man slaught'ring man; and rang th' unyielding  
bronze

That clad the warriors' bosoms 'neath the blows  
Giv'n by the brands and double-pointed spears.

But now met Nestor the heav'n-nurtured chiefs  
Wounded in battle; from the fleet they came,—  
Tydides and Odysseus, and the king,  
Atrides Agamemnon. For their barks,  
Far from the fight, were beached upon the strand  
Of the hoar ocean; since their mariners  
Updrew these galleys first upon the plain  
And reared the wall beside their sterns. Though  
wide,

The sea-marge could not harbor all the fleet;  
So, pressed for room, the Argives ranged their barks  
Tier behind tier, thus filling the whole space  
Of the broad inlet of the shore between  
The headlands. Thither now assembling came  
The chieftains to survey the clam'rous strife;  
Leaning upon their lances, whilst their hearts  
Ached in their bosoms. Aged Nestor here  
Encountered them. In cow'ring dread the Greeks

Saw him approaching; and the king of men,  
Atrides, now accosted him and spake:—

“O Nestor, son of Neleus, the high boast  
Of our Achæans! why art thou come here,  
Quitting the murd’rous conflict? I am filled  
With dread that mighty Hector may make good  
That threat he uttered ’mongst the men of Troy:  
That he would ne’er turn backward from the barks  
Toward Troy till he had given the fleet to flame,  
And slain the warriors. Such the words he spake;  
And all of this is now fulfilled. Alas!  
Surely the other well-greaved Argives now  
Harbor resentment ’gainst me in their hearts,  
As doth Achilles, and no longer care  
E’en at the ships’ sterns to maintain the fight.”

Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, returned:—  
“Yea, this hath all been brought to pass — not e’en  
High-thund’ring Zeus could alter what is done.

Our trusted rampart, which we thought would  
prove

An indestructible defence to barks  
And combatants alike, is beaten down;  
But by the speeding ships our forces still  
Maintain a stubborn fight. Thou couldst not  
know,

E’en though thou watched them closely, on which  
hand

The Greeks are most disordered, hardest pressed;  
So indiscriminately they fall; their cries  
Ring in the heav’ns. But take we counsel now

On what is to be done, if counsel may  
Rescue us still. Yet do I not advise  
That ye should join the fight again —'tis ill  
For wounded warriors to endure the fray."

Then answered Agamemnon, lord of men;  
"O Nestor, since the battle rages now  
E'en at our galleys' sterns, and since the wall  
We builded could not keep us, nor the trench  
Delved with such hardship by the Greeks, with hope  
That it would prove a strong defence to shield  
Our warriors and our vessels, it is plain  
That Zeus, preëminent in might, decrees  
That here the Greeks must perish, far away  
From Argos and inglorious. Well I knew  
His purpose, when he lent to the Greek arms  
His zealous aid, and well I now discern  
How he conferreth glory on our foes  
As on the blest immortals, and binds fast  
Our hardihood and strength. But hearken now:  
Let every man obey as I command.  
Let us draw down the barks which next the sea  
Were beached, the foremost; let us launch all these  
Upon the sacred main, and anchor them  
Fast with the mooring-stones where deep the tide  
Riseth, until shall fall th' heav'nly dark,  
If Troy shall then at last desist from fight;  
Then all the others may be launched beside.  
'Tis no disgrace, e'en covered by the night,  
To flee destruction; happier is the case  
Of him who flies, and thus escapes his doom,

Than his whom evil fortune makes its prey."

But many-wiled Odysseus with a frown  
Replied: "What words, Atrides, have escaped  
The barrier of thy teeth? O man ill-starred!  
Would that it had been giv'n thee to command  
Some other army — some more paltry host,  
Rather than us, whom Zeus endowed with pow'r  
To carry on, from early youth to age,  
Wars the most arduous, till every soul  
Of us hath perished. Is it then thy will  
That we forsake this Troy of avenues wide,  
This city for whose sake we have endured  
So many hardships? Silence — let no ear  
Among the other Greeks hear words like these,  
Words which would never pass the lips of one  
Who had the art of utt'ring timely speech —  
Of sceptre-bearing sov'reign, unto whom  
So many yield obedience, as the host  
Numbers, o'er whom thou reignest. From the  
depths

Of my whole being I condemn with scorn  
What thou hast said — in thus enjoining us,  
Whilst yet is waged the combat, while resounds  
The shout of war, to launch upon the deep  
Our well-decked ships, thus sooner still to yield  
The men of Troy, victorious e'en before,  
Their hearts' desire, and bury all of us  
In utter ruin. For th' Achæan bands  
Will not maintain the struggle whilst the barks  
Are drawn upon the waters, but will turn

To search for means of flight, and will forsake  
The combat. Then, O leader of the host,  
The evil of thy counsel shall appear."

Then answered Agamemnon, lord of men: —  
"Odysseus, this stern reprimand from thee  
Hath touched me to the quick; yet did I not  
Command the Greeks to launch upon the deep  
Their vessels, comely-decked, against their will.  
I would that one were present now, to give  
Sounder advice than this — it matters not  
If young or old; full gladly would I hear."

Then out spake Diomed great in shout of war: —  
"The man is nigh — we have not long to seek,  
If ye are willing to give heed, and none  
Is vexed with indignation in his heart  
Because I am the youngest of you all.  
For from a valiant sire I too derive  
My birth — from Tydeus, over whom is heaped  
A burial-mound in Thebes. Three noble sons  
Were born to Porthus; and they made their homes  
In Pleuron and in Calydon the steep;  
Agrius and Melas they were called; — the third,  
Steed-taming Ceneus; father of my sire,  
In valor the most eminent of the three.  
There he abode, but mine own father roved  
Abroad, and dwelt in Argos, by decree  
Of Zeus and the other gods. He chose as bride  
One of Adrastus' daughters, and enjoyed  
An opulent home; his fertile fields of wheat  
Were broad, and girt with countless orchard-trees,

And numerous were his kine; and he was most  
Expert of all th' Achæans with the lance.  
Whether these things be true ye must have heard.  
Therefore ye cannot count me basely born,  
Nor yet invalorous, and disparage thus  
The words that I may speak, and prudently.  
Let us go thither to the fight, since need  
Constrains us, e'en though we be wounded. There  
We will take care to keep ourselves unharmed  
By weapons hurled i' the fray, that none receive  
Wound upon wound; but urge the others forth,  
Enkindling those with ardor, who now yield  
To weariness of spirit, and desert  
The field, and fail to bear their part in fight."

Such were his words; approvingly they heard,  
And did as he had counselled. Forth they set,  
Led onward by the monarch, Atreus' son.

Not blindly did the shaker of the lands,  
Far-famed, maintain his vigil. He appeared  
Among the heroes as an ancient man,  
And clasping Agamemnon, Atreus-sprung,  
By the right hand, addressed him with winged  
speech:

"Now, son of Atreus, must the murd'rous heart  
Within Achilles' breast rejoice to see  
Th' Achæans slaughtered, driv'n in panic flight;  
For no compassion in that bosom dwells —  
Nay, not a spark. So may a similar fate  
O'ertake him also, and may heav'n ordain  
His ruin. But not yet the blissful band



Are wholly wroth with thee; for still the day  
Comes when the chiefs and counsellors of Troy  
Shall cover the wide plain with dust in flight;  
When thine own eyes shall see them as they speed  
Back from the tents and galleys to their walls."

He spake, and, rushing onward o'er the lea,  
Raised a great shout. Far as the cries of nine  
Or e'en ten thousand men encountering  
In fierce-fought battle could be heard, so far  
Echoed the war-cry from the monarch's breast  
Who makes the earth to tremble. Wondrous might  
Was kindled then in each Achæan heart,  
Still to strive on, nor cease while strife should last.

Now gold-throned Hera saw from where she  
stood

Upon th' Olympian heights; discerning soon  
Her brother, and the brother of her lord,  
Thus busied in th' ennobling strife, and joy  
Thrilled all her heart. She cast her eyes where Zeus  
Was seated high upon the loftiest peak  
Of many-fountained Ida, and his sight  
Filled her with loathing. Then the sov'reign queen,  
Tender-eyed Hera, pondered how she might  
Beguile the Ægis-bearer's mind. Her choice  
Fell upon this as safest — to array  
Herself in rich apparel, and to pass  
To Ida, that her consort, overcome  
By yearning for her beauty, might desire  
To share the couch with her; and she would then  
Pour o'er his eyelids and his mind, all-wise,

A sound and gentle slumber. Now in haste  
She rose and passed to her own chamber, framed  
By her dear son Hephæstus; doors it had  
Massively wrought; a hidden bolt secured  
These to the lintels, which none other hand  
In heav'n could slide. Here ent'ring, she made fast  
The shimm'ring portals. With ambrosia first  
From her fair flesh the goddess washed away  
All stains, and next anointed herself o'er  
With perfumed olive-oil, ambrosial, sweet,  
Which, stirred within the brazen-thresholded  
Mansion of Zeus, diffused through earth and sky  
Its fragrance. When her beauteous form was thus  
Anointed, next she combed and with her hands  
Plaited the shining tresses, fair to see,  
Ambrosial, from her deathless brow that hung.  
A robe ambrosial, woven and made sheen  
By Pallas, next she donned; 'twas broidered o'er  
With figures rare, and round her bosom clasped  
With golden brooches. Next she girded on  
Her zone with hundred tassels, fastening now  
In her pierced ears the pendants, triple-pearled,  
Hued like the mulberry, and with grace agleam.  
Next o'er her head the peerless goddess threw  
A delicate veil, new-woven, and which shone  
Bright as the sunlight; on her shining feet  
She bound the beauteous sandals last. And thus  
Fully adorned, forth from the room she stept,  
And calling Aphroditè to her side  
Apart from th' other gods, in these words spake:

“ Dear daughter, wilt thou listen to my prayer,  
Or wilt deny me, angered in thy heart  
Because thou aid'st the Trojans, I their foes? ”

Then Aphroditè, child of Zeus, replied: —

“ Hera, thou sov'reign of the gods, and child  
Of mighty Chronus, speak thy thoughts. My heart  
Bids me fulfil thy wish if I have pow'r  
To do so — if it may accomplished be.”

Then craftily the queen of heav'n returned: —

“ Endow me with the longing and the love  
By which thou rend'rest subject all the host  
Of heav'n and mortals. For I go to view  
This rich earth's farthest confines, there to see  
Oceanus, from whom the gods are sprung,  
And mother Tethys; for 'twas they who reared  
Me in their house and fondly cherished me.  
From Rhea they received me to their care  
When far-seeing Zeus hurled Chronus to his seat  
'Neath earth and sterile main. I go to seek  
Them now; my hope it is to reconcile  
Their never-ceasing enmity. For long  
Hath anger filled their hearts, nor will they share  
The couch of wedlock. If the words I speak  
Could but persuade them to forsake their rage  
And join in happy union, then should I  
For aye be loved and revered by the two.”

Then in these words the queen of smiles replied:

“ I cannot — for it were no seemly thing —  
Refuse thy prayer; thou slumb'rest in the arms  
Of Zeus, the mightiest of the heav'nly host.”

So saying, from her bosom she unclasped  
The broidered girdle, bright with many a hue,  
Wherein were woven all her spells of love,  
Desire, and th' allurement of fond speech,—  
The last replete with pow'r to steal the hearts  
E'en of the wisest. Aphroditè placed  
This in the hands of Hera and thus spake:

“Take then, and in thy bosom place, this zone,  
Of various hues, imbued with every charm,  
And thou, I know, shalt not return in vain,  
Nor leaving unattained thy heart's desire.”

So spake she; white-armèd Hera smiled and placed  
The girdle next her bosom as she smiled.

Then Aphroditè, child of Zeus, returned  
To her own halls; whilst Hera leaped adown  
Th' Olympian peak, and o'er Pieria passed,  
And o'er Emathia's pleasant land, and o'er  
Those loftiest pinnacles of snow where dwell  
The Thracians, trainers of the steeds; her feet  
Touched not the earth. She dropped from Athos'

steep

Into the billowing main, and soon arrived  
Where heav'nly Thoäs dwelt 'neath Lemnos' walls.  
There she met Sleep, Death's brother; and she clung  
Fast to his hand, and called him thus by name:—

“O Sleep, who hast dominion over all  
Divine and mortal, as in ancient days  
Thou hearkenedst to my voice, so now once more  
Fulfill my prayer, and earn, while time shall last,  
My gratitude. I prithee, close in sleep

The radiant eyes that dwell beneath the brow  
Of Zeus, as soon as on the couch I take  
My place beside him. Thou shalt have from me  
A golden throne, imperishable, fair;  
The skilled work of Hephæstus — of my son,  
The ambidextrous craftsman; and beneath  
The throne shall he arrange a footstool where  
Thou mayst at banquet rest thy glist'ning feet."

The spirit of sweet slumber answ'ring spake:  
"O Hera, sov'reign of the gods, and child  
Of mighty Chronus, easy were my task  
To lull to slumber any other god  
Among the never-dying host — ay, e'en  
The currents of the Ocean's stream — the source  
Of all their being. Chronus' son alone  
I neither may approach nor soothe to sleep,  
Save when himself commands it. Once before  
Thyself didst lay upon me a behest,  
Whose outcome made me cautious. 'Twas the day  
On which th' exultant child of Zeus set sail  
From Ilium, having laid the Trojans' walls  
In ruins. I diffused my balmy spell  
About the ægis-bearing king, and made  
His soul to slumber. Thou, with fell intent,  
Didst rouse the blasts of biting winds to sweep  
The main, and bear the hero far from all  
His friends to Cos' well-peopled isle. But soon  
Zeus, full of rage, awoke; he hurled the gods  
About the palace; and especially  
Sought for myself; and would have cast me down

From the high ether to the deep, to be  
Seen nevermore, had Night, that vanquisheth  
Both gods and men, not saved me. To her gloom  
I came a fugitive; and then did Zeus  
Cease his pursuit, though wrathful still; he feared  
To give swift Night offence. And now thou  
wouldst

That I attempt once more what cannot be."

Then spake the sov'reign tender-eyed: "O Sleep,  
Why should these thoughts now rise to vex thy  
heart?

Dost think the far-seeing monarch as intent  
On aiding Ilium's sons, as burned his rage  
For his son Heracles? But haste, fulfill  
What I desire, and I will give to thee  
One of the youngest Graces,— e'en the maid  
Pasihea; she for whom thou long hast yearned  
Shall now at last be called thy wedded bride."

'Twas thus she spake. The god of Sleep was  
glad,

And ans'ring spake: "Then quickly swear an  
oath

By the inviolable Stygian wave,  
Laying one hand upon the fruitful soil  
Of earth, and th' other on the shining sea,  
That all the deities of the under-world,  
Dwelling where Chronus hath his seat, may bear  
Witness for us, that thou wilt surely give  
Pasihea, her for whom I long have yearned,  
One of the younger Graces, for my bride."

So spake he. Hera of the arms of snow  
Complied with the request he made, and sware  
E'en as he bade, invoking all the gods  
That dwelt in lowest Tartarus, yclept  
The race of Titans. When she thus had sworn  
And made the vow complete, forth set the twain,  
And leaving Lemnos and the Imbrian walls  
Mantled in mist, sped fleetly o'er the way;  
And soon to Ida, rich in rills, they came,—  
The mother of wild beasts — to Lectum, where,  
For the first time, they left the sea, and trod  
The shore-land; and the tops of forest-trees  
Quivered beneath their tread. The god of rest  
Here halted, ere the eye of Zeus had yet  
Discovered his approach; and now he climbed  
A tall and tow'ring fir — the loftiest tree  
Growing on Ida, and whose summit cleft  
The sky and touched the ether; there he sat,  
Close hidden by the branches, like that bird,  
So clear of note, that nests 'mid mountain steeps,  
That which the gods call Chalcis, and mankind  
Cymindis, or the Night-hawk. But meantime  
Hera pressed onward, and with nimble feet  
Ascended Gargarus, a pinnacle  
Of lofty Ida; and cloud-gath'ring Zeus  
Beheld her. As he gazed on her, straightway  
Shrouded his subtle senses such desire  
As when they first united,—when they stole  
From their loved parents to the bridal bed.  
Before his queen stood Zeus, and called her name:

“ Whither art bound, my spouse, that thou hast left

Olympus and come hither, yet thy steeds  
And chariot are not here to carry thee? ”

Then in these words the queen of heav'n replied,  
With utt'rance fraught with guile: —“ I go to view  
The rich earth's farthest confines, there to see  
Oceanus, from whom the gods are sprung,  
And mother Tethys; for with tender care  
They reared me in their house, and cherished me.  
I go to seek them; 'tis my wish to end  
Their never-ceasing enmity. For long  
Hath hatred filled their hearts, and they refuse  
To share the couch of wedlock. For my steeds,  
At richly-watered Ida's foot they stand,  
To bear me over solid earth and main.  
'Tis for thy sake that I abandoned now  
Olympus and came hither, lest thy rage  
Rise 'gainst me if I secretly depart  
Unto the home of Ocean, deep of tide.”

Then thus the lord that sways the clouds returned:

“ Later, O Hera, thou as well mayst make  
Thy journey thither; let us yield this hour  
To fond desire and seek the nuptial bed.  
Never till now so overwhelmingly  
Hath love for deity or mortal bride  
Outpoured its conqu'ring flood upon this heart; —  
Not so enamored of Ixion's spouse  
Was I,— the mother of Pirithoüs,



That couns'lor peer in wisdom of the gods,  
Nor yet of Danaë, Acrisius' child,  
The graceful-limbed, from whom was Perseus  
sprung,

'Mong all mankind preëminent. Not thus  
Loved I the child of famous Phœnix, though  
She bore me Rhadamanthus, godlike chief,  
And Minos also. Never such desire  
Felt I for Semelè, nor the maid of Thebes,  
Mother of Heracles the staunch of heart,—  
Alcmena; while the former for her son  
Had Dionysus, joy of all mankind.  
Nor did I love Demeter thus,— the queen  
Of shining tresses; less the glorious one,  
Leto, I cherished; e'en for thee I ne'er  
Have felt such passion as enslaves me now  
And with delicious yearning thrills my soul."

Then queenly Hera craftily rejoined:  
"What words are these, Chronides, dreaded lord?  
If thou desire that I recline with thee  
Here on the crest of Ida, where all lies  
Open in plainest view, pray what would then  
Befall, if any of th' undying host  
Should see us slumb'ring thus, and go among  
All of the rest and tell it? Ne'er could I  
Rise from the couch and seek thy mansion more  
Without deserved reproach. Yet if thou so  
Desire, if thus 'tis pleasing to thine heart,  
Thou hast a chamber which thine own dear son,  
Hephæstus, wrought thee; massive are its doors,

Bound firmly to the lintels; thither then  
Let us betake ourselves, if thou wouldst sleep."

Then the cloud-gath'ring monarch answ'ring  
spake:

"Hera, thou hast no need to fear the gaze  
Of gods or mortals; in a golden cloud  
Will I enfold us, which the very sun  
Could not look through, although his rays surpass  
All light in searching pow'r, beholding all."

Thus spake the son of Chronus, and his arms  
Embraced his consort; while beneath the pair  
The hallowed earth put forth her tender shoots  
Of grass, of crocus, lotus, fresh with dew,  
And dense and downy hyacinth; which bore  
Them up from earth aloft; in this the two  
Reclined, enshrouded in a shining cloud  
Of gold, whilst o'er them sparkling dew-drops  
rained.

Thus did our Father peacefully repose  
Upon the peak of Gargarus, o'ercome  
By slumber and fond passion, in his arms  
Folding his mate. But balmy Sleep the while  
Set forth with speed to gain th' Achæan fleet,  
To bear a message to the lord who makes  
The earth to quake, and clasps it in his hand.  
Approaching to his side, winged words he spake:

"Poseidon, now vouchsafe thy zealous aid  
To the Achæans; let them triumph now  
For a brief space, while yet Zeus takes his rest;  
For I have mantled him in gentle sleep,

And Hera hath inveigled him to share  
With her the pleasures of the nuptial bed."

Thus Slumber spake, and went his way among  
Th' illustrious tribes of warriors, having so  
Kindled within the god still greater zeal  
To aid the Argives. With a mighty bound  
Leaped he amid the van, and gave command:

"O Argives, shall we thus permit once more  
The triumph of this Hector, Priam's child,  
That he may win our galleys and may gain  
Glory thereby? 'Tis thus he makes his boast,  
Because Achilles, with infuriate heart,  
Bides by the hollow ships. Howbeit, we  
Need not to feel his absence, if the rest  
Support each other zealously. But come,  
Let now each warrior do as I command:  
Let us equip ourselves with bucklers — all  
The broadest found, and staunchest, in the camp,  
Cover our heads with burnished helms, and grasp  
The longest of our lances in our hands;  
Then let us charge; and I will lead the way.  
No longer will Priamides, I ween,  
Sustain th' assault, though furious be his rage.  
Let him of steadfast heart, whose shoulder bears  
Too small a buckler, give it unto one  
Weaker than he and don a broader shield."

Such were his words, and all with ready ear  
Heard and obeyed him; and the chiefs themselves  
Marshaled the ranks, although their wounds were  
sore: —

Tydides and Odysseus, and the son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon. Everywhere  
The captains passed, and bade the warriors change  
Their martial panoply. The man of might  
Arrayed himself in mighty arms, and gave  
The weaker to the weaker. When at length  
All were accoutred in their glittering brass,  
They made their charge; the shaker of the earth,  
Poseidon, led them on; his pow'rful hand  
Grasping his sword, long, terrible, and keen,  
Flashing like lightning's gleam, and which no foe  
Would dare to meet in the disastrous fray,  
For terror checks the warriors. On his side  
Hector, the strong, arrayed the ranks of Troy.  
Then did Poseidon of the dusky hair,  
And glorious Hector, join in fiercest fight,  
One championing the host of Troy, and one  
The Argives; whilst the billows of the deep  
Rose surging round Achæa's tents and barks,  
And with a mighty shout the warring hosts  
Encountered. Not so loud the waves resound,  
Smiting the cliffs, when Boreas' fearful blast  
Assails the deep, and rolls them to the shore;  
Less loudly roars within a mountain dell  
The blazing fire that swiftly rises high  
To waste the wood; less loudly shrieks the gale  
Through tall oaks' summits in its wildest rage,  
Than echoed now the uproar from the hosts  
Of Greece and Troy, as onward to the shock  
Each against other sprang with deaf'ning cries.

Then first did dauntless Hector aim his lance  
At Ajax, who confronted him. The spear  
Missed not its mark; but smote him where two belts  
Crossed on his breast; the one sustained the shield,  
Th' other the silver-studded brand; 'twas these  
Shielded the tender flesh. Then Hector, wroth  
That the keen shaft had vainly fled his hand,  
Shrank 'mong his followers to escape his doom.  
But giant Telamonius, as he passed,  
Lifting a stone — 'twas one of those that lay  
About the spot in numbers, used to prop  
The barks, and rolling at the warriors' feet —  
One of these stones, I say, he raised, and hurled,  
And smote his enemy upon the breast  
Hard by the neck, above his buckler's rim.  
Spun like a top, the missile rolled about  
Hither and thither. As when, smitten by  
The hand of Father Zeus, an oak-tree falls  
Crashing, both root and branch; a sick'ning smell  
Of sulphur rises thence, and he who stands  
Close by and views the scene, feels courage fail,  
So terrible the bolt of our great sire;  
Thus suddenly did mighty Hector fall  
Crashing in dust. The lance dropped from his  
hand;  
The shield and helmet following fell; and loud  
His bronze-decked mail resounded. Then the men  
Of Greece rushed up to assail him, with loud cries,  
Hoping to drag him off, and in thick show'rs  
Were rained their lances. But no cast of spear

Or stroke could harm the shepherd of the host;  
For all the bravest of his followers came  
And stood about the prince,— Polydamas,  
Æneas, and Agenor the divine;  
Sarpedon too who ruled the Lycian tribes,  
And Glaucus, called the blameless. Of the rest,  
None was remiss; they held before the chief  
Their orbèd bucklers. In their arms his friends  
Raised him and bore him from the toilsome fray,  
Until they came where with their charioteer  
Waited in rear of battle his swift steeds  
And carven car. They bore him toward Troy's  
walls,

Heavily groaning. When they gained the ford  
Of eddying Xanthus, the fair-flowing stream  
Sprung from immortal Zeus, they lifted him  
Down from the chariot to the ground, and poured  
Over him water; Hector then revived,  
Opened his eyes, and resting on his knee  
Vented dark blood; then backward fell once more  
Upon the ground, while darkness veiled his sight,  
And still the stroke wrought suff'ring in his soul.

On seeing Hector quit the field, the Greeks  
With still more ardor sprang upon the foe,  
All eager for the shock. Before the rest  
Ajax the fleet of foot, Oïleus' son,  
Charging, pierced Satnius with his whetted spear,—  
The son of Enops, whom his Naiad bride,  
Unblemished, bore to Enops, pasturing  
His herds of kine by banks of Satnio's stream.

Him did Oiliades, the famous lance,  
 Approach, and drave athwart his side a spear;  
 Backward he fell, while over him the hosts  
 Of Greece and Ilium met in desp'rate fight.  
 Spear-brandishing Polydamas, the child  
 Of Panthoüs, came to avenge his fall, and pierced  
 In the right shoulder Prothoënor, sprung  
 From Areilycus. The massive shaft  
 Forced its way through the shoulder; and he fell  
 In dust and clutched the earth with anguished hand.  
 And with far-echoing shout Polydamas  
 Vaingloriously thus vaunted o'er his fall:

“Not idly, as I think, the jav'lin sprang  
 From the great-souled Panthoïdes' strong grasp;  
 One of the Greeks hath carried it away  
 Fixed in his flesh; I trow, he'll lean thereon,  
 As on a staff, when ent'ring Hades' hall.”

Such were his words; the Argives heard the boast  
 With bursting hearts. Especially was stung  
 The soul of fiery-hearted Ajax, sired  
 By Telamon, because the slain man fell  
 Close to his side. At the departing foe  
 Straightway he aimed his shimm'ring shaft. The

son

Of Panthoüs sprang aside, and thus himself  
 Escaped his bitter doom; Antenor's child,  
 Archilochus, received the lance — for heav'n  
 Had willed his downfall. Where the head and neck  
 Unite, upon the summit of the spine,  
 It pierced, and cleft the sinews both apart;

Far sooner did the falling warrior's head,  
His lips and nostrils, touch the ground, than did  
His limbs and knees; and Telamonius called  
To stout Polydamas across the field:

"Consider now, O chief, and tell me true,  
Was not this man one worthy to be slain  
To atone for Prothoënor? By his look,  
No churl of common rank is he, nor sprung  
From lowly parentage; but either son  
Or else own brother of the cavalier  
Antenor; for his features plainly tell  
The close relationship he bears that chief."

So said he, though he knew him well. Grief  
filled

The Trojans' bosoms. Then did Acamas  
Wound with his spear Bœotian Promachus,  
Who by the foot had seized to drag away  
The body of the slain, which Acamas,  
His brother, stood defending. Loudly cried  
The Trojan, idly boasting o'er his foe:

"O vaunting Greeks that threaten without end,  
Not upon us alone calamity  
And suff'ring is to fall; but also ye  
Are doomed to death. Behold how slumb'reth now  
Your Promachus, a victim of my spear;  
Slain that my brother's downfall might not long  
Remain unexpiated. 'Tis for this  
Men pray, to shield them from the curse, that still  
Within their house a brother may survive."

Thus gloried he. The men of Argos heard



The taunts with indignation; angered most  
Was fierce Peneleos, and he charged amain  
At Acamas, who bided not th' assault  
Of Lord Peneleos; but the weapon smote  
Phorbas' son, Ilioneus; — rich the sire  
In flocks of sheep; whom Hermes cherished most  
Of all the braves of Troy, and had endowed  
With large possessions. Save this prince alone,  
The mother, spouse of Phorbas, had no child.  
Him did Peneleos pierce beneath the brow  
At the eye's base; and forced the eyeball forth;  
Through it the jav'lin passed, and through the skull  
Behind. He sank, outstretching both his arms  
To earth. Peneleos from his scabbard snatched  
His whetted brand and hewed the neck apart;  
And severed fell the head within its casque  
To earth, while still the pond'rous lance remained  
Fixed in the slain man's eye. The knight of Greece,  
Lifting it like a poppy, boastfully  
Thus bade defiance to the Trojan host:

“Go, men of Troy, and tell the tender sire  
And mother of Ilioneus, nobly born,  
That they may weep for him within their hall.  
For nevermore the wife of Promachus,  
The son of Alegenor, shall with joy  
Hail her loved mate's return, when we, the youths  
Of Argos, in our barks from Troy arrive.”

Such were his words. A trembling seized the  
limbs  
Of all his foes; each peered about to see

Where he might fly to 'scape his overthrow.

Declare to me now, Muses, ye that hold  
Olympian palaces, what Grecian chief  
First gathered gory spoil, when thus the god  
That shakes the earth had turned the battle's tide.

By Telamonian Ajax Hyrtias fell  
First, son of Gyrtias, captain of the train  
Of Mysians, stout of heart. Antilochus  
Slew Phalces, and stripped Mermerus of his arms;  
Meriones next slew Hippotiön  
And Morys too; by Teucer Prothoüs fell  
And Periphœtes; Atreus' son beside  
Pierced Hyperenor, shepherd of his host,  
Wounding his flank; the murd'rous point of brass  
Dipped in the entrails, and the soul, constrained,  
Fled through the wound; and darkness dimmed his  
gaze.

But Ajax, from Oïleus sprung, the swift,  
Slew most of all; for none had pow'r to keep  
Pace with his flying feet in the pursuit  
Of trembling foes whom Zeus had made to flee.



## BOOK XV

### THE RALLY AT THE FLEET

Zeus, on awakening and becoming aware of his deception and of the rout of the Trojans, threatens Hera with condign punishment, but is appeased by her taking an oath that Poseidon went to the aid of the Greeks of his own accord and not by her persuasion. He directs that she send Iris to the field to recall Poseidon, and that Apollo be asked to restore Hector to strength. Hera, returning from Ida to Olympus, complains to the other gods of the cruelty and injustice of her husband, and announces to them the death of the son of Ares, Ascalaphus. Ares, stung to fury by the tidings, prepares to descend to the field to take vengeance, but is restrained by Pallas, who points out to him the impossibility of contending with Zeus. Hera sends Iris and Apollo to Ida to receive their instructions, and they depart on their respective errands. Poseidon at first disdainfully refuses to comply with the peremptory command of Zeus to quit the field, but by Iris' persuasion is induced to do so, threatening, however, perpetual enmity with Zeus should the latter refuse to suffer the destruction of Troy. Hector, restored by Phœbus to full strength, again takes the field. Thoäs, seeing that the tide of battle is again turning, advises the Greeks that their main body retire upon the fleet, while a chosen band shall maintain the struggle with Hector. Hector, attended by Phœbus bearing the ægis, leads his troops in a charge; the Greeks, dismayed by the terrible weapon, are beaten back with great loss. Hector presses

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furiously on towards the ships, aided by <sup>Apollo</sup> Phœbus, who tramples down the rampart and makes passable the moat in front of it; while Nestor entreats the aid of Zeus. The Trojans pour into the camp of the Greeks, who resist them with the courage of despair; the struggle continues with indecisive result, neither party giving way. Patroclus, seeing the peril of the Greeks, hastens to Achilles to try to persuade him to take the field. Ajax and Hector encounter; Calator is slain by Ajax, Lycophron by Hector. Teucer, summoned by Ajax, slays Clitus, and aims an arrow at Hector, but his bowstring is broken by Zeus, and Ajax bids him have recourse to spear and shield. The armies are rallied by Ajax and Hector. Hector, upon the fall of Dolops, summons Melanippus to avenge him. The latter is disabled by Antilochus, who is put to flight by Hector. Zeus resolves to permit the triumph of the Trojans till one of the Greek ships is actually in a blaze, and rouses Hector to fiercest fury. The Greeks, at first standing firm, are at last routed and driven upon their tents, Periphoetes falling. Retreating beyond the first line of their vessels, the Greeks are rallied by Nestor. The mist veiling the field is dispelled by Pallas; Ajax, leaping to the decks of the ships, urges desperate resistance. Hector at last, laying his hand on the galley of Protesilaüs, calls on his men to bring firebrands; while Ajax, still resisting, strikes down twelve Trojans at the ship's side.

BOOK XV

WHEN now o'er trench and palisades had  
passed

The fleeing host, and many by the hands  
Of Greeks had fall'n, they stayed their flight be-  
side

Their chariots, terrified, and pale with fear;  
And Zeus awoke from sleep on Ida's crest  
By gold-throned Hera. Up he sprang, and stood,  
When met his sight the ranks of Greece and Troy,  
The Trojans driv'n in panic, while the Greeks  
Routed their rear, pursuing; in their train  
Monarch Poseidon. Hector too he saw  
Lying upon the plain, a band of friends  
Seated around him; stupefied he lay,  
Panting laboriously and belching blood,  
For not the weakest of the Greeks had cast  
The hero down. Beholding him, the sire  
Of gods and mortals pitied him at heart,  
And thus with dark dread look to Hera spake:—

“So, Hera, who canst never be controlled,  
I see that it is then thy treacherous art  
That hath disabled Hector, godlike chief,  
From combat, and hath put to flight his host.  
Sooth am I undetermined if thyself  
Shall not be first to reap the fruit once more  
Of thy foul malice,— that I shall not now

Scourge thee with stripes. Rememberest thou not  
When I suspended thee in middle air,—  
How that I hung twain anvils on thy feet,  
And bound thy wrists with fetters wrought of gold,  
And which no pow'r could sunder? Thou didst  
swing

Amid the clouds and ether; and the gods  
Of long Olympus, though indignant, lacked  
The pow'r, though standing nigh, to set thee free;—  
Whome'er I caught, attempting, would I seize  
And hurl him from our threshold till he fell,  
Swooning, to earth. Not even this sufficed  
To allay th' abiding anguish that my heart  
Felt for thy wrongs to Heracles the brave,—  
Whom thou, prevailing on the north-wind's gales  
To serve thee, drav'st across the barren main,  
Seeking his ruin, and didst bear the chief  
Away to thickly-peopled Cos; from thence  
I rescued, and brought back again, my child  
To Argos, nurse of steeds, but not before  
He had endured great hardships. I must now  
Recall to thee these things, that thou mayst cease  
These thy deceptions, and mayst come to know  
What end this show of love can serve for thee,  
When, purposing to cheat me, thou didst quit  
The company of gods to share my bed."

He spake, and Hera of the tender eyes  
Shuddered, and with winged words in answer spake:  
"Bear witness now, O Earth and spacious Heav'n  
That spans it, and ye ebbing Stygian wave,—

The greatest and most terrible of oaths  
Among th' immortals,— and thy sacred head,  
And our own lawful wedlock, which I ne'er  
Would dare forswear. It is not through my will  
That thus Poseidon, shaker of the lands,  
Doth harm to Troy and Hector, and gives aid  
To Argos; his own impulse spurs him on,  
And bids him go; for pity filled his heart  
For Greece, to see her warriors sorely pressed  
Beside the galleys. Him would I advise  
To follow where thou leadest, cloud-wrapt king."

Thus Hera spake; the sire of gods and men,  
Smiling upon her, answered with winged speech: —

"Soft-eyed and sov'reign Hera, if thou wouldst  
But take thy seat amid th' immortal throng  
And be agreed with me, the ocean-king,  
However loth, should quickly change his mood  
Conformably to thine own will and mine.  
Yet if thy words be errorless and true,  
Go now among the heav'nly clans and call  
Iris, and Phœbus, famous for his bow,  
Bidding them hither; that the one may speed  
Among the cohorts of the bronze-mailed Greeks,  
Commanding Lord Poseidon that he pause  
From combat and return to his own halls;  
Phœbus Apollo shall exhort meantime  
Hector to fight, inspiring him anew  
With strength, that he forget the pangs that now  
Torture his spirit; that he may once more  
Repel the men of Greece, and thrill their hearts



With abject fear; in panic shall they flee,  
And rush upon the many-seated barks  
Of Peleus' son, Achilles. He shall send  
His comrade forth, Patroclus; whom the brave  
Hector, in front of Troy, shall slay with spear;  
But not till after many a sturdy youth  
Hath perished by his hand, and 'mong the rest  
Ev'n mine own son Sarpedon. Then, in ire  
For his slain friend, shall Peleus' mighty son  
Lay Hector low. Thenceforward by mine aid  
The Argive knights shall rally without stay  
From out their vessels, till they are possessed  
Through Pallas' stratagems of lofty Troy.  
But never, until then, my wrath shall cease,  
Nor shall I suffer any of the rest  
Of the immortals to approach the field  
To render aid to Argos, till the boon  
Craved by Pelides shall accomplished be,  
E'en as I first gave promise, and confirmed  
With nodded head mine utt'rance, on that day  
When Thetis clasped my knees, and begged that I  
Honor the leveller of city-walls."

He ended. Hera of the arms of snow,  
Complying, hastened down from Ida's steep  
To high Olympus. Swiftly as the thought  
Of man can flash,— of one who, having passed  
O'er a broad stretch of country, shrewdly thinks,  
"Here would I be, or there," and ponders o'er  
Full many a scene; so swiftly Hera flew,  
The sov'reign queen, in eager haste, and came

Soon to the lofty mountain, and appeared  
Among the gathered gods in Zeus's hall,  
And all, at sight of her upstarting, held  
Their wine-cups forth. The others she let pass,  
But took the chalice which by rosy-cheeked  
Themis was proffered, who had first of all  
Flown forth to meet, her. Wingèd words she spake:

“Why com'st thou hither, Hera, with the mien  
Of one distraught? Thou surely hast been put  
In fear by him, thy husband, Chronus' son.”

Then heav'nly Hera, the white-armed, thus made  
Answer: “Nay, heav'nly Themis, of these things  
Question me not; for well thou art aware  
How fraught with arrogance and harshness is  
His disposition. But distribute now  
Their portions 'mong the gods in measure meet,  
Here in our mansion. Presently shalt thou —  
With all the other deities — be told  
What evils Zeus makes known. Not all, I ween,  
Who hear, shall equally rejoice at heart —  
Of gods or mortals, e'en of those who now  
So cheerfully are seated at repast.”

Thus saying, queenly Hera took her place,  
And all th' immortals throned in Zeus's hall  
Were thrilled with grief. Upon her lips alone  
Glimmered a smile; no ray of brightness gleamed  
On her dusk brows and forehead, while in tones  
Of anger thus before them all she spake:

“Fools that we are, 'tis idly we essay  
To strive with Zeus. Continually we come

With spoken word or show of force, and seek  
To thwart his purpose, whilst he sits apart,  
Untroubled and unheeding; for he boasts  
How undisputedly he is supreme  
Among th' undying host in pow'r and might.  
Thus each of you must bear whatever harm  
He cares to bring upon you. Even now  
For Ares, so I think, is woe in store;  
The son he cherished most of all mankind  
Is slain upon the field,—Ascalaphus,  
Whom the great god acknowledges his child."

She ceased; and Ares smote with open palms  
His sturdy thighs, as mournfully he cried:

"Olympian dwellers, be not wroth that now  
To avenge the downfall of my son I seek  
The barks of Greece, though fate ordain that I  
Also be smitten by the bolt of Zeus  
And lie amid the slain, in dust and gore."

He spake, and calling Terror to his side,  
And Panic, bade them yoke his coursers, while  
He donned his splendid armor. Then indeed  
In greater measure still the furious ire  
Of Zeus had been invoked upon the host  
Of the immortal ones, had Pallas, filled  
With fear for all the gods, not darted through  
The palace-portal from her thronèd seat,  
And torn from off the war-god's head the casque,  
The buckler from his shoulders; and replaced  
The jav'lin, wrenched from out his mighty hand;  
While she essayed with speech to calm his ire:

"Madman and maniac, thou'rt undone. Thou hast

But ears to hear; thy prudent mind is fled,  
And sense of shame. Dost thou not hear what saith  
The white-armed heav'nly Hera, who but now  
Hath left Olympian Zeus? Is't then thy wish,  
After enduring sufferings without end,  
To come again to this Olympian steep  
With heavy heart, but yet constrained by need?  
That dire disaster, ris'n through thee, should fall  
On all us others? Instantly will Zeus  
Abandon the bold Trojans and their foes  
And hasten to this mount, and throw us all  
Into confusion, seizing one by one,  
Guiltless with guilty. Therefore would I urge  
That thou give o'er the wrath that masters thee  
For this thy son. Full many a better knight  
In strength of arm and valor hath ere now  
Fall'n, or shall fall hereafter. Hard the task  
Would prove, to seek to rescue from their doom  
The families and sons of all mankind."

Thus Pallas spake, and made the eager god  
Sit on his throne; and Hera summoned now  
Forth from the palace Phœbus, and as well  
Iris, the courier of th' immortal band;  
And thus she charged them both with rapid speech:

"'Tis Zeus' command that ye now both repair  
Straightway to Ida's mount; and there arrived,  
When ye behold him face to face, then do  
As he shall charge you and shall give command."

So saying, sov'reign Hera went her way  
And took again her place upon her throne;  
Swiftly the two sped onward, and soon came  
To Ida, from whose side springs many a rill,  
The mother of wild beasts; and there they found  
The far-seeing monarch throned upon the peak  
Of Gargarus; an odorous mist was shed  
Around him. They approached, and stood before  
The Cloud-compeller's face; who seeing them felt  
No anger that so swiftly they gave heed  
To his loved wife's behest; and calling first  
To his side Iris, wingèd words thus spake:

“Speed thee, swift Iris; bear this message true  
To Lord Poseidon, heedful that thou bring  
The message without error. Bid him leave  
The battle and the field of strife and seek  
His place among th' immortal throng, or in  
The sacred deep; if he refuse to heed  
My words, but disregard them, let him then  
Ponder the outcome well within his heart;  
Lest, whatso'er his strength be, he may fail  
To abide mine onset; mightier far am I,  
And elder; yet he recklessly aspires  
To boast himself my peer, who am the dread  
Of all the others of the heav'nly train.”

He spake, and Iris, fleet of foot as wind,  
Hastened, obedient, down from Ida's steep  
To sacred Ilium. E'en as from the clouds  
A storm of snow or chilling hail doth wing,  
Driv'n by the onslaught of the north-wind's blast,

Cradled in ether; with such swiftness flew  
Fleet Iris in her eager haste, and stood  
Before the far-famed shaker of the earth,  
And thus addressed the king in rapid speech:

“O dusk-haired monarch, thou whose pow’r en-  
folds

The earth, from ægis-wielding Zeus I bring  
To thee a message. It is his command  
That thou forsake the field of strife, and seek  
Again thy place among th’ immortal throng  
Or in the sacred deep. If thou refuse  
To heed his words, but disregard them, then  
His menace is, that he himself will come  
Hither to fight against thee; and he warns  
That thou avoid the violence of his hand.  
Far is he mightier, saith he, and beside  
Elder; yet thou dost recklessly aspire  
To boast thyself his peer, who is the dread  
Of all the others of the heav’nly train.”

The far-famed lord of earthquakes made reply,  
In tow’ring rage: “Ha! ’tis an arrogant vaunt  
He maketh, whatsoe’er his power may be,  
If truly thus he threatens to coërce  
My acts by violence, all against my will,  
Who am his peer in honor. Brothers three  
Are we whom Rhea unto Chronus bore:  
Zeus and myself, and Hades, he that rules  
The lower world, the third. The universe  
Tripartitely was portioned, and we each  
Had his due share. To me, the lots being cast,

For mine eternal habitation fell  
The hoary main. To Hades was assigned  
The realm of mists and darkness, and to Zeus  
The spacious heav'n, the clouds and upper air.  
But still the earth and high Olympus' steep  
Are common to us all. I firmly then  
Refuse to shape my conduct by the will  
Of Zeus; but bid him, mighty though he be,  
Remain contented with his own third share.  
Let him not think by show of threat'ning hand  
To cow me like a menial. He would best  
Reserve such fearsome and upbraiding speech  
For his own sons and daughters, who must hear  
His admonitions willingly or no."

Then answered Iris of the wind-swift feet:  
"O dark-haired sov'reign, thou who mak'st the lands  
To tremble, must I then convey to Zeus  
This rude, imperious message? and shall naught  
Be altered? E'en the wisest minds may change  
In season, and the Furies, as thou know'st,  
Attend upon the elder-born alway."

Poseidon, lord of earthquakes, answ'ring spake:  
"Celestial Iris, truly these thy words  
Are seasonably spoken, and 'tis well  
When bearers of the message understand  
How to give prudent counsel. Yet I feel  
The sting of bitter passion in my heart  
Whenever he thus dares to reprimand  
With harsh invectives me, his peer alike  
In destiny and fortune. For the nonce

Will I, though wrathful, yield me to his will;  
Yet hear this utt'rance, spoken from my soul,  
A solemn threat: If, in despite of me,  
Of Pallas the forayer, of his wife,  
Of Hermes, and Hephæstus, he persist  
In sparing lofty Ilium, and refuse  
To give her o'er to pillage, and to yield  
The palm of vict'ry to the Argive host,  
Then let him know that anger ne'er to be  
Appeased shall dwell betwixt us evermore."

Thus having spoken, Lord Poseidon left  
Th' Achæan host and sank into the sea,  
Whilst the Greek heroes mourned his loss; and now  
To Phœbus thus the Cloud-Compeller spake: —

"Go now, beloved Apollo, to the aid  
Of bronze-helmed Hector; for the potentate  
That clasps the shaken earth within his hands,  
Departing to the sacred deep, hath shunned  
My fury; else the echoes of our strife  
Had reached the ears of th' other gods, and e'en  
Of the divinities of the under-world  
That have their seats round Chronus. Better far  
It proved to me, and for himself as well,  
That ere such issue he controlled his rage,  
Yielding before my threat'ning arm, for else  
Not without sweat our strife had reached its end.  
But now, Apollo, take within thy hand  
The tasselled ægis; shake it in the sight  
Of Greece's chieftains; make them turn to flee;  
And give, Far-Archer! thine especial care



To the renownèd Hector; in his breast  
Kindle great valor, till Greeks shall fly  
Back to the Hellespont and to their fleet;  
And then will I by word and act contrive  
That they once more may breathe relief from pain."

He spake; nor did Apollo fail to heed  
His sire, but darted down from Ida's steep  
Like to the hawk that makes the doves its spoil,  
Swiftest of all winged creatures; and he found  
Bold Priam's offspring, Hector the divine,  
Sitting, no longer lying, with his soul  
New-roused to consciousness; he recognized  
His friends around; the pantings and the sweat  
Ceased, for the will of ægis-bearing Zeus  
Revived him. Then the god that works afar,  
Phœbus, approaching to his side, thus spake:—

"Priamides! why sittest thou apart  
From th' others, fainting? or what troubleth thee?"

In falt'ring tones replied the bright-helmed chief:  
"Who art thou, noblest of th' immortal host,  
That questioning look'st upon me? Hast not heard  
How, as I hewed his comrades down beside  
The sterns of the Greek galleys, Ajax, loud  
In shout of combat, hurled against my breast  
A stone and forced me thus to quit the fight?  
Indeed, I thought that I was doomed this day—  
For I was breathing forth my spirit fast—  
To lie among the dead in Hades' hall."

Then the Far-Worker, Phœbus, made reply:—  
"Be of good cheer, for Chronus' son hath sent

A strong deliv'rer forth from Ida's steep  
To stand beside thee and to shelter thee:  
Apollo of the golden brand — the same  
Am I that in days past have stood to shield  
Thee and thy lofty citadel. Arise,  
And bid thy numerous cavalry to urge  
Their speeding coursers toward the deep-hulled  
barks;

Myself will go before them and will make  
Level the path for all the chargers' feet,  
And turn the dauntless men of Greece to flight."

She spake, and in the chieftain's breast inspired  
A resolute daring. As a stall-kept steed,  
Well-fed with barley at the crib, and wont  
To bathe in some fair-flowing river, breaks  
His tether short, and frisks across the lea,  
Glad and exultant, with uplifted crest,  
In pride of beauty, whilst his tossing mane  
Waves round his shoulders, and his nimble limbs  
Speed to the haunts and pastures of his kind,  
So nimbly Hector plied his limbs and feet  
In urging on his horsemen, when he heard  
That heav'nly voice. As rustic huntsmen chase  
An antlered roebuck with their pack of hounds,  
Or a wild goat that tow'ring precipice  
And bosky coppice shield; — not destined they  
To overtake their quarry; for at sound  
Of their halloos a bearded lion springs  
Across the path, and quickly scatters all  
The madly eager hunters; so the Greeks,

Who had till now pursued in armèd throng  
Their Trojan foes, and pricked them with their  
brands

And double-edgèd lances, at the sight  
Of Hector, pressing through the ranks, felt fear,  
And every bosom held a sinking heart.

Then Thoäs, offspring of Andræmon, thus  
Addressed the host — by far the mightiest chief  
Of the Ætolians; both a skillful lance,  
And valiant in close combat; and surpassed  
In counsel by but few among the hosts  
Of Greece, whene'er her youthful champions vied  
In argument. In friendly wise he spake:

“ Ah me, what miracle now greets my sight?  
That Hector should have 'ris'n again, escaped  
From death! We all were confident at heart  
That surely he had perished by the hand  
Of Telamonian Ajax. One among  
The gods hath surely rescued and revived  
This Hector, who ere now hath made to fail  
The limbs of many an Argive, and I ween,  
Will do so still; for not without the aid  
Of Zeus the dreaded Thund'rer doth he stand  
As champion thus before us, with desire  
To harm. Now as I speak, let all give heed.  
Bid that the body of our troops retire  
To where the ships lie; let ourselves, who claim  
To be the mightiest of the host, stand fast,  
Confront him, and endeavor to repel  
His first assault, opposing our raised spears;

And then, I trow, e'en Hector's raging heart  
Will dread to press within our close-massed throng."

He ceased. They heard and readily obeyed  
His counsel. Marshalled by Idomeneus,  
By Ajax, Teucer, and Meriones,  
And Meges, fiery as the god of war,  
They ranged their squadrons for the fight, and called  
The sturdiest chiefs together, to withstand  
Hector and all his Trojans; whilst the mass  
Retreated and approached th' Achæan fleet.

On pressed the foe in solid columns, led  
By Hector, striding proudly; whilst before  
The chieftain walked Apollo, in a cloud  
Mantling his shoulders; bearing in his hand  
The raging, shaggy ægis, terribly  
Gleaming afar. Hephæstus, the great smith,  
Had giv'n the weapon unto Zeus to bear  
'Gainst routed warriors. This did Phœbus wield,  
And led his Trojans onward; while the Greeks  
Waited their onset, closely massed. Then rose  
A piercing shout from either host; the shafts  
Leaped from the bowstrings; countless jav'lines fled  
From hardy hands; some fixed themselves within  
The flesh of strong fleet youths; more fell midway,  
And plunged into the earth; attaining not  
The snowy food they loved. While Phœbus held  
The ægis motionless within his hands,  
Both armies' shafts were show'ed — on either side  
The victims fell. But when he fixed his gaze  
Upon the Argive riders of fleet steeds,

And shook it in their faces, with a shout  
Of war that echoed far and wide, their hearts  
Were spell-bound, and their courage ebb'd away.  
As when two savage beasts, when night is dark,  
Spring in the shepherd's absence on a drove  
Of kine or on a numerous flock of sheep,  
And chase them in confusion, so were driv'n  
The Greeks in ignominious flight; the god  
Made panic spread among them, and vouchsafed  
Glory to Hector and his knights of Troy.

Now raged the fight 'mong scatt'ring bands; and  
fast

Men struck their fellows down. By Hector's spear  
Fell Stichius and Arcesilaüs — one  
The chieftain of the mailed Bœotian host,  
And one the loyal follower of the brave  
Menestheus. Medon to Æneas' hand  
Yielded his spoil, Iäsus too; the first,  
Medon, was great Oïleus' base-born child; —  
Brother of Ajax; and in Phylacè  
Abode in banishment, as having slain  
A brother of Eriopis,— of the queen,  
His own stepmother and Oïleus' wife.  
Iäsus was commander of the host  
Of Athens, said to be from Sphelus sprung,  
The son of Bucolus. Polydamas  
Struck down Mecisteus; in the foremost fray  
Polites too slew Echius; and divine  
Agenor, Clonius. Then Deïochus  
Was pierced by Paris from behind, upon

The shoulder, and the spear passed through and through,

As fighting in the van he turned and fled.

But whilst the victors garnered from the slain  
Their spoils, the Argives, stumbling in the moat  
That they had delved, and on the palisades,  
Hither and thither fled, constrained to seek  
Shelter within their rampart, while aloud  
Thus shouted Hector to his troops of Troy:

“Rush to the galleys — leave the gory spoil;  
He whom I anywhere discover save  
Beside the barks, shall surely, at my hand  
And on the spot, meet death; and none of all  
The brethren or the sisters of his clan  
Shall honor him with funeral pyre, but dogs  
Shall rend his flesh before our city-wall.”

So spake the chief, and smiting with his lash  
The shoulders of his coursers, gave command  
To Ilium's host by ranks. They raised a cry  
Mingling with his, and urged their chariot-steeds  
Forward with deafning tumult; while before  
The host walked Phœbus, trampling with his feet  
The banks of the deep trench. With ready ease  
He tossed the earth to the middle till he made  
A causeway, long and wide,—as far it stretched  
As one who tests his strength can cast a spear;  
O'er this they pressed in serried columns, still  
Led by Apollo bearing in his hand  
The priceless ægis. With as facile ease  
Apollo overthrew th' Achæan wall,

As on the beach a boy, in childish glee,  
Rearing his play-houses of sand, with feet  
And hands demolishes his work again;  
So didst thou, Archer Phœbus! bring to naught  
The fruit of all the suff'ring and the toil  
Of Argos, and didst turn her troops to flight.

Now, checked beside the barks, they stood at bay,  
Exhorting each his friend; each raised his hands  
With earnest vows to all the heav'nly throng.  
Gerenian Nestor, warder of the Greeks,  
Most earnestly petitioned, with his arms  
Stretched to the starry firmament on high:—

“O Father Zeus, if any of our host  
In Argos' fertile wheat-fields ever burned  
The fat thighs of a bullock or a ram  
Upon thine altars, praying for return,  
And thou didst grant his prayer and bend thy head,  
Binding thy promise; O, remember now;  
Ward off our cruel doom, Olympian King;  
Nor let the Greeks be vanquished by the foe.”

As thus he prayed, the Couns'lor, with a peal  
Of echoing thunder, signalled that he gave  
Ear to the prayer of Neleus' son. But when  
The thunderclap of ægis-bearing Zeus  
Fell on the ears of Ilium's men, they sprang  
More fiercely still upon the Greeks, athirst  
For battle. As a billow, vast and strong,  
Of the wide-traveled ocean, surges o'er  
A vessel's sides, driv'n by a forceful gale  
That swells the breakers to their utmost — so

With a loud-echoing shout the men of Troy  
Surged o'er the wall, and lashing on their steeds  
Into the space within till they had pressed  
To the ships' sterns, with two-edged lances waged  
A close encounter. From their cars the foes  
Gave battle; whilst the Argives climbed the decks  
Of their dark lofty barks to wield the long  
Bronze-pointed pikes that lay on board the fleet,  
Joined well with rings, for use in naval strife.

Patroclus, whilst the hosts of Greece and Troy  
Were warring round the ramparts, nor yet came  
Near the swift-sailing fleet, was seated still  
Within the tent of bold Eurypylus,  
Diverting him with friendly chat, and spread  
Balsams upon his cruel wound to allay  
The pangs of anguish. But when now he saw  
The Trojans swarming o'er the wall, and heard  
The outcries of the Argives driv'n in flight,  
He groaned aloud, and with his open palms  
Smiting his thighs, in mournful accents spake:

“Eurypylus, no longer can I bide  
With thee, despite thy need; for now doth wake  
A mighty conflict. Let thy serving-man  
Attend thee; to Pelides must I speed,  
To rouse him to the fight. Who knows? per-  
chance,  
With heav'nly aid, my words may move his heart;  
A friend's persuasion is a wholesome thing.”

And even as he spake the words, his feet  
Bore him away. Th' Achæans stood their ground



Unshaken, waiting the advancing host  
Of Ilium; yet they could not thrust away  
Their foés, whom they outnumbered, from the fleet,  
Nor could the Trojans break the phalanxes  
Of Greece and force their way to tents and barks.  
And as a chalk-line lends a straight true edge  
To a ship's beam, when wielded in the hands  
Of a skilled artisan, whom Pallas gives  
To understand all mysteries of his craft;  
So evenly the fortune of the fight  
Hung in the balance; still the conflict raged  
About the various vessels of the fleet.

Now appeared Hector, coming to withstand  
The valiant Ajax. For a single ship  
They struggled; and though Hector could not drive  
Ajax away and set on fire the bark,  
Yet neither could the Greek repulse his foe,  
Since heav'n had sent him. Now brave Ajax' spear  
Smote in the breast Caletor, Clytius' son,  
As he brought fire to set the ship aflame.  
Crashing he fell to earth; the blazing brand  
Dropped from his grasp. When Hector now be-  
held

His kinsman fallen in the dust before  
The dark-hulled galley, with far-echoing shout  
He called to Trojan and to Lycian hosts:

“Ye Trojans, Lycians, Dardans who excel  
In close encounter! never yield the fight  
Within this narrow space, but speed to save  
The son of Clytius, fall'n before the fleet,

Nor let th' Achæans strip him of his arms."

So spake he and with glist'ning spear took aim  
At Telamonius; missing him, he smote  
Lycophron, son of Mastor, Ajax' squire,  
Born in Cythera, but who dwelt beside  
Ajax as having slain a man among  
The heav'n-loved Cythereans. As he stood  
Beside his master, Hector's whetted lance  
Entered his head above the ear; he fell  
Backward from off the vessel's stern in dust;  
His limbs relaxed in death. This Ajax saw  
Shudd'ring, and to his brother Teucer spake:

"Dear Teucer, see our trusty friend lies slain,  
The son of Mastor, whom we learned to prize,  
Although a Cytherean, in our halls,  
As our own parents. Valiant Hector's hand  
Hath slain our comrade. Where are now the darts  
Swift to bring death, and where doth lie the bow  
Phœbus Apollo once bestowed on thee?"

So spake he. Teucer heard, and hast'ning came,  
And took his place beside him, in his hand  
His supple bow and quiver filled with darts;  
And swiftly winged his arrows at the host  
Of Ilium; and he pierced Pisenor's son,  
Clitus, a knight illustrious in the train  
Of famed Polydamas, from Panthoüs sprung,  
As, busied with his coursers, Clitus held  
The chariot-reins and guided on his steeds  
In aid of Troy and Hector, to the spot  
Where most the ranks were routed; but his fate

Swiftly o'ertook him, from which none could save —  
None of his eager followers. The fell shaft  
Entered his neck behind; and from his car  
Clitus dashed headlong. Starting back, the steeds  
Rattled the empty car along. But soon  
Lordly Polydamas beheld, and came  
Before his troop, and checked the chargers' flight,  
And gave them to Astynöus, the son  
Of Protiaon, with the strict command  
To rein them near, and watch them closely, while  
Himself rejoined the foremost in the fray.

Then Teucer aimed another shaft to bring  
Bronze-crested Hector low, and would have then  
Ended the conflict by th' Achæan barks  
If by his hand the bravest of the host  
Had lost his life. But the omniscient mind  
Of Zeus, who guarded Hector, did not fail  
To mark the act; he took the boast away  
From Telamonian Teucer — for he brake  
Within the trusty bow the twisted string  
E'en as he aimed at Hector; and the shaft,  
Brazen and heavy, swerved aside; his hand  
Let fall the bow. The chieftain shudd'ring saw,  
And thus unto his brother Ajax spake:

“Alack, 'tis some divinity who thus  
Baffles our plans of war,— who struck e'en now  
The bow from out mine hand and burst the string  
But newly twisted, which this very morn  
I fastened firm in place, that it might thus  
Sustain the thickly-leaping darts I sped.”

Great Telamonian Ajax made reply:  
"Dear brother, let thy bow lie where it fell,  
And thy thick-winged arrows; 'tis indeed  
Some god who envious of the Greeks hath made  
Them ineffectual. Rather take in hand  
Thy massive spear, and bind the buckler o'er  
Thy shoulders; so arrayed maintain the fight  
'Gainst Troy, and rouse the others; nor permit  
The foe, without a struggle, though till now  
Victorious, to possess our well-decked barks.  
Let us be filled with ardor for the fray."

He spake; his brother placed his bow within  
His tent, and round his shoulders set the shield  
Of fourfold hide, and on his valiant brow  
He placed the well-forged helmet with its plume  
Of horsehair fiercely nodding down; and seized  
His trusty jav'lin tipped with whetted brass,  
And hast'ning onward, stood at Ajax' side.

When Hector saw the weapons pow'rless made  
In Teucer's hand, with a far-echoing cry  
He called to Trojan and to Lycian host:

"Ye Trojans, Lycians, Dardans trained to fight  
In close encounter; friends, be men! Recall  
Your old impetuous hardihood beside  
These hollow barks. Mine eyes have seen how  
Zeus

Did render ineffectual the darts  
Of their chief hero. For the pow'r of Zeus  
Is readily discerned among mankind;  
Triumph supreme he placeth in the grasp

Of some, and humbleth others, neither cares  
To shield them; so doth he diminish now  
The Argives' might, and aids the Trojan's hands.  
Fight now, close-massed, beside the ships. Whoe'er  
Is doomed to die by weapon thrust or cast,  
So let him perish; for it is no shame  
To die while battling for one's fatherland.  
Hereafter shall his wife and babes be saved,  
Unharmed his house and heritage, if the foe  
To his own shores in ships shall now depart."

So spake he, kindling ardor and new might  
In every bosom. Ajax on his side  
Exhorted thus the followers of his train:

"Shame on you, men of Argos! Certain 'tis  
That we must either perish now, or save  
Ourselves and shield our barks from threat'ning  
harm.

Dream ye, forsooth, that if the bright-helmed foe  
Captures your galleys, ye may yet return  
To your own land on foot? Do ye not hear  
How Hector urgeth forward all his host —  
Hector, who yearns to set the ships aflame?  
No summons to a choral dance gives he —  
It is to war. No counsel can be framed  
Safer than this — to grapple with our foes  
And furiously engage them hand to hand.  
Far better 'tis that once for all we die,  
Or once for all find life, than to be drained  
Of strength through ling'ring hours of horrid strife  
Beside the barks, by weaker foemen's spears."

Thus Ajax spake; his words awakened strength  
And valor in each bosom. Hector now  
Slew Schedius, Perimedes' son, a king  
'Mong Phocian tribes; and next Laodamas,  
Antenor's glorious scion, and who led  
A band of foot, was slain by Ajax' brand.  
Polydamas then garnered spoils of war  
From Otus of Cyllenè,— captain o'er  
The lofty-souled Epeians, and as well  
A follower of Phylides. Meges saw,  
And sprang to strike the foe. Polydamas  
Darted aside, uninjured by the shaft;  
For 'twas not Phœbus' will that Panthoüs' son,  
While battling 'mid the foremost ranks, should die;  
And Cræsmus in his breast received the blow,  
And fell with clashing mail; and Meges stripped  
The armor from the shoulders of the chief.  
Then Dolops sprang at him, the skilful lance,—  
Dolops, a son of Lampus, that most brave  
Of men, who claimed Laomedon as sire,—  
Expert in fierce defence. From where he stood,  
Hard by, he made a leap, and in the midst  
He pierced Phylides' buckler with his spear;  
Yet the cuirass of convex plates, close-bound,  
Worn by the warrior, checked the weapon's  
    might —  
'Twas that which Phyleus bore from Ephyre  
And from Selleis' river, giv'n him by  
Euphetes, king of men, his friendly host,  
To wear when ent'ring battle, to defend

'Gainst blows of enemies; it sheltered now  
The body of his son from threat'ning fate.  
Yet Meges with his whetted spear-tip smote  
Upon its crown the brazen-mounted casque  
Topped with its plume of horsehair; and he cleft  
The plumèd crest away; and all its mass,  
Shining anew with purple, dropt in dust;  
Whilst Meges held his ground and battled still,  
Hoping for triumph. Menelaüs came,  
The staunch in strife, to aid him. At one side  
Of Dolops, spear in hand, he stood unseen,  
And smote his shoulder from behind. The point  
Entered, and, furious, cleft its forward way  
Through the chief's breast. He sank upon his face,  
And the two Argives hastened up to rend  
The bronze mail from his shoulders. Hector saw,  
And called on all the brethren of the chief;  
First did he censure Hicetaon's son,  
Heroic Melanippus. Ere the strife  
Began, while yet the foes were far away,  
He in Percotè pastured still his herds  
Of trailing-footed cattle; but when now  
The curving ships of Argos Troy-ward came,  
Thither returned he, taking a chief's part  
'Mong Ilium's sons; he dwelt near Priam's hall,  
Receiving the same honors that the king  
Showed to the children of his house. Him now  
Hector accosted with upbraiding speech:

“ And shall we prove so slothful at our task,  
O Melanippus? Feels thy heart no pang

For this thy slaughtered nephew? Dost not mark  
How hungrily the foes are busied round  
The mail of Dolops? Haste and follow me —  
No longer can we battle at long range  
Against these Argives; either must they die,  
Or Ilium, toppling from her steep, must fall  
Their prey, and all her citizens be slain."

So saying, he led onward; following came  
His godlike comrade. On th' Achæan side  
Great Telamonius urged the host to fight:

"Prove yourselves men now, friends; let fear of  
shame

Have place in every bosom. Stand in awe  
Each of his fellow 'mid the hard-fought fray.  
They that are saved, when warriors fear reproach,  
Are more than they that fall; but when men flee,  
Nor glory nor deliv'rance then appears."

He spake; and, eager as they were to stand  
Strong in defence, the heroes let his speech  
Sink in their hearts. They fenced the galleys round  
With brazen walls of armor. Zeus aroused  
The Trojans; and now Menelaüs, great  
In war-shout, urged Antilochus, and spake:

"Antilochus, no other of the Greeks  
Is younger than thyself, nor is more fleet  
Of foot, and none so stalwart in the fight.  
Would thou couldst spring to smite some foe of  
Troy."

So spake he, and sped hastily away,  
Having thus roused his friend, who, darting forth



From 'mong the champions, aimed his glinting spear,  
Yet with a cautious glance around. The men  
Of Troy shrank backward when they saw the chief  
Couching his lance. Not ineffectual fled  
The weapon, but smote Hicetaon's son,  
Courageous Melanippus, even then  
Ent'ring the fray. The jav'lin pierced his breast  
Beside the pap. With clanking mail the chief  
Fell heavily to earth. Antilochus  
Leaped on his prey as leaps a hound upon  
A stricken fawn — a fawn which, as it sprang  
Forth from its lair, the huntsman wounded — made  
Its limbs to falter; so upon thee now,  
O Melanippus! sprang Antilochus  
The staunch in strife, to spoil thee of thy mail,  
But divine Hector's eye failed not to mark  
The danger. Speeding through the raging fight,  
He came against the Greek. Antilochus,  
Though a fleet warrior, dared not to abide  
Hector's assault, but as a wild beast caught  
In guilty mischief,— having slain a hound  
Or herdsman with his droves of beeves,— takes  
flight  
Ere gather the avengers; e'en thus fled  
In terror Nestor's scion, while the host  
Of Troy and Hector, with terrific cries,  
Show'ed their fell shafts at him. He turned and  
faced  
The foe when safe among his own armed band.  
Like hungry lions now the Trojans pressed

On toward the ships, fulfilling the commands  
Zeus laid upon them. He endowed their arms  
Ever with wondrous might, and cast a spell  
Over the Argives' spirits, and from Greece  
Wrested the triumph, and encouraged Troy.  
For 'twas his will to let the vict'ry pass  
To Hector, son of Priam, that the chief  
Might hurl his tireless and infuriate fire  
Against the beakèd galleys; thus to bring  
To full fruition the unrighteous prayer  
Uttered by Thetis. This was the event  
The Couns'lor waited,— that his eyes should see  
Burst from a burning ship the radiant flame.  
Thenceforth he purposed that the Greeks once more  
Should dash the Trojans from the fleet and gain  
The triumph. 'Twas with this intent that now  
He spurred Priamides, who e'en before  
Was madly eager, 'gainst the spacious barks.  
He raged like Ares, brandisher of spears,  
Or like a fierce and devastating flame  
That 'mid the coppices of forests deep  
Lays waste the mountain-side. Upon his lips  
There gathered flecks of foam; his eyes flashed fire  
Beneath his shaggy brows; the helmet set  
To guard his temples nodded terribly  
As Hector battled. Zeus himself came down  
From heav'n as his defender, singling him  
For fame and honor from 'mong all mankind;  
For his allotted span of life was doomed  
To be but brief. E'en now his day of fate

Was hastened by Athena, when the chief  
Should perish by Pelides' mighty hand.  
Now he essayed the warrior-files, in hope  
To sunder them, and striking where appeared  
The densest numbers and the best-forged arms;  
Yet did he fail to break the ranks, despite  
His eager efforts. Ranged like pond'rous tow'rs  
In phalanx, they stood firmly as the crag  
Massive and lofty, by the hoar sea's strand,  
That breasts th' assault of shrill and sudden blasts  
And swelling waves that foam against its side; —  
Not less unflinchingly the sons of Greece  
Withstood the Trojans' force, nor thought of  
flight.

But still, with mail agleam like fire, the foe  
From every quarter sprang to smite their throng,  
And fell upon them like a wave that sweeps  
O'er a swift bark — a rushing billow born  
Of winds and storm-clouds — burying it from sight  
'Mid clouds of spray; the wind's terrific blast  
Shrieks round the sail; dismayed, the mariners  
Tremble with terror; for by narrow breadth  
They 'scape the threatening ruin — so were clov'n  
With terror in their breasts th' Achæans' hearts.  
And as a lion, mad for bloodshed, comes  
Upon a multitude of kine that graze  
The watery pasture of a wide marsh-mead,  
Protected by a herdsman all unskilled  
In battling with wild creatures to defend  
A bent-horned bullock,— ever keeping pace

Either with foremost or with hindmost, while  
The beast assails the midmost, and devours  
One of the herd — in fear the rest take flight;  
So all th' Achæans by divine decree  
Were put to flight by Hector and by Zeus  
Our Father. Yet alone, by Hector's hand,  
Was Periphetes, of Mycenæ, slain: —  
The well-loved son of Copreus, who of yore,  
As envoy sent from King Eurystheus, came  
To the great Heracles. The sire, a man  
Of far less note, was by the son surpassed  
In every excellence — fleetness in the race,  
Prowess in war. In qualities of mind  
He ranked among Mycenæ's foremost chiefs.  
Such was the man who yielded Hector now  
The boast of triumph. As the hero turned,  
He tripped upon the rim that edged his shield —  
The broad shield, reaching to the feet, he bore  
To ward off hostile jav'lins. On its edge  
He stumbled and fell backward; and the casque  
That fenced his temples clanged with fearsome  
    sound  
As sank to earth the chieftain. The keen eye  
Of Hector marked him; rushing up, he came  
And stood beside him, burying his spear  
Deep in his bosom — taking thus his life  
Close to where stood his comrades. They, though  
    grieved  
For their friend's fate, dared render him no aid,  
So greatly feared they noble Hector's hand.

Now stood the Greeks confronting their own  
barks,

And round them lay the uppermost — the first  
Updrawn upon the strand; and into these  
The Argives poured; yet soon were they constrained  
To leave these foremost galleys, and made stand  
Beside their tents in gathered mass — no more  
Scattered throughout the camp; a sense of shame  
And terror held them back, for constantly  
Each bade his friend stand firm. In earnest tones  
Gerenian Nestor, warder of the host  
Of Argos' warriors, for their parents' sake  
Entreatingly made prayer to every one:

“Be men now, comrades! Let each warrior  
stand

Nobly abashed in other mortals' sight.  
Let each bethink him of his wife and babes,  
His fortune and his parents — whether these  
Be living or departed. For their sake,—  
Though they be absent — I beseech you, stand  
Firmly your ground and never turn to flight.”

Thus spake he, kindling ardor and new strength  
In every bosom. Pallas from their sight  
Dispelled the mist celestial; and bright day  
Shone on each hand, illumining the fleet  
And the all-levelling conflict; they beheld  
Hector, the great in war-cry, and his train,  
Both those that rearward stood aloof, and bore  
No part in combat, and those also who  
Beside the rapid barks maintained the fight.

No longer great-souled Ajax was content  
To bide where others of the Grecian braves  
Stood idle and apart. With mighty strides  
He mounted to the deck-beams of the fleet,  
A massive ship-pike wielded in his hands,  
Well-shod with rings to bind it, which in length  
Stretched two and twenty cubits. As a man  
Well skilled in mounting coursers for the race  
From a vast herd selects and pairs four steeds,  
And swiftly darting from the plain, speeds on  
Toward a great city o'er a crowded way;  
And on him throngs of men and matrons gaze  
Marvelling; now he leaps on one, unharmed,  
Now on another, in continual change,  
Whilst ever fly they onward; even so  
Did the huge strides of Ajax rove the deck  
Of many a speedy galley, and his tones  
Rang in the heav'ns as his terrific cries  
Exhorted still the Argives to defend  
Their tents and barks. Nor lingered Hector now  
Amid the strong-cuirassed tumultuous bands  
Of Troy, but as a tawny eagle swoops  
Upon a flock of swift-winged fowl that feed  
Beside the margin of a river — cranes,  
Or geese, or swans of slender necks — so now  
Did Hector leap upon a dusk-prowed bark;  
For Zeus behind him with all-potent hand  
Urged him, and roused his men-at-arms around.

Full bitterly again now raged the strife  
About the galleys. Surely thou hadst said

That warriors never-wearying, ne'er outworn,  
Encountered on that field; so desp'rate now  
Their conflict. In th' opposing warriors' minds  
These were the thoughts that dwelt: The sons of  
Greece

No longer hoped for rescue from their doom,  
But were assured of death; while as for Troy,  
Full confidence abode in every heart  
That they should burn the ships with fire, and slay  
The braves of Argos. Such the thoughts that filled  
Their bosoms, as they grappled. Hector now  
Laid hold upon the stern of a fair bark  
That had flown swiftly o'er the deep — the same  
That brought to Troy Protesilaüs — ne'er  
Destined to bear him home to his own shore.  
And round this galley now the troops of Greece  
And Ilium, joining in close combat, fast  
Hewed down each other. They remained no more  
Apart, nor waited till their foes should feel  
The sting of jav'lin hurled, or whizzing darts  
Winged from the bow; but standing at close range,  
All with one impulse, they maintained the fight  
With battle-axe and halberd, pond'rous brand  
And double-edged spear. Full many a hilted  
sword,  
Rich-wrought within its dusky scabbard, lay  
Upon the earth where it had fall'n from hand  
Or shoulder of some hero; and the soil  
Streamed dark with blood. Yet Hector, having  
thus

Once grasped a vessel's stern, relinquished not  
Its ornamented boss, but in his hand  
Seizing it firmly, called to Ilium's host:

"Bring fire, whilst all of you in dense array  
Wake the loud war-shout. Zeus hath giv'n us now  
A day worth all our others, when we seize  
As spoil the barks that came upon our strand  
Without th' approval of the gods, and brought  
Full many sorrows on our country. All  
Was owing to the feebleness of heart  
Of Ilium's elders. Though I willingly  
Would have engaged the foe beside the fleet,  
They stayed me from the combat and restrained  
My warriors likewise. But if far-seeing Zeus  
Made dull our senses in those days, 'tis now  
His own strong pow'r that spurs us to the fray."

So spake he, and more furiously still  
They sprang upon the Argives. Ajax then  
No longer stood his ground; he was o'erborne  
By the foe's missiles; but, assured that now  
His end was near, a little space gave way;  
And on the bench for oarsmen, seven feet long,  
He took his place, abandoning the deck  
Of the fair-fashioned galley. Standing there,  
He kept his vigil; constantly his spear  
Thrust back all Trojans from the fleet, whose hands  
Bore torches of fell fire; and fiercely rang  
His shouts, as still he called to Argos' host:

"Friends, squires of Ares, heroes of the Greeks!  
Be men, my comrades, and let every heart



Recall its fiery valor. Think ye then  
That in your rear yet reinforcements bide?  
Or yet more solid bulwarks, to defend  
Against impending ruin? Nay, not so;  
No citadel possess we, near at hand,  
Fenced round with tow'rs, from which we could  
procure

New troops to change the fortune of the day  
By timely aid. We camp upon the plain  
Of the cuirassèd Trojans — at our backs  
The deep lies, and afar is our own land.  
Thus only from our own strong arms can come  
Deliv'rance — not from falt'ring in the fray."

So spake the chief, and madly charged the foe  
With his keen spear. Whoever of the host  
Of Troy, obedient to Hector, brought  
A blazing brand to burn the wide-hulled barks,  
Was pierced by Ajax as he waiting lay  
With his long lance. Thus in close combat fell  
Before the barks twelve warriors by his hand.

## BOOK XVI

### THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS

Patroclus, weeping over the disasters of the Greeks, entreats Achilles, if the chief persists in refusing his own aid, to allow him to put on the armor of Achilles and to lead the Myrmidons in defence of the fleet. To this Achilles consents on condition that Patroclus shall return as soon as he has driven the Trojans from the vessels, since to pursue them further would invite peril and deprive Achilles of merited glory. Meantime Ajax, hard pressed at the fleet, has his spear broken by Hector, and retreats; the Trojans set the ship he has been defending on fire, and Achilles, at the sight, bids Patroclus hasten to the rescue. Patroclus sets forth with Achilles' armor and chariot; description of the horses. The commanders of the Myrmidons enumerated; Patroclus marshals and rallies them. Pouring libations to Zeus, Achilles prays for the success of his friend upon the field, and for his safe return; the first part of his prayer only is granted. Patroclus leads his army to the attack; the Trojans, taking him for Achilles, are dismayed, and driven back in confusion, with great slaughter. Pyræchmes is slain. The Trojans fly toward the city walls, followed by Patroclus, who recalls his men from the pursuit of the fugitives and continues to deal havoc among those left at the fleet. Sarpedon leaves his chariot to encounter Patroclus. Zeus and Hera confer regarding Sarpedon's fate; Zeus agrees to permit his death on condition that his body shall be restored to Lycia. The heroes en-

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counter; Sarpedon falls, exhorting Glaucus to defend his body. The wound of Glaucus is at his prayer healed by Apollo. He exhorts Hector and Æneas. Hector charges the Greeks, whom Patroclus rallies, and the struggle rages hotly over Sarpedon's body. On the part of the Greeks Epeigeus and Bathycles fall. Æneas fails to disable Meriones. Inspired with fear by Zeus, Hector and the Trojans at last take to flight; Apollo, at Zeus's bidding, bathes and anoints the body of Sarpedon, consigning it to Sleep and Death as bearers. Patroclus, disobeying Achilles' order, continues to pursue the Trojans and Lycians; he threatens Troy itself, but in endeavoring to storm the walls he is repulsed and menaced by Apollo. Apollo reproves Hector, bidding him return to the field; he spreads confusion among the Greeks. Patroclus slays Hector's charioteer Cebriones, and struggles with Hector for possession of the body. The Greeks prevail and spoil the dead. Phœbus at last disarms Patroclus, strips him of his armor, and he is wounded by Euphorbus and slain by Hector, whose impending death at Achilles' hand he prophesies in reply to the boast of his conqueror.

BOOK XVI

AND thus, to gain that fair-decked galley, still  
The warriors fought. Patroclus came and  
stood

Beside Atrides, shepherd of the host,  
Shedding hot tears, as down a tow'ring cliff  
A dark-hued fountain pours its sombre tide.  
And at the sight compassion filled the heart  
Of the fleet chief. In wingèd words he spake:

“Why thus in tears, Patroclus, like a child —  
A wee girl, by her mother's side that runs,  
Imploring to be lifted in her arms —  
Who clings fast to her raiment and detains  
Her hast'ning steps — looks up with tear-stained  
face,

Until the mother catches her at last  
And raises her? Thou seem'st like such a child,  
Patroclus, when thou shed'st weak tears like these.  
Hast thou then aught to tell the Myrmidons,  
Or to myself? or is't that thou dost bring  
Tidings from Phthia, heard by thee alone?  
Menœtius, as men say, is still alive,—  
The son of Actor; and Æacides,  
Peleus, is dwelling still among his tribe  
Of Myrmidons. Our sorrow should be deep  
For both, if they should perish. Or dost feel  
Compassion for the woes of Argos' host

That thus are dying by their wide-hulled fleet  
For their offence? Speak plainly, nor conceal  
What thy thought harbors, that we both may know."

Thou, chivalrous Patroclus, with deep sigh  
Madest answer: "O Achilles, Peleus' son,  
Thou mightiest far of all Achæa's band,  
Let not thine anger rise; for bitter woe  
Hath now beset the Argives. All of those  
That were, in days gone by, our bravest chiefs,  
Now lie on board the galleys, bearing wounds  
From weapons cast or thrust. Yea, Tydeus' son,  
E'en Diomed, the valiant, is laid low;  
Pierced is Odysseus, famed for might of spear,  
And Agamemnon, and Eurypylus,  
Whose thigh received an arrow; over these  
Labor physicians skilled in countless balms,  
Striving to heal their hurts. Achilles! thou  
Art lost to pity. Never — thus I pray —  
May anger gain the mastery o'er my soul,  
Such as thou nourishest, that valorous art  
But for our woe! Who else, who later-born,  
Shall prove through thee a gainer if thou fail  
To shield our Greeks from shameful overthrow?  
Hard-hearted! not to thee was Peleus sire,  
The knightly; nor from Thetis art thou sprung;  
'Twas the gray sea begat thee, and the steep  
And tow'ring precipices; for thy heart  
Is ruthless. If some oracle thou dread,—  
If she, thy queenly mother, hath from Zeus  
Heard word prophetic, and to thee hath told,—

Then dispatch me with speed, and let thy train  
Of Myrmidons go with me; I may bring  
Deliv'rance to the Argives. Give thine arms  
To case my shoulders; haply may the foe,  
Mistaking me for thine own self, refrain  
From the encounter, and the martial Greeks,  
Now so outworn, breathe respite; yet indeed  
Short is the warrior's breathing-space from strife!  
Then could our force, refreshed, repel with ease  
The assailants, wearied with the combat, back  
From tents and galleys to their own town-walls."

Such was his prayer. Deluded one! his words  
On his own head brought doom and cruel end.

And swift Achilles, moved to sorrow, said:

"Ah me, Patroclus, friend of heav'nly birth,  
What words are these? No oracle I heed,—  
None that I know; nor yet hath any been  
Imparted unto me, revealed by Zeus,  
By her, my sov'reign mother. Yet I feel  
A bitter grief that stings my very heart,  
That thus a man should venture to despoil  
An equal and to wrest his prize away  
Because he is the stronger. This it is  
That wakens grief within me — that my pride  
Hath been humiliated thus. The maid  
Whom as my meed the Argives chose for me,  
Won by my spear for having razed the walls  
Of a strong town, hath he that rules the host,  
Atrides Agamemnon, torn again  
From mine embrace, as if I were no more

Than some poor vagrant. But let past be past;  
It is not meet that passion in man's heart  
Should rage without surcease. Yet have I sworn  
Ne'er to give o'er my wrath till shouts and strife  
Echo about my galleys. So do thou  
Encase thy shoulders in my far-famed mail,  
And lead the Myrmidons that joy in fight  
On to the combat, if the sable cloud  
Of Troy doth close indeed about our barks  
In overmast'ring pow'r, whilst they of Greece  
Stand closely crowded 'gainst the ocean-strand  
In narrow confines; and the city of Troy  
Hath in full force come forth against them, bold  
With hope of vict'ry; for they now no more  
Behold my helmet glinting near at hand,—  
They who so quickly would have fled, and filled  
The moats with their dead bodies, had the king,  
The son of Atreus, been but mild with me!  
Our camp is now beleaguered. For the lance  
Rages no longer in Tydides' hand  
To save the Argive host from threatened doom;  
Nor from those hateful lips I hear the voice  
Of Atreus' son;—now echo in the air  
The shouts of man-slaying Hector as he cheers  
His Trojans onward. With victorious cries  
They overspread the entire plain and sweep  
Our host before them. Yet, Patroclus, still  
Smite the foe fiercely to defend the fleet;  
Let them not burn with blazing fire our barks,  
Destroying thus all hope of the return

Which we so long for. To the sum of all  
To what I now impart to thee, give heed:  
That thou mayst win renown and glorious fame  
For me 'mong all the Greeks, that soon the host  
May send the lovely damsel back to me  
And yield me glorious off'rings also. When  
Once thou hast driv'n the foemen from the fleet,  
Return; and ev'n if Hera's Thund'rer-lord  
Give thee to gain the day, do not desire,  
In mine own absence, to maintain the strife  
'Gainst the war-loving Trojans; thou shouldst thus  
Leave me inglorious. Neither let delight  
In combat and in carnage influence thee  
To lead thy host to Ilium, slaughtering  
The Trojans in thy course, lest from the steep  
Olympian one of the undying throng  
Come forth against thee. He that works afar,  
Apollo, loves our foemen well. Return  
When thou hast brought deliv'rance to the fleet;  
And let the combatants upon the plain  
Continue still their struggle. Would to Zeus,  
Athena and Apollo, that not one  
Of all the band of Troy might 'scape his fate,  
Nor one of all the Argives; that we two  
Survived, and none beside us,— to rend down  
Alone the hallowed battlements of Troy!"

Whilst thus the chiefs held converse, Ajax stood  
His ground no longer — sorely was he pressed  
By force of weapons. The designs of Zeus  
And the brave host of Ilium with their spears



Were overcoming him. The shimm'ring casque  
That fenced his temples rang with awful sound  
Beneath the beat of spears continually  
Smiting its strong-forged plates; and weary grew  
The chief's left shoulder, steadfastly and long  
Bearing the swiftly-shifted shield. His foes,  
Though hard they pressed about him with their  
spears,

Could not repel him. Yet laboriously  
He gasped for breath, and sweat from all his limbs  
Poured copiously; no respite could he find,  
And toil was heaped on toil on every hand.

Ye Muses,— ye that hold Olympian halls,  
Tell me how first the fiery torch was cast  
Upon the Argive galleys? Hector came  
Close up to Ajax, and with his huge brand  
Smote, from behind, the warrior's ashen spear  
Where shaft and head were joined; and hewed the  
shaft

Completely through; and Telamonius' hand  
Brandished a pointless stump; the brazen head  
Upon the ground fell clanging far away.  
And then did Ajax, shudd'ring, recognize  
In his brave heart the works of heav'n, and how  
The sky-throned Thund'rer baffled all his plans  
Of war, and willed that Troy should gain the day;  
And he shrank backward from the range of spears,  
Whilst his foes hurled the torch of tireless flame  
Into the speedy galley. Instantly  
A quenchless blaze enveloped all the bark.

Thus o'er the stern swept fire. Achilles saw,  
Smiting his thighs, and to Patroclus spake:

“ Rise, heav'n-born chieftain, urger of thy steeds;  
I hear the crackling of devouring flame  
Rage in our galleys. Never let the foe  
Capture our barks; for then all hope should end  
Of our return. Now don thy mail with speed.  
I go to call our followers to the fray.”

So spake the chief. Patroclus clad his form  
In gleaming mail of bronze. His ankles first  
Cased he in glorious greaves secured by clasps  
Of silver; next about his bosom bound  
The rich and starry corselet of the fleet  
Æacides; and o'er his shoulders now  
Slung he the brazen silver-studded brand;  
And the strong massive buckler. Then upon  
His hardy brow he set the well-forged casque,  
With horsehair crest and plume that nodded o'er  
His forehead fiercely. Last of all he seized  
Two pond'rous jav'lins, fitting well his hand;  
Nothing he left behind him but the lance  
Of unreprouched Æacides — so strong,  
Weighty, enormous,— which no other Greek  
Had force to wield — none but Achilles' arm  
Could brandish it; a Pelian ash-tree's stem,  
Bestowed by Chiron on the hero's sire,  
Down-hewn from Pelion's summit to bring doom  
To heroes. To Automedon the chief  
Next gave command to yoke in haste the steeds;  
Him, save Achilles, breaker of armed ranks,

Patroclus prized most highly, since he proved  
His trustiest comrade, ever staunch to bide  
The shout of conflict. So Automedon  
Brought now beneath the yoke those coursers fleet,  
Xanthus and Balius. Swift as wind they flew;  
Podargè of the Harpies bore the pair  
Unto the Zephyr as she grazed a lea  
By stream of Ocean. Pegasus outside,  
That noble beast, was coupled as third steed;  
Led by Achilles from Eëtion's walls  
The day he gained them;— though of mortal birth,  
Yet mated well with steeds of deathless race.

Meantime Achilles, roving everywhere  
Among the tents, accoutred all his host  
Of Myrmidons in mail. Like greedy wolves  
Of desp'rate boldness, that have slain, and rend  
A huge horned stag upon the mountain-steep;—  
Red are their jaws with gore; in packs they speed  
To some dark fountain, where with slender tongues  
They lap the sable waters, whilst their mouths  
Drip with the victim's blood, and the repast  
Distends their bellies and makes bold their hearts;  
So streamed the chiefs and couns'lors of the host  
Of Myrmidons around the dauntless squire  
Of Æacus' fleet grandson. Fierce in fight,  
Achilles stood among the men to spur  
Forward the steeds and bucklered warrior-bands.

Fifty in number were the rapid barks  
Which, captained by Achilles, loved of Zeus,  
Had come to Ilium; and in every bark

Sate fifty comrades on the oarsmen's seats.  
Five leaders chose he to command the host,—  
Men whom he trusted; but his own strong might  
Held the chief place of all. The foremost troop  
Obeyed Menestheus, mailed in shimm'ring steel;  
Son of heav'n-fall'n Spercheius' stream, brought  
forth

By Polydora of the beauteous face  
To the unwearying river; god, and maid  
Of mortal race, uniting. By repute  
His sire was Borus, Periëres' son.  
Wedding the mother publicly, he poured  
Upon her boundless largess. Of the next  
Battalion, bold Eudorus was the chief;  
Son of a virgin; and his mother's name  
Was Polymela, fair in choral dance,  
And Phylas' child; of whom the mighty slay'r  
Of Argus was enamored, seeing her  
'Mid singing maidens in the tripping train  
Of golden-arrowed Artemis, whose call  
Rings to her hounds. Then swiftly did the god,  
Deliv'rer Hermes, stealthily ascend  
To her roof-chamber, there to couch with her  
In secret. Great Eudorus was her child;  
A mighty warrior he, and passing fleet.  
But when she, Ilithyïa, who presides  
O'er travail-pangs, brought forth the babe to day,  
And he beheld the sunlight, Echeclès,  
That strong and mighty son of Actor, led  
The mother of the infant to his hall

With countless bridal-gifts. Old Phylas reared  
The boy with tender care, receiving him  
With welcoming embrace as his own child.  
Warlike Pisander held the third command,  
The son of Mæmalus, renowned beyond  
All other Myrmidons in strife of shafts —  
All save Pelides' comrade. The fourth band  
Did knightly Phœnix lead, though full of years;  
Blameless Alcimedon, Laërces' son,  
Captained the fifth. When Peleus' son had thus  
Ranged all in fair array about their chiefs,  
He laid upon them thus his stern behest:

“Ye Myrmidons, let none forget the threats  
Ye uttered 'gainst the Trojans by the side  
Of our swift barks whilst raged as yet mine ire,  
And how each held me culpable, and spake:  
'O ruthless son of Peleus, 'twas on gall  
Thy mother reared thee. Cruel, thus to keep  
Thy comrades here pent up beside the fleet!  
Let us at least, since evil passions fill  
Thy soul, hie homeward in our roving barks.'  
Such ut'rances as these in council-throng  
Oft did ye vent against me. Now appears  
A mighty task of war, for which in days  
Gone by ye yearned. Let every warrior, strong  
In courage, battle manfully with Troy.”

So spake Achilles, kindling strength and fire  
In every breast. The warriors ranged themselves  
In firmer columns at their captain's call;  
As when a mason founds with close-set stones

The wall of some high mansion, to defend  
'Gainst violent-blowing gales; so joined the casques  
And bossy bucklers; shield reclined on shield,  
And helmet pressed on helmet, and each man  
Against his fellow; and the horsehair plumes  
Brushed one another o'er the glinting crests,  
As the men nodded; in such close array  
The warriors formed. Before th' entire host  
Two men, Patroclus and Automedon,  
Now donned their mail with one intent: — to fight  
As champions of the Myrmidonian band.  
Achilles, passing now within his lodge,  
Lifted the cover from the beauteous chest,  
Rich-carven, which the queen of silver feet  
Had placed on board his galley and had stored  
With tunics and with mantles, warm to shield  
From breath of winds, and blankets of thick fell.  
There lay his rich-wrought chalice from which none  
Other might quaff bright wine, of all mankind;  
Nor unto any of the gods he poured  
Libations from it, save to Zeus our Sire.  
And this he lifted from the coffer,— first  
With sulphur cleansed it well, and afterwards  
Washed it with water from a crystal tide,  
Bathed then his hands, and dipped the purple wine;  
Then, standing in the mid-enclosure, poured  
Libation, raised his eyes to heav'n and prayed —  
Nor did the Thund'rer fail to heed that prayer:  
“ O sov'reign Zeus, Dodonian, throned afar,  
Pelagian thou, that holdest lordly sway

O'er winter-bound Dodona! round whom dwell  
The Selli, augurs of unwashen feet,  
That bed upon the ground! As thou didst once  
Give ear to my petition, honoring me  
And fearfully chastising the Greek host,  
So grant me yet another boon. Myself  
Must tarry by th' assemblage of the fleet;  
Yet do I send my comrade with strong bands  
Of Myrmidons to battle. Far-seeing King!  
Let glory wait on him; make bold the heart  
Within his breast, that Hector too may know  
If our companion hath the skill to fight  
Alone, or if unconquered prove his hands  
And furious, only when myself I seek  
The toil of combat. When he shall have driv'n  
The roaring shock of battle from the fleet,  
Grant then that he return to me unscathed  
To the swift barks, with all his panoply  
And followers skilled in battling hand-to-hand."

So supplicated he; the Couns'lor heard;  
One part our Sire fulfilled, and one denied;  
Vouchsafing that Patroclus should repel  
The combat from the barks, yet granting not  
That he return uninjured from that fray.

Thus having made libation and invoked  
Our Sire in prayer, Achilles sought his tent  
And in the chest again the chalice laid;  
Then passed the hero out, and stood before  
The portal; still his bosom yearned to view  
The fearful strife 'twixt Troy and Argos' host.

Behind the brave Patroclus his command  
Marched in full armor, as with resolute hearts  
They now assailed the Trojans; pouring forth  
Like swarms of wasps that nest beside the way,  
That boys are wont to irritate and chafe,  
Thus, thoughtless miscreants! bring common ill  
On many; for if any trav'ler stir  
The nests in passing, not intending harm,  
Forth every one comes winging, with a heart  
Of fury, to do battle for her brood;  
Like them in heart and mood the Myrmidons  
Now swarmed from out their galleys, and their cries  
Sounded incessantly. Patroclus thus  
Called to his comrades in far-echoing tones:

“Ye followers of Achilles, Peleus' son,  
Friends, Myrmidons! be heroes, and recall  
Your former fiery valor. Thus may we  
Honor Pelides, mightiest far among  
The Argives here encamped beside their barks —  
Bravest, with his companions trained to fight  
In hand-to-hand encounter. Thus shall he,  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, recognize  
How ruinous his folly proved, in thus  
Spurning the bravest chief of all his host.”

Thus spake Patroclus, and in every breast  
Wakened new strength and hope. In close-massed  
throng

They dashed upon the foe. The vessels round  
Now echoed with appalling roar the cries  
Of the Achæans. When the Trojans saw



The strong son of Menœtius with his squire  
Arrayed in shimm'ring armor, all their souls  
Were filled with dread; their serried columns  
brake,—

For Peleus' son,—so thought they,—swift of foot,  
Had flung away his wrath beside the fleet,  
Resolving to be reconciled. Each gazed  
About to find escape from utter doom.

Then first Patroclus with his shimm'ring spear  
Aimed at the battle's centre, where the press  
Was densest, most disordered,—by the stern  
Of the large-souled Protesilaüs' bark.

The weapon sped and struck Pyræchmes; he  
It was who led Pæonia's charioteers  
From Amydon beside broad Axius' flow.

It smote the chief's right shoulder; with a groan  
Backward in dust he fell; from round him fled  
His band Pæonian; for Patroclus filled  
The hearts of all with panic when he thus  
Struck down their chief, their bravest in the fray.

Thus he repulsed the foemen from the fleet,  
The fierce flame quenching. Half consumed, the  
bark

Was left to lie; the Trojan army fled  
With fearful clamor; 'twixt the deep ships streamed  
The tide of Greek pursuers, and the din  
Abated never. As from the high peak  
Of some vast mountain Zeus, whose power compels  
The lightnings, shakes the shroud of mist away,  
And in clear light the lookouts of the hills,

The tow'ring headlands, and the glens appear;  
And the serenity of boundless blue  
Bursts from beneath the clouds; so having driv'n  
Back the fierce conflagration from the fleet,  
The Argives breathed brief respite; yet of strife  
Came no cessation, for not yet the Greeks  
Had from their galleys swept their foes away  
In headlong panic; they resisted still,  
Retreating only as constrained by need.

Then, as the strife of chiefs grew scattered, each  
Struck down his man. Brave Menœtiades  
Smote with his whetted javelin the thigh  
Of Arcilycus, who turned to flee.  
Right through the limb he drave the brazen shaft,  
Crushing the bone within. The warrior fell  
Prone to the ground. Then Menelaüs, famed  
For deeds of valor, wounded Thoäs where  
His breast was left unguarded by his shield,  
And made his limbs to sink. Phylides, pressed  
By Amphiclus, observed him as he came,  
Made the first lunge, and smote him on the thigh,  
Close to the body, where the sinews mass  
Most densely on the human frame. The shaft  
Severed the tendons — darkness dimmed his sight.  
Of Nestor's scions, one, Antilochus,  
Wounded Atymnius with jav'lin keen;  
The brazen head transfix'd his side. He dropped  
Before his foe. Then Maris stood to shield  
The slain, and, furious at his brother's fate,  
He charged the son of Nestor hand-to-hand

With brandished lance. But Thrasymedes, peer  
Of gods, forestalled him; and ere Maris' arm  
Could deal the stroke, he raised and hurled his  
shaft,

Smiting with sudden and unerring aim  
The Trojan's shoulder; and the jav'lin's point  
Tore from the ligaments the upper arm,  
Snapping the bone short off; the warrior fell  
With heavy crash of arms, and dusk-dimmed gaze.  
And thus, the victims of two brothers, these  
Two valiant comrades of Sarpedon passed  
To Erebus — those hurlers of the dart,  
The sons of Amisodarus, who reared  
The huge and dread Chimæra, that brought ill  
To many men. Oilean Ajax now  
Sprang upon Cleobulus, who had been  
Caught in the press, and captured him alive;  
But smote his neck with hilted sword, and thus  
Upon the spot despatched him. All the brand  
Ran warm with blood; the purple gloom of death  
And overmast'ring Fate o'erveiled his eyes.

Peneleos rushed with Lycon to the shock,  
For they had missed each other with their spears,  
Each aiming falsely; but again they made  
Charge with their swords; and Lycon presently  
Smote 'neath its horsehair plume his foeman's crest;  
The sword brake at the hilt; Peneleos next  
Struck Lycon in the neck beneath the ear;  
Th' entire blade was buried deep; the skin  
Held only; to one side the head drooped low,

The limbs gave way. And now Meriones,  
O'ertaking Acamas with nimble feet,  
Pierced his right shoulder even as he climbed  
His chariot; — dashed him headlong from the car;  
And darkness dimmed his gaze. Idomeneus  
Smote Erymas's mouth with ruthless spear;  
Beneath the brain the bronze head ent'ring passed,  
And cleaving the white bones, dashed out the teeth;  
And both his eyes o'erflowed with blood that welled  
Forth from his nostrils and his parted lips;  
Death shrouded with her sable mists the slain.

Thus each among these Argive chieftains slew  
His victim; and as wolves, voracious, spring  
At lambs or kids to snatch them from the flocks  
That, pasturing on the hills, are cut apart  
Through folly of their shepherd; and their foes  
Espy their plight and of a sudden seize  
And rend the feeble creatures; so the Greeks  
Now sprang upon their Trojan foes, who thought  
Only of flight with its discordant cries,  
Forgetting their fierce ardor for the fray.

Ajax, the great, strove constantly to cast  
His lance at bronze-mailed Hector; but the chief,  
Long trained in combat, with his oxhide shield  
Fenced his broad shoulders, keeping careful guard  
'Gainst whistling arrows and resounding spears.  
And though he knew that vict'ry in the fight  
Leaned to the arms of Greece, he stood his ground  
To save his trusty friends from threat'ning harm.

As when from Mount Olympus comes a cloud

From the clear blue, and overspreads the sky,  
When Zeus sends forth the hurricane; the sons  
Of Troy so suddenly, with frightened cries,  
Rushed in disordered panic from the barks  
Back to their walls. In pitiable wise  
They crossed the trench once more. His own swift  
steeds

Bore Hector in his armor. Yet he left  
Troy's sons behind him,— for the moat, delved deep,  
Despite their toil, imprisoned them; within  
That trench's depths full many a speeding steed,  
Yoked to the chariot, snapped the pole and left  
His master's car behind. Patroclus still  
Was pressing onward, with impatient cries  
To his own army, and resolved to bring  
Ruin on Troy. Divided, terrified,  
The men of Ilium, shrieking, wildly fled;  
The throng choked every pathway; dust was swept  
Before the whirlwind to the clouds, while still  
The solid-footed steeds maintained their flight  
Back from the tents and barks toward Ilium's walls.  
Where'er Patroclus saw the ranks in most  
Disorder, he turned thither, whilst he hurled  
Shouts of defiance. 'Neath his axles sank  
Prone from their cars the drivers; chariots fell  
Clashing like cymbals. Straight across the trench  
Sprang the swift coursers,— those immortal beasts,  
Those glorious gifts the gods to Peleus gave,—  
Still pressing onward; and Patroclus' heart  
Urged him 'gainst Hector, whom he longed to strike;

But his fleet steeds bore Hector from the fray.

As in a tempest all the dark-hued earth  
Is drenched with rain on some autumnal day,  
When Zeus pours swiftest torrents down, in ire  
Against the race of men, that recklessly,  
In council met, ordain unrighteous laws,  
And banish what is just, nor ever heed  
Vengeance divine; their brimming rivers teem  
With the swoln flood, and many a mountain-side  
Is scored with furrowed channels of the rills  
That tumble headlong to the purple deep,  
Loud groaning, from the heights, and devastate  
The husbandry of humankind; so groaned  
The mares of Ilium loudly as they sped.

When thus Patroclus had mown down the first  
Squadrons of Troy, he bade his men retire  
Upon the galleys, nor permitted them,  
Despite their zeal, to scale the city-wall;  
But there, betwixt the vessels and the stream  
And the high rampart, sallying at the foe,  
Dealt slaughter still; avenging thus the fate  
Of many a hero. With his shining shaft  
First smote he Pronoüs where the breast was seen  
Uncovered by the shield, and made his limbs  
To sink; with mighty crash he fell; and next  
Patroclus sprang at Thestor, Enops' son,  
As crouched within his polished car the chief  
Sate all bewildered, whilst from out his hands  
Had slipt the reins. Approaching to his side,  
Through his right cheek the Argive thrust his spear,

Which passed betwixt the teeth; then grasped the  
shaft,

Lifting the victim o'er the chariot-rim,  
E'en as some angler seated on the brink  
Of a projecting precipice, with line  
And bright bronze hook, might draw from out the  
deep

A lusty fish; so o'er the chariot's side  
He drew him, open-mouthed, with shimm'ring spear;  
And flung him down upon his face; and in  
The fall the breath of life forsook his frame.  
And presently his conqueror dashed a stone  
'Gainst Erylaüs' forehead as he sped;  
The Trojan's skull within his heavy casque  
Was clov'n asunder; prone he fell to earth.  
And Death's grim shadows deepened o'er his sight.  
And next Amphoterus before him fell,—  
Epaltes, Erymas, Tlepolemus,  
Son of Damastor; — Echius, Pyris too,  
And Ipheus and Evippus, and the son  
Of Argeus, Polymelus; — all were stretched,  
Man after man, upon the fruitful soil.

Sarpedon, when he saw his comrade chiefs,  
With coats of mail ungirdled, thus laid low  
By Menœtiades Patroclus' hand,  
Upbraided thus his godlike Lycian host: —

“Shame, shame, ye Lycians! Whither do ye fly?  
Show now your active zeal. Myself will go  
Forth to assail this warrior and to learn  
Whose lordly might prevaieth thus; for he

Already hath dealt countless blows to Troy,  
And made to fail the limbs of many a brave."

Thus saying, from his chariot, armed, the chief  
Leaped to the ground. From the opposing host  
Patroclus saw, and from his own car sprang  
Likewise. As on a tow'ring cliff, with screams  
That rend the air, a pair of vultures fight  
With their bent beaks and talons hooked to seize;  
So with loud cries rushed each on each the foes.  
The son of Chronus, crafty in designs,  
Beheld them pityingly; and thus addressed  
Hera, his sister and his wedded queen:

"Alas for me! Sarpedon, whom I love  
Most of all men, is destined now to fall  
By Menœtiades Patroclus' hand.  
Between two courses halts my yearning heart,  
Whether to snatch him from the tearful fray,  
Still living, and to set him safe within  
Lycia's rich realm, or whether to permit  
Patroclus' arm to lay the warrior low."

Then Hera, queen of heav'n, the tender-eyed,  
Answered, "What meanest thou by words like these,  
Dreaded Chronides? Wouldst thou rescue then  
A mortal warrior, long since marked by fate,  
From death 'mid discord of the noisy strife?  
Do then thy will; not all the other gods  
Applaud thine action; likewise let the word  
Which now I speak be borne within thy heart.  
If thou shalt send Sarpedon home alive,  
Consider that some other deity



May also, afterwards, desire to save  
His own dear offspring from the furious fray;  
For many gods have sons that take the field  
Round Priam's mighty city; in their breasts  
Thou wilt wake fierce resentment. If indeed  
Thou love him well, and pity for his fate  
Swell in thy bosom, suffer none the less  
That in the fierce-fought fight thy son succumb  
To Menœtiades Patroclus' hand;  
And when his life and spirit shall have fled,  
Despatch thou then both Death and gentle Sleep  
To be his escorts, till they shall arrive  
In the wide Lycian country. There his clan  
And friends shall bury him, and raise a mound  
And pillar — the meet tribute of the slain."

She spake; the sire of gods and men complied,  
And caused a shower of bloody drops to rain  
Upon the ground, to glorify the son  
He loved, and whom Patroclus was to slay  
In rich-soiled Ilium, far from his own land.

When now, advancing each upon his foe,  
They came to close approach, Patroclus pierced  
Illustrious Thrasydemus, the brave squire  
Of Lord Sarpedon, near the groin, and robbed  
His limbs of might. Sarpedon made the next  
Assault with glinting lance, but missed the chief,  
Wounding instead the courser Pegasus  
In the right shoulder; and he, moaning loud,  
Sank, gasping forth his life, in dust; while fled  
His soul. Wide-parted stood the other steeds;

Loud groaned the yoke beneath the strain; the lines  
Were all entwined as th' outer courser lay  
Stretched in the dust. But he, Automedon,  
Famed with the spear, soon ended this, and drew  
From his strong thigh his taper-pointed brand,  
Sprang, and cut loose their yoke-mate, staying not  
His arm. The others placed themselves in line,  
Obedient to the reins; the warriors took  
Again their place in that heart-wasting fray.

Sarpedon's gleaming jav'lin missed once more;  
O'er the left shoulder of Patroclus passed  
The spear-point, but it smote him not; and next  
Patroclus aimed — not vainly from his hand  
The missile fled. It smote Sarpedon where  
The midriff closes o'er the throbbing heart.  
He fell as oak or poplar falls, or tall  
Pine, which upon the steep the craftsmen fell  
With axes whetted new, to frame a bark  
With its hewn beams; so now he moaning lay  
Outstretched before his battle-car and steeds,  
Clutching the blood-stained dust within his hands.  
As comes a lion on a herd and slays  
A bullock 'mong the kine of trailing feet;  
Tawny and strong of heart, it yields its life  
Within the lion's jaws with many a groan;  
E'en thus the chief of Lycia's bucklered bands,  
Death-smitten by his foe, but fiery still  
In spirit, called his loved companion's name:  
"Dear Glaucus, warrior among heroes! now  
Thou needst must prove thyself a spearman strong

And bold in combat. Now, if prompt thou art,  
Let all thy thoughts be turned to desp'rate strife.  
Traverse the combat first to every hand;  
Summon the chiefs of Lycia; bid them wage  
The battle round Sarpedon. Then defend  
With thine own spear my body. I shall bring  
Humiliation and reproach on thee  
Through all thy days to come if now the Greeks  
Despoil me of mine arms as I lie slain  
Beside the gathered galleys. Hold thy ground;  
Be staunch of heart; urge forward all the host."

Whilst yet he spake, the veil of death was spread  
O'er eyes and nostrils; and Patroclus set  
His heel upon his breast, and from the wound  
Drew forth the javelin; and following came  
The midriff. Thus he drew at the same time  
Spear-point and spirit forth. The Myrmidons  
Stayed then his panting steeds, that, having left  
The chariot of their masters, yearned to flee.

Deep was the grief of Glaucus when he heard  
Sarpedon's call; and sorrow stirred his heart  
That he could give no succor. With his hand  
He clasped his upper arm; the wound was sore  
Which Teucer's arrow, thus to save his host  
From threatened doom, had giv'n him as he pressed  
On toward the lofty rampart. He invoked  
Phœbus, that sends his shafts afar, and prayed:

"Hear me, O king, who in the fertile fields  
Of Lycia, or in Troy, dost dwell somewhere:—  
For thou hast pow'r to hear in every land

Men sorrow-stricken, e'en as now doth fall  
Grief upon me. This wound is sore; my hand  
Is stung with piercing pangs. I cannot stay  
The flow of blood; my shoulder is weighed down  
Beneath the pain — I can no longer wield  
Firmly my jav'lin, nor advance against  
The enemy. The mightiest man among  
Our host, Sarpedon, sprung from Zeus, lies low;  
E'en his own son the god cares not to shield!  
But heal my cruel wound, O sov'reign king,  
And lull to rest mine anguish; grant me strength  
To urge my Lycians to the fray, and fight  
Myself to guard the body of the chief."

Thus he entreated; and Apollo heard,  
And swiftly made his pangs to cease, and dried  
Within the cruel wound the dark blood's flow,  
Inspiring might within the warrior's frame.  
Glaucus perceived it, and rejoiced at heart  
That the great god so swiftly heard his prayer.  
And first he roved the field on every hand,  
Calling the Lycians' leaders forth to fight  
Around their slain Sarpedon. Afterwards,  
With hasty strides, he passed to Ilium's throng,  
Accosting there Polydamas, the son  
Of Panthoüs, and Agenor, godlike chief,  
And after these Æneas; seeking last  
Hector the brazen-corseleted; and stood  
Beside him, and addressed him with winged speech:  
"Hector, it seems thou now hast utterly  
Forgotten the allies who, all for thee,

Far from their friends, and from their fatherland,  
Consume their lives thus; little dost thou care  
To lend them aid. Sarpedon lieth dead,  
Who led the Lycian warriors armed with shields —  
The man who through his justice and strong might  
Was Lycia's shelter. Him the brazen god  
Of war hath conquered through Patroclus' shaft.  
Comrades, stand by — let righteous anger swell  
Your breasts; nor suffer that the Myrmidons  
Despoil the body and disgrace the slain,  
In anger for the Argives, who beside  
The speeding ships have perished by our spears."

As thus the hero spake to them, the sons  
Of Ilium were o'erwhelmed with utter woe,  
Not to be borne, resistless; the slain chief  
Had proved himself, although of alien race,  
The bulwark of the city; a strong host  
Of warriors followed him; whilst he himself  
Was the best champion of them all. With hearts  
Burning for vengeance, Ilium's cohorts sprang  
Straight on the Argives, led by Hector, filled  
With sorrow for Sarpedon. On his side,  
Menœtius' son Patroclus, staunch of heart,  
Cheered his troops forward. First the Ajax-pair  
He called, already eager for the fray:

"Now, champions Ajax, to defensive fight  
Lend all your willing efforts; prove yourselves  
Such men 'mong heroes as ye were of yore,  
Or even mightier. For a man lies low,  
The first who leaped within th' Achæan wall —

Sarpedon. Would his corse might fall our prize,  
And that we might dishonor it and rend  
The mail from off its shoulders, and o'erthrow  
With our relentless weapons all among  
His men-at-arms that fight to guard the slain."

So spake he, while of their own impulse all  
Burned to defend. When now the rival hosts  
Had made their columns strong on either hand,  
The Trojans, Lycians, and the Myrmidons  
And the Achæans now encountered o'er  
The body, with fierce shouts. The mail they wore  
Clashed with a deaf'ning sound; while Zeus o'er-  
spread

With fateful shroud of gloom that fearful field,  
That terrible in truth might prove the task  
Of combat o'er the son he loved, thus slain.

And first the Trojans drave the quick-eyed bands  
Of Argives back; since not the feeblest chief  
Among the Myrmidons had been laid low,—  
The son of great-souled Agacles,—divine  
Epeigeus, who had reigned in former years  
In populous Budeium; but had caused  
A noble nephew's death, and hence had fled  
To Peleus and his spouse of silv'ry feet,  
A suppliant. Unto Ilium, full of steeds,  
They sent him with the scatt'rer of armed hosts,  
Achilles, as his follower, there to fight  
With Ilium's heroes. As he laid his hand  
Upon the body, valiant Hector hurled  
Upon his head a stone; th' entire skull

Was clov'n apart within its pond'rous casque;  
Face-downward o'er the body of the slain  
Dropt he; the shades of spirit-quelling fate  
Enshrouded him. Grief swelled Patroclus' heart  
At his friend's fall. Athwart the vanguard files  
He darted like a falcon swift of wing,  
That puts the starlings and the daws to flight;  
'Twas thus that thou, O Menœtiades,  
Swift in the chariot-race, didst charge the hosts  
Of Trojans and of Lycians, sorrowing sore  
For thy companion slain. Anon he hurled  
A stone at Sthenelaüs; in the neck  
It smote the chief,—Ithæmenes' loved child,—  
Sund'ring the sinews. Ilium's vanguard fell  
Backward, and glorious Hector,—e'en as far  
As flieth a long hunting-jav'lin cast  
By one that tests his prowess in the games,  
Or hurled 'gainst deadly enemies in strife.  
So much the Trojans yielded, and the Greeks  
Repulsed them. Glaucus, he that led the bands  
Of bucklered Lycians, was the first to wheel,  
And slew Bathycles great of soul, beloved  
Scion of Chalcon, who in Hellas dwelt,  
Conspicuous 'mong the Myrmidons for store  
And opulence. For as the pursuer came  
Up with him, Glaucus, swiftly facing round,  
Into the foe's mid-bosom drave his dart.  
Crashing he fell; and at the brave chief's fall  
Deep sorrow came upon Achæa's host.  
Loudly rejoiced the foe; in gathered throng

They crowded round the slain. The Greeks meanwhile,

Not heedless of their courage, bore against  
The foe their mighty arms. And now in turn  
Meriones o'erthrew a helmèd chief  
Of Troy,— Laogonus, the bold of heart,  
Son of Onetor, who had been ordained  
Priest of Idæan Zeus, and was revered  
Among his people as a god. The Greek  
Pierced him 'neath jaw and ear; and from his frame  
Swiftly the soul took flight; and hateful dark  
Enveloped him. And now Æneas hurled  
Against Meriones his brazen shaft;  
Hoping to strike him as he strode apace  
Beneath his shelt'ring buckler. But the Greek  
Espied the brazen missile as it sped,  
And shunned it, bending forward; the long lance  
Missed him and plunged in earth, its upper end  
Quiv'ring, until the weapon's furious might  
Had ebbed away. Thus did Æneas' spear  
Pass trembling into earth, for fruitlessly  
From out the chief's strong grasp it swiftly fled.  
Then, with indignant heart, the warrior cried:

“Meriones, though clever at the dance  
Thou art indeed, my spear had made thee pause  
Forever, had it struck thee as it sped.”

Meriones, the famous lance, returned:  
“Æneas, thou wouldst find it a hard task,  
Though strong thou art in sooth, to quench the might  
Of all that may confront thee in the fray.



For thou thyself art mortal; and could I  
Have pierced thy middle with my sharpened shaft,  
Then quickly, though so valiant and so vain  
Of thy strong arms, shouldst thou have yielded me  
A boast, a soul to Hades, famed for steeds."

So spake he; but Menœtius' valiant son  
Reproved him thus: "Meriones, why vent  
Such braggart utt'rances, when truly brave?  
O comrade mine! 'tis not by force of taunts  
The Trojans shall be made to leave the slain;  
First must earth mantle some. In strength of arm  
Rests warfare's consummation; but the end  
Of words is counsel. Now it is no time  
For heaping words on words — 'tis time to fight."

He spake and led the way; the godlike chief  
Strode after him; and as the crash of trees  
Felled amid mountain-vales by woodsmen's hands  
Resounds, and gives its echo far away,  
E'en so the clash of the encount'ring hosts  
Rose from the wide-roved earth — the sound of  
brass,

Bucklers, and seasoned bulls'-hide, beaten by  
The blows of brands and double-pointed spears.  
Not e'en the most discerning eye could now  
Have recognized Sarpedon, the great chief,  
All covered as he was from head to feet  
With darts and dust and gore; the combatants  
Still swarmed about the body as when flies  
Buzz in the stalls around the pails in spring,  
When fresh milk brims the basins; so around

The slain they swarmed. The burning eyes of Zeus  
Were ne'er averted from that desp'rate strife;  
Continually he watched them, pond'ring still  
O'er many a plan that touched Patroclus' fate;  
Deliberating if famed Hector now  
With brazen lance should slay him in fierce fight  
Beside divine Sarpedon, and should spoil  
His shoulders of their mail, or if 'twere best  
That others' suff'rings should be multiplied  
Yet for a season. As he thought, it seemed  
Safest that first Pelides' valiant friend  
Once more should drive the Trojans and their  
chief,

Bronze-crested Hector, to their city-walls  
And take the lives of many. First he filled  
With faint fear Hector. Springing to his car,  
He turned to flee, and shouted to his host  
Of Trojans to flee also; he perceived  
How Zeus had poised his sacred scales. Not e'en  
The sturdy Lycian warriors now stood fast,  
But fled with one accord when there, with heart  
That throbbed no more, they saw their sov'reign lie  
Amid the piled-up corpses — many fell  
Around him when the son of Chronus made  
The stress of strife so fierce. The Argives spoiled  
The shoulders of Sarpedon of his arms  
Brazen and bright; which Menœtiades  
Committed to his friends to bear away  
To the deep barks. 'Twas now that Zeus, whose  
hand

Gath'reth the vapors, thus to Phœbus spake:

“Go now, beloved Apollo, and remove  
Sarpedon's corse beyond the range of spears;  
Wash the dark blood-stains; bear him far away  
And bathe him in the flowing river's tide;  
Anoint him with ambrosia; clothe his form  
In garb celestial; give him then to be  
Conveyed by those attendants of swift feet,  
By Death and Sleep, twin brothers, who full soon  
Shall lay him down within the fertile lands  
Of Lycia's ample realm; his brethren there  
And kin shall bury him, and raise a mound  
And pillar, as befits the warrior slain.”

He spake; nor did Apollo fail to heed  
His sire's command; but sprang from Ida's steep  
To the dread scene of carnage; — swiftly raised  
Sarpedon's godlike form from where it lay,  
Withdrawing him beyond the range of darts,  
And bore him thence afar, and, bathing him  
With water from the stream, anointed o'er  
The body with ambrosia, clothing it  
In robes divine; and gave it to the care  
Of those fleet-footed escorts, Death and Sleep,—  
Twin brothers they,— who swiftly laid the dead  
'Mid the rich meadows of broad Lycia's land.

Still did Patroclus, shouting to his steeds  
And to Automedon, pursue the host  
Of Trojans and of Lycians — guilty thus  
Of most disastrous folly. Hapless youth!  
Had he but kept the charge which Peleus' son

Had laid upon him, he would have escaped  
Dark death's dread destiny. But e'er the thoughts  
Of Zeus surpass the wisdom of mankind;  
With ease he turns the valiant man to flight,  
And wrests from him the triumph, e'en when he  
Himself hath urged him to the field. He now  
Let loose the passion of Patroclus' heart.

Who then was first, and who was last, cut down  
By thee, Patroclus, when th' immortal host  
Called thee to death? Adrastus foremost fell,  
Autonoüs, Echeclus, and Perimus,  
The son of Megas; and Epistor too,  
And Melanippus; Elasmus as well,  
And Mulus, and Pylartes last. All these  
He felled; the rest bethought themselves of flight.

Then lofty-gated Troy had fall'n a prize  
To the Achæans through Patroclus' strength  
Of arm; so fiercely raged on every side  
His jav'lin; had not Phœbus taken stand  
Upon a massive tow'r, intent to bring  
Downfall on him, deliv'rance to the host  
Of Ilium. Full three times Patroclus strove  
To scale the angle of the lofty wall;  
And thrice Apollo thrust him backward — smote  
With deathless hand the warrior's shimm'ring shield.  
But when, as though himself a god, he made  
His fourth assault, Apollo called to him  
With terrible rebuke in wingèd speech:

“Back, thou heav'n-born Patroclus! Fate hath  
not

Destined the city of the Trojans, strong  
In combat, to be ravaged by thy spear,  
Nor by Achilles' jav'lin shall it fall,  
Though he in might so far excelleth thee."

So spake he; and the chief shrank back afar,  
Shunning the anger of the Archer-king.

Now by the Scæan portal Hector stayed  
His solid-footed steeds, debating still  
Whether to urge them back to where the strife  
Was thickest, and to fight there, or to shout  
To his own troops to mass within the walls.  
As he reflected thus, beside him stood  
Phœbus Apollo, who assumed the guise  
Of a man strong and in the prime of years,  
Asius; an uncle on the mother's side  
Of Hector, the subduer of the steeds,  
And Hecuba's own brother, and the son  
Of Dymas, who in Phrygia by the streams  
Sangarian dwelt. 'Twas in his likeness now  
Apollo, son of Zeus, addressed the chief:

"Why quit the conflict, Hector? Ill indeed  
Doth it become thee. Would I were as far  
Stronger than thou, as I am weaker — then  
Soon shouldst thou rue this slinking from the fray!  
**But hasten now, and urge thy strong-hoofed steeds**  
Against Patroclus; seek to lay him low,  
If Phœbus thus vouchsafe to honor thee."

So having spoken, back th' immortal passed  
To share in mortal toil. Famed Hector gave  
Command unto Cebriones, the bold

Of heart, to lash his coursers to the fray.

Meantime Apollo, traversing the throng,  
Woke 'mong the Greeks confusion dire, and gave  
Triumph to Troy and Hector, who pursued  
None of the other Greeks, nor any slew,  
But guided straight against Menœtius' child  
His strong-hoofed steeds. Patroclus for his part  
Sprang from his car to earth, his jav'lin borne  
In his left hand; the other grasped a stone,  
Jagged and glitt'ring,—large as one could grasp  
Within his hand. With firmly-planted feet,  
Nor shrinking from before his foe, he hurled  
The missile; and not vainly was it cast;  
It smote Cebriones, the charioteer  
Of Hector, and, though base of birth, the child  
Of far-famed Priam. As he reined his steeds,  
The sharp stone smote his forehead; and the mass  
Tore both the brows, and brake the bone beneath;  
And both his eyes dropped to the ground and lay  
There at his feet in dust; and down he fell  
From out the strong-wrought chariot, as might  
spring

A diver; life forsook his limbs. With jeers  
The knight Patroclus gloated o'er his fall:

“Ha, sure, a man most supple,—with such ease  
He doth his diving! Were he anywhere  
Upon the fishy main, he well might plunge  
From off the ship for oysters, and might fill  
Full many mouths, though boist'rous raged the deep,  
So skillfully turns he somersaults from out

His chariot to the plain! There must indeed  
Be acrobats among the Trojans here."

So saying, upon brave Cebriones  
He sprang as springs a lion, that lays waste  
The sheepfold, until wounded to the heart  
And slain through its own hardihood; e'en so  
Didst thou, Patroclus, on Cebriones  
Spring in thy fury. Hector opposite  
Leaped from his car to earth. To win the slain  
They struggled like two lions that wage strife  
Among the mountain-pinnacles beside  
A slaughtered roebuck — ravenous both, and filled  
With lofty pride. So o'er Cebriones  
Did the twain raisers of the battle-call,  
Patroclus Menœtiades, and famed  
Hector, endeavor with their whetted spears  
To carve each other's flesh. Now Hector grasped  
The fallen warrior's head, nor would let go  
His hold; meantime Patroclus on his part  
Seized fast the foot. The others of the hosts,  
Both Greeks and Trojans, joined in furious fight;  
And as the east and south winds wage a strife  
In mountainous ravines to set aquake  
A deep-grown wood of cornel, thin of bark,  
Or grove of beech or ash, and each 'gainst each  
They strike their tapering boughs with fearful  
    sound  
And crash of shattered branches; — each on each  
So fell the hosts of Argos and of Troy,  
Smiting their foes, nor thought on either hand

Of fatal flight. Around Cebriones  
Implanted stood full many a sharpened shaft  
And feathered arrow that had fled the string;  
Many huge stones were dashed against their shields  
As o'er him still they battled. In a whirl  
Of dust, yet great and grandly, lay the chief,—  
Forgotten now his skill in chariot-fight.

While still the sun stood in mid-heav'n, both  
hosts

Were stricken by the weapons, and still fast  
The warriors fell. But when the orb declined  
Toward eventide, the hour when men unyoke  
The oxen from the plough, the Argive braves  
Prevailed, against their destiny. They dragged  
Cebriones, the mighty, from the spears  
And shouts of Troy, and from his shoulders stripped  
The armor; whilst Patroclus charged the files  
Of Ilium, full of fury. Thrice he leaped,  
Swift as fleet Ares, with terrific cries,  
Upon the foe, and thrice slew warriors nine.  
But when in superhuman power he came  
The fourth time on — Patroclus! then 'twas plain  
Thy life had reached its closing hour; for now  
Phœbus, the terrible, confronted thee  
In the fierce conflict. Through the press of fight  
Phœbus advanced, unnoted by the chief,  
For a dense mist enshrouded him. He stood  
Behind the prince, and smote with open palm  
His back and his broad shoulders; and his eyes  
Rolled wildly round. Apollo thrust the helm



From off his brow; the helm with flute-like crest  
Rolled ringing 'neath the coursers' feet; its plumes  
Were stained with blood and dust; though ne'er till  
now

Had destiny allowed that plumèd casque  
To be defiled with dust; it fenced the head  
And noble forehead of a man divine —  
Achilles; but Zeus gave it now to be  
Borne on the brow of Hector, whose own fate  
Was fast approaching. The long-shadowing spear,  
So pon'drous, huge and strong, with brazen head,  
Was wholly shattered in Patroclus' hands;  
And from his shoulders with its baldric fell  
The tasselled buckler to the earth; and now  
Lordly Apollo, son of Zeus, unclasped  
His coat of mail. Bewilderment came o'er  
His senses; and his trusty limbs were made  
To sink beneath him; dazed he stood. Anon  
Behind him came a certain knight of Troy,  
And smote with whetted jav'lin at close range  
His back betwixt the shoulders. He was hight  
Panthoïdes Euphorbus, and excelled  
All of his age in horsemanship, in skill  
With lance, and in the fleetness of his feet.  
For from their cars already he had hurled  
A score of warriors, the first time he drave  
His chariot forth, a novice still in strife.  
'Twas he, who foremost, Knight Patroclus! cast  
At thee his lance, yet failed to vanquish thee;  
But having plucked the ashen-shafted spear

From out thy flesh, sprang backward, lost among  
The warrior-throng, nor ventured to abide  
Patroclus' strength, though all unarmed he came,  
In combat. But disabled by the blow  
Dealt by the god, and by the spear, the Greek  
Shrank 'mong his comrades to escape his doom.  
When Hector thus perceived the great-souled chief  
Retiring wounded by a spear, he sped,  
Threading the files, to where he stood, and smote  
His lower waist, and drave the jav'lin through.  
Crashing he fell. The host of Greece was filled  
With sorrow. As a lion bringeth down  
A never-wearying boar in furious fight,  
When on the steep they battle proudly o'er  
A tiny fount where both desire to slake  
Their thirst; but in the end the lion's strength  
Conquers his panting enemy; the son  
Of Priam with his jav'lin in close fight  
Thus robbed of life brave Menœtiades,  
By whom so many had fall'n; and o'er him now  
Vaunted vaingloriously in wingèd speech:  
"It was thy hope, Patroclus! to despoil  
The Trojans' city, and to bear our wives  
Away, their freedom lost, on board thy barks  
To thine own land. Misguided one! for here,  
To guard them well, have Hector's rapid steeds  
Flown to the fight; whilst I, whose lance is most  
Renowned among the warlike sons of Troy,  
Shield them from thralldom. Thou upon this  
strand

Shalt be the feast of vultures. Man ill-starred!  
Not e'en the might of Peleus' son, the strong,  
Hath succored thee, though earnestly he laid  
On thee his charge when thou went forth to fight,  
Himself remaining: 'Goader of the steeds,  
Patroclus! let me never see thee more  
Come to these hollow galleys till thy spear  
Hath rent the gory corselet from the breast  
Of man-slaying Hector.' So he spake to thee,  
And by his words thy thoughtless heart beguiled."

Then, chivalrous Patroclus, thou didst make  
Reply with fainting lips: "Ay, Hector! now  
Vaunt on exultingly; for Chronus' son,  
Zeus, and Apollo, have bestowed on thee  
The triumph, overcoming me with ease;  
'Twas they that from my shoulders tore the mail.  
Yet, but for them, if twenty such as thou  
Had come against me, all had perished here,  
Slain by my jav'lin. Baleful destiny  
And Leto's son o'ercame me, and 'mong men  
Euphorbus; and thou hast but the third part  
In my undoing. Yet one final word  
Hear and remember. Thou thyself canst live  
But brief space longer. Overpow'ring fate  
And death e'en now are nigh thee, and thine hour  
To fall by unreprieved Achilles' hand."

As thus the warrior spake, the shades of death  
Enshrouded him; the spirit from his frame  
Took wing and passed to Hades, grieving sore  
For its own fate, in quitting thus a form

Of manly vigor in the flow'r of age.  
And Hector thus, the far-renowned, addressed  
The warrior in his death: "Why thus forecast,  
Patroclus, my destruction? Who can tell —  
Perchance Achilles, fair-haired Thetis' child,  
May be the first to perish, through the blow  
Of mine own jav'lin." Saying thus, he set  
His heel upon the dead, and plucked the spear  
From out the wound, and from the jav'lin thrust  
Backward the body; then, with lance in hand,  
Turned swiftly to pursue Automedon,  
That godlike squire of swift Æacides,  
Longing to smite him; yet was he borne thence  
By his swift-footed and immortal steeds,  
Those glorious gifts the gods to Peleus gave.



## BOOK XVII

### THE BATTLE OVER PATROCLUS' BODY: VALOR OF MENELAÛS

Menelaüs, defending Patroclus' body, is challenged by Euphorbus, whom he slays, routing the other Trojan assailants. Apollo urges Hector to attack Menelaüs. Menelaüs retreats before the Trojan chief, abandoning the body, which Hector strips of the armor of Achilles; meantime Menelaüs seeks the aid of Telamonian Ajax and returns with him, and Hector retreats before them. Upbraided by Glaucus, who taunts him with cowardice for abandoning the body of Sarpedon, Hector returns to the fight, having put on the armor of Achilles. Zeus, beholding him with compassion as one marked for a speedy end, determines to allow him to triumph for the present. Hector addresses the allies, offering to reward whoever shall capture Patroclus' body. Ajax bids Menelaüs call the other Greek leaders to their aid; they are joined by the lesser Ajax, Idomeneus and others. The combat rages furiously all day over the body of Patroclus. Ajax, son of Telamon, beats back the Trojans, slaying Hippothöus and Phorcys. Apollo rouses Æneas, who encourages Hector, assuring him of the aid of Zeus. The slaughter is fearful on either side. Achilles is still ignorant of his friend's fate, never dreaming of his disobedience to his own order to return from the pursuit of the Trojans. The steeds of Achilles sorrow for Patroclus; endowed with strength by Zeus, they bear to the battle Automedon, who drives the Trojans before him; Alcimus comes to his aid.



## *The Iliad*

The two are menaced by Hector and Æneas. Automedon calls on the warriors Ajax and on Menelaüs to aid him, and slays Aretus; Hector's lance misses Automedon, and Hector and Æneas retreat before the superior force of the Greeks. Athena, disguised as Phœnix, inspires Menelaüs, who slays Podes; Apollo incites Hector to avenge his friend. Idomeneus, narrowly escaping death, is forced to leave the field. The darkness in which Zeus has involved the Greeks is dispelled at the prayer of Ajax. Telamonius Ajax sends Menelaüs in search of Antilochus, to report to him the death of Patroclus, that Antilochus may bear the word to Achilles. Antilochus, overcome with grief, hastens on his errand. Finally at Ajax' direction Meriones and Menelaüs bear from the field Patroclus' body, while the warriors Ajax beat back the Trojans who pursue them.

## BOOK XVII

**B**UT valiant Menelaüs, Atreus' son,  
Perceived Patroclus vanquished in the fray  
By Ilium's men; and traversed with all speed  
The vanguard, all accoutred in bright brass,  
And strode about the fallen; as a dam  
Stands moaning o'er a heifer,— her first-born.  
So Menelaüs of the tawny mane  
Stood guarding dead Patroclus, with his spear  
Stretched forth before him, and his orbèd shield,  
Eager to cut down any who might come  
To measure strength with him. Nor did the son  
Of Panthoüs, of the ashen jav'lin, fail  
To think of unreproached Patroclus. Close  
Came he, and thus addressed the warlike chief:

“Atrides Menelaüs, loved of Zeus,  
Thou captain of the people! yield the way;  
Desert the dead, forsake the gory spoil —  
For of the Trojans and their helpers famed,  
No jav'lin smote Patroclus in fierce strife  
Before mine own. Then suffer me to win  
Great glory 'mong the Trojans, lest I strike  
Thee too and take thy cherished life away.”

Then thus the tawny Menelaüs made  
Retort in bitter wrath: “O Father Zeus,  
It is ignoble for a man to vaunt  
Thus insolently. The lion or the pard



Hath not such spirit, nor the ravening boar,  
Whose soul and bosom are most swoln with pride  
Of prowess, as is that which fills the hearts  
Of Panthoüs' ash-speared sons. Yet ev'n the brave  
And knightly Hyperenor was not long  
Destined to find delight in youthful prime,  
When he withstood and scorned me, calling me  
The faintest-hearted warrior of our host.  
For nevermore, I augur, were his feet  
To bear him home to gladden his loved bride  
And excellent parents. Even thus will I  
Take thine own life if thou shalt dare to stand  
Against me. I advise thee for my part  
To yield thy ground and mingle with the mass;  
Withstand me not, lest evil thee betide —  
The fool recks but of harm already done."

He spake, yet failed to move the foe, who thus  
Made answer: "Heav'n-reared Menelaüs, now  
Shalt thou make full atonement for the fall  
Of him, my brother, slain by thee with boast  
And vaunt; thou didst make desolate his bride  
In her new marriage-chamber, and didst bring  
Lamenting and unutterable woe  
Upon his parents. I should ease the grief  
Of these, the comfortless, if I might bear  
Thy head and mail to place in Panthoüs' hands,  
And those of high-born Phrontis. But not long  
The labor shall remain unproved, nor left  
Untried the test of hardihood or flight."

He spake, and smote the orbèd shield. The shaft

Entered it not; the massive buckler made  
The weapon's point to turn. Next, spear in hand,  
Atrides Menelaüs, with a prayer  
To Zeus the Father, sprang at him, as now  
The foe fell back before him; and he drave  
Through the tongue's root the weapon;—drave it  
home

With force, reliant on his pow'rful hand.  
The point transfixed the tender neck; he fell  
'Mid clash and clanging of the arms he wore;  
His Grace-like tresses and his curls confined  
With gold and silver were bedewed with blood.  
As when one nurtures in a lonely place,  
Where water bubbles forth in copious rills,  
A blooming olive-shoot, luxuriant, fair;  
Blown by the breath of every wind, it teems  
With snowy blossoms, till with sudden gale  
Comes the fierce whirlwind, rends it from its bed,  
And lays it low upon the ground; e'en thus  
Did Menelaüs, son of Atreus, lay  
The son of Panthoüs low,—the ashen-speared  
Euphorbus,—and despoiled him of his arms.  
As when a lion, reared upon the hills,  
Reliant on his prowess, seizes fast  
The fairest heifer from the pasturing herd,  
Crushes her neck within his pow'rful teeth,  
And slays her, gulping blood and entrails down;  
While round him with their dogs the shepherds  
stand,  
Oft shouting, yet aloof, nor dare come nigh,

For pallid terror masters all — e'en so  
No Trojan now proved bold enough of heart  
To meet brave Menelaüs. Readily  
Had Atreus' son borne off the glorious arms  
Worn by Panthoïdes, had Phœbus not  
Denied it him in anger, summoning  
Great Hector, fleet as Ares, to the fray.  
He took the guise of the Ciconian chief,  
Mentes, accosting Hector with winged speech :

“Thou hast'nest thus, O Hector, in pursuit  
Of objects unattainable — the steeds  
Of Æacus' bold grandson. It would prove  
Too hard for mortals to subdue, or ride  
After, that pair — Achilles only, born  
Of deity, can master them. Meantime  
Martial Atrides Menelaüs stands  
As guardian o'er Patroclus, and hath slain  
Panthoïdes Euphorbus, called most brave  
Of Trojans, taking his fierce strength away.”

So saying, once again th' immortal passed  
To scenes of mortal toil; whilst Hector's breast  
Was shadowed dark with heavy sorrow. Through  
The files he cast a look, and swift perceived  
One hero stripping off the glorious mail,  
One stretched upon the ground; the gory tide  
Streamed from the piercèd wound; and through the  
van,

Bright in his brazen armor, with loud cries,  
Leaped Hector like Hephæstus' quenchless flame.  
Atrides heard the strident shouts, and thus

Communed in sorrow with his own great heart:

“ Ah me! if I relinquish now the spoil  
So glorious, and Patroclus, who lies slain  
All for mine honor’s sake, I fear the Greeks,  
Seeing it, will come to scorn me. If through sense  
Of shame I dare to strive with single hand  
’Gainst Hector and his Trojans, their great host  
May hem me in alone; and now the chief,  
The shining-helmed, doth marshal all his bands  
Of Trojans hither. Why doth thus my heart  
Debate within me? When in disregard  
Of heav’n’s decree one mortal dares to fight  
Another honored by the gods, soon woe  
Shall overwhelm him like a billow. Therefore now  
No Argive shall reproach me, seeing me fall  
Back before Hector, for with heav’nly aid  
He comes to battle. Would that I might hear  
The loud in war-shout, Ajax; for we then  
Might both return and re-engage the fray,  
Even against divinity, to bring  
The body to Pelides, if indeed  
’Twere possible; ’twere least of evils so.”

Whilst thus he pondered in his mind and heart,  
The Trojan cohorts, under the command  
Of Hector, came. Back shrank the Grecian chief,  
Leaving the slain, yet wheeling often round  
Like a strong-bearded lion whom the dogs  
And shepherds are pursuing from the fold  
With spears and shouting; his courageous heart  
Grows chill within him, and reluctantly

He leaves the court; from slain Patroclus so  
Went tawny Menelaüs. But, his band  
Of comrades once regained, he turned and stood,  
Seeking to find great Ajax, Telamon's son.  
And soon he spied him on th' extreme left hand  
Of all the field, encouraging his mates  
And cheering them to war; for Phœbus filled  
Their bosoms with strange panic. Hast'ning on,  
He came beside the chieftain and thus spake:—

“ Friend Ajax, come and let us struggle here  
For slain Patroclus; haply we may bring  
The body to Achilles, though it be  
Stripped bare— his arms hath crested Hector  
gained.”

So spake he, and in fiery Ajax' heart  
Roused courage. Through the van the hero sped,  
And Menelaüs of the yellow hair  
Close followed. Hector, having stripped the slain  
Patroclus of his splendid mail, was now  
Dragging him onward with design to cleave  
Asunder head and shoulders with keen brand,  
And give the dead to Trojan dogs for food;  
But Ajax now approached him with his shield  
Borne like a tow'r; and Hector shrank away  
Among his throng of comrades and upsprang  
Into his car; but gave the glorious arms  
Unto the men of Ilium to be brought  
To their own city; great renown should fall  
Thus on himself. But o'er Menœtius' son  
Stood Ajax fencing him with buckler wide,

Even as o'er his whelps a lion stands,  
Encountered, as he leads the tender young,  
By huntsmen in the forest; when his heart  
Beats high in pride of strength, and on his brow  
The skin is down-drawn o'er his sullen eyes;  
O'er brave Patroclus thus did Ajax stand  
To guard; whilst martial Menelaüs stood,  
Deep sorrow cherished in his breast, apart.  
But Glaucus, captain o'er the Lycian braves,  
Son of Hippolochus, with frowning mien  
To Hector turned reproachfully and spake:

“ O Hector, noble in thy form, thou prov'st  
Inferior in the conflict. All in vain —  
So coward-like thou fliest — doth such vast  
Renown attend thee. But bethink thee now  
How thou wilt rescue capital and realm  
Alone, with only Ilium's native band?  
For of the Lycians none will longer strive  
'Gainst Greece to save your walls; to fight the foe  
Forever without end is joyless task.  
How shouldst thou rescue an unworthier chief  
Among thy followers, when thou didst forsake,  
O hard of heart! Sarpedon, both thy guest  
And follower, to become the prey and spoil  
Of the Achæan warriors! He had lent  
Untold assistance to the town and thee  
While still he lived — thou hadst not e'en the heart  
To save his body from the dogs! If then  
The Lycians heed my warning, they will speed  
Back to their homes; on Ilium then shall break

The dawn of utter ruin. If the sons  
Of Troy e'en now possessed intrepid hearts,  
And fearless, such as come to those that toil  
And strive with foes to guard their native land,  
Soon should we have Patroclus dragged within  
The walls of Ilium. For if this man came  
Unto the mighty city of our king  
Slain, and our hands had borne him from the strife,  
Soon should the Greeks release to us the fair  
Mail of Sarpedon, and we then might bring  
The body into Ilium. For the chief  
Felled here was the companion on the field  
Of one who was himself the mightiest far  
Of all the Argives by the fleet, and led  
The mightiest band of followers in close fight.  
But as for thee, thou didst not dare withstand  
Great-hearted Ajax, nor resist him, when  
His eye encountered thine amid the fray;  
For thou art a less valiant man than he."

The glancing-crested chief with darkling face  
Returned: "Why, Glaucus, being what thou art,  
Speak'st thou thus arrogantly? Woe the while!  
I deemed that thou in wisdom didst surpass  
All dwellers on rich Lycia's fields; but now  
I must condemn thy words with all my heart,  
When thus thou say'st I did not dare abide  
The bulky Ajax. Terror feel I none  
Of combat, nor of chargers' crashing feet;  
But e'er is ægis-bearing Zeus' will  
Supreme; with ease he turns the brave to flight,

At other times incites him to the field.  
But comrade, come, stand by me, and behold  
My actions — if I prove the livelong day  
A coward as thou call'st me, or shall end  
The combating of any of their host,  
Strong though he be and valorous, who may dare  
Oppose my strength, Patroclus' corse to shield."

He ceased, and loudly called to Ilium's throng:  
"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans famed  
In the close fight! Be men, my comrades, now,  
And filled with fiery ardor, whilst I case  
My form in great Achilles' glorious mail  
Torn from Patroclus, smitten by my hand."

Thus having spoken, crested Hector left  
The murd'rous combat, and with nimble feet  
Pursuing them — not far — he quickly came  
Upon his friends who bore to Ilium's walls  
Pelides' far-famed armor. Pausing here  
At distance from the lamentable fray,  
He changed his mail, and gave the suit he wore  
To the war-loving Trojans to be brought  
To sacred Troy, and donned th' immortal arms  
Of Peleus' son, Achilles, once bestowed  
Upon the father by the heavenly host;  
And Peleus gave it, in his hoary years,  
Unto his son; but yet did not the son  
Attain old age within the father's arms.

When now cloud-gath'ring Zeus beheld the chief  
Far from the battle, clasping on the mail  
Of Peleus' heav'n-born child, with shaken head



Thus did he hold communion with his soul:  
" Unhappy warrior, little dost thou dream  
Of death, so nigh to thee. Thou girdest on  
Th' immortal armor of a mighty man,  
The terror of all others; and thy hand  
Struck down his comrade, gentle both and brave,  
And tore away with shameful haste the mail  
From head and shoulders. Yet for the nonce will I  
Lend to thine arm great vict'ry to atone  
For this thy loss: Ne'er shall Andromachè  
Receive from thee the armor of the son  
Of Peleus, when thou comest from the fray."

Thus spake Chronides, and with dark brows gave  
The nod. Full nobly did that suit of mail  
Fit Hector's frame. Now, furious and dread,  
The spirit of the war-god filled his heart;  
His limbs received new might and strength; with  
shout

He sped away to seek his famed allies,  
Seeming to all, in his resplendent arms,  
Magnanimous Pelides; and with words  
Of cheer he spurred each warrior to the fray,—  
Approaching Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon too,  
Asteropæus and Thersilochus,  
Deisenor, Phorcys, and Hippothoüs,  
And Chromius then, and Ennomus the last,  
Th' interpreter of omens. All of these  
Were with winged words incited to the fray:

" Ye myriad clans of neighboring allies,  
Attend! I sought not, neither stood in need

Of numbers, when I summoned from your walls  
Each warrior; but of this, that ye should lend  
To me your zealous aid to save the wives  
And tender babes of Trojans from the hands  
Of the war-loving Greeks. With this intent  
Do I exhaust with largess and supplies  
Our native people; thus I make the heart  
Of each of you beat higher. Let every man  
Turn now to face the issue — 'tis to die  
Or else be saved; the fortune of the strife  
Is thus determined. Now, whoe'er of you  
Shall drag Patroclus, though already slain,  
Among the knightly Trojans, and shall make  
Ajax fall back before him, shall from me  
Have half the spoil; half I myself shall keep;  
His honor and mine own shall be the same."

So spake he; and in overwhelming might  
They charged th' Achæans with their brandished  
spears;

And confidently hoped to drag away  
From Telamonian Ajax the slain chief.  
Deluded men! for Ajax took the lives  
Of many round that body; and he cried  
To Menelaüs great in shout of strife:

"O friend, O Menelaüs, reared of Zeus,  
That we shall come in safety from this fray  
I can no longer hope. Less fear have I  
For dead Patroclus, who must quickly feed  
The Trojan dogs and vultures, than alarm  
For mine own life, lest some mischance befall,

And for thine too; the storm-cloud of the strife,  
Hector, glooms all the scene,— for us appears  
Utter destruction. Yet make haste to call  
The chiefs of Greece, if any will attend.”

He spake, and Menelaüs, great in cry  
Of battle, disobeyed him not, but sent  
Forth his far-echoing cry to Argos' host:

“ Friends, captains both and couns'lors of the  
Greeks,

Who by Atrides Agamemnon's side  
And Menelaüs' quaff the public wine;  
Each captain of his soldiery, and each  
Endowed by Zeus with majesty and fame!  
For me to observe the deeds of every chief  
Were far too hard a task; since blazes forth  
So furiously the rivalry of strife.  
Let some one go unbidden, with a heart  
Indignant thus to see Patroclus' corse  
Become the plaything of the dogs of Troy.”

He spake, and speedily Oïleus' son,  
Fleet-footed Ajax, heard, and o'er the field  
Before the rest came speeding to his side.  
Followed Idomeneus, and his esquire  
Meriones, in fury like the fell  
Destroyer of mankind. The others' names  
Who could remember or recount,— the Greeks  
Who followed after them to wake the fight?

On pressed the Trojans in a throng, behind  
Hector. As when the mighty billow roars  
Against the tide of some heav'n-fallen stream,

At its outpouring-place, and all around  
The forelands echo as the briny foam  
Is spewed afar; with such a clamor came  
The Trojans onward. But the Greeks stood fast  
Round Menœtiades with single heart,  
Fenced by their bronze-shod bucklers. Chronus'  
son

Enveloped in impenetrable cloud  
Their shining helmets; never had he felt  
Hatred for him, Patroclus, while alive,  
Whilst he was follower of Achilles; now  
He could not bear the thought that he should fall  
The spoil of Trojan foemen's dogs; and hence  
He spurred his comrades to defend the slain.

Then first the Trojans drave the bright-eyed  
Greeks

Before them; and they left the corse and fled;  
Yet the proud Trojans struck no warrior down,  
Though eagerly they pressed them, with their  
spears;

But dragged away the body. Yet not long  
The Greeks were to forsake it; — rallied soon  
By Ajax, who in nobleness of form  
And prowess ranked supreme 'mong all the host,  
Next after brave Pelides. Through the van  
Anon the warrior darted, strong in might  
As a wild boar that wheels upon the steep  
Within the mountain-dells, and speedily  
Disperses hounds and lusty huntsmen; so  
Did high-born Telamon's son, famed Ajax, charge

Upon the Trojans, scattering with ease  
The serried columns gathered round the slain  
Patroclus, whom they confidently hoped  
To hale to their own city, thus to earn  
Great fame. And now Pelasgian Lethus' son,  
Renowned Hippothoüs, who thought to gain  
Favor with Troy and Hector, with a thong  
Binding the sinews of the ankle, strove  
To draw the body by the foot away  
Through the dread conflict; but himself full soon  
Met with disaster from which none could shield  
The chief, however eager. Telamon's son  
Sprang through the press and smote him at close  
range  
Athwart the bronze-cheeked helmet. The plumed  
casque  
Was sundered by the spear-point, smitten by  
The pond'rous javelin and the mighty hand;  
The bleeding brain welled forth around the shaft  
From out the wound; the spirit fled his frame;  
The foot of brave Patroclus from his grasp  
Dropt on the ground; and close to where it lay  
He fell face downward o'er the body,— far  
From fertile-soiled Larissa, ne'er to yield  
Return to his fond parents for their pains  
Of tender nurture; for his life-term proved  
But brief, and thus he perished by the spear  
Of Ajax the great-hearted. Hector now  
At Ajax aimed in turn his shimm'ring shaft;  
Who, marking it, avoided narrowly

The brazen lance. Howbeit Schedius, son  
Of the magnanimous Iphitus, and chief  
Of Phocia's band, who dwelt in the famed walls  
Of Panopeus, and ruled a numerous host,  
'Neath the mid-collar-bone received the shaft;  
Right through it passed; the brazen spear-point  
came

Forth underneath the shoulder. To the earth  
The hero crashed, and round him clanged his arms.  
Next Ajax pierced the fiery Phorcys, sprung  
From Phænops, through the navel, as he stood  
Guarding Hippothoüs; the chief's cuirass  
Of convex plates was sundered, and the shaft  
Opened the entrails; and the warrior fell  
In dust, and clutched the earth with anguished hand.  
The vanguard champions, e'en famed Hector, now  
Gave way; the Argives raised a mighty shout,  
And dragged Hippothoüs and Phorcys thence,—  
The slain,— and from their shoulders tore the mail.

Then had the Trojans, routed by the strong  
Argives, retreated e'en to Ilium's walls,  
Tamed by their own faint hearts; and now the host  
Of Greece, e'en contrary to Zeus' decree,  
Had won a triumph through their strength and  
might,

Had not Apollo come himself to move  
Æneas to the strife. He took the shape  
Of Periphas, the son of Epytus,  
A herald, by Æneas' ancient sire,  
Himself grown old in service, and whose heart

Was full of friendly counsel. In his guise  
Apollo, son of Zeus, addressed the chief:

“How now, Æneas? could ye not defend  
High Ilium's walls 'gainst ev'n celestial might?  
Such deeds of other warriors have I seen,  
Who trusted to their hardihood and strength  
And numbers, having but a scanty host.  
And Zeus would far more gladly yield the day  
To us than to the Argives; yet ye fly  
In wild alarm and lack the heart to fight.”

He ceased; Æneas looked, and recognized  
Apollo, him that wings afar his darts;  
And called to Hector in stentorian tones:

“O Hector and ye other captains o'er  
The Trojans and allies, it were disgrace  
Thus to be driv'n before the martial Greeks,  
And vanquished by our weakness to ascend  
The Trojan steep. Moreover one among  
The gods, beside me standing, telleth me  
That Zeus, supreme 'mong couns'lors, in the field  
Is our supporter. Charge we then the Greeks  
Straightway, nor suffer them without dispute  
To bear the dead Patroclus to their barks.”

He spake, and forth among the champions sprang  
Boldly, and stood; and, rallying, all stood fast  
Against the Argives. And Æneas now  
Let fly his jav'lin at Arisbas' son,  
Leocritus; a valiant follower this  
Of Lycomedes. Then that warlike chief  
Beheld his comrade's fall with stricken heart;

Near him he came, and, couching his bright spear,  
Smote Apisaon, son of Hippasus,  
Prince of his people, in the liver 'neath  
The midriff; suddenly his limbs gave way  
Beneath him. He had come from fertile-soiled  
Pæonia, and was bravest of his band,  
Save but Asteropæus, in the fight.  
Warlike Asteropæus, at his fall,  
Was filled with pity. Fiercely he assailed  
The Greeks to smite them; but no longer found  
An opportunity; on every side  
Their bucklers walled the warriors standing fast  
Around the dead with outstretched spears in hand.  
For Ajax threaded all the ranks and gave  
Countless commands, permitting none to fall  
Back from the slain; enjoining too that none  
Advance before the others of his host  
To battle as their champion; all should stand  
Well round the fallen and maintain the strife  
At closest quarters. Such was the behest  
Of huge-limbed Ajax; whilst the dark blood dyed  
The earth, and bodies of slain men of Troy  
And of their bold allies fell thick and fast.  
Greeks also fell — not bloodless was that fray;  
Even for them; yet fewer far were slain;  
For ever they were mindful to defend  
Their comrades on the field from death's dread  
fate.

And thus they fought like flame. One would  
have thought



The very sun and moon were safe no more  
From danger; for the men were hidd'n from sight  
In clouds of mist, where still the foremost chiefs  
Round Menœtiades maintained the strife.  
The other well-greaved Greeks and Trojans fought  
Unhampered 'neath clear heav'n, and bright the  
rays

Shot from the sun; nowhere a cloud was seen  
O'er level land or mountains. Still they strove,  
Pausing at intervals, as, far apart,  
Each army shunned the other's fatal spears.  
In the mid-field the warriors were oppressed  
With cloud and conflict; all their mightiest braves  
Tortured by ruthless jav'lins. Two famed chiefs,  
Antilochus and Thrasymedes, still  
Knew naught of unreproached Patroclus' fate;  
But deemed him still alive, engaging Troy  
In the forefront of the tumultuous fray.  
These warriors fought apart, although their eyes  
Beheld their comrades falling or in flight;  
For Nestor so commanded them, when forth  
From the dark ships he urged them to the field.

All day the furious conflict of fierce strife  
Raged 'twixt those others; weariness and sweat  
Stained constantly the ankles, knees, and feet,  
The hands and eyes, of each who struggled o'er  
The valiant friend of swift Æacides.  
As when is giv'n to serving-men to stretch,  
Dripping with fat, a mighty bullock's hide;  
And formed in circle, standing well apart,

Grasping the mass, they strain it taut, till all  
At once beneath the pull of many hands  
The moisture disappears, and then the oil  
Pervades the skin, now stretched throughout at  
last;—

So in a narrow place the rival hosts  
Hither and thither dragged the corpse; the men  
Of Ilium hoping in their eager hearts  
To draw the dead man to their wall; the Greeks  
To bring him to their hollow barks; and strife  
Rose now most furiously round the slain.  
Not even Ares, he who summons forth  
Armies to war, nor Pallas, when her rage  
Is deadliest, could have viewed with scorn that  
fray.

Such was the furious strife ordained by Zeus,  
Maintained that day, a strife of men and steeds,  
Round fall'n Patroclus. But as yet divine  
Æacides knew not his comrade's end;  
For they were battling far from the swift barks  
Beneath the Trojans' wall. That he was slain  
He could not dream; but thought that without fail  
He would return alive, once having neared  
The portals; nor supposed it possible  
That in his absence and without his aid  
His friend should seek to storm the city-walls.  
For oft Achilles from his mother's lips  
Had heard the tale, when she had secretly  
Revealed to him our mighty Father's plans;  
But ne'er the mother prophesied so dire

A woe as what befell him — that the friend  
Whom he loved far most tenderly must die.

Still ever round the corse, with whetted spears  
Couched in their hands, unceasingly they pressed,  
Dealing each other deadly blows; whilst thus  
The bronze-mailed Greeks one to another spake:

“ Friends, it were ignominious to retreat  
Upon our hollow barks; nay, rather here  
Let the dark earth engulf th’ entire host.  
Better for all of us such instant doom  
Would prove, if we abandon now the slain  
To the steed-taming men of Troy to drag,  
Thus winning glory, to their city-walls.”

And ’mong the Trojans in their pride of heart  
Ran utt’rances like these: “ O friends, though fate  
Decree that we must all together fall  
By this man’s side, let none forsake the fray.”  
So spake they, and enkindled each one’s might.  
So fought they on; the iron clamor cleft  
The desert ether to the brazen sky.

And now the chargers of Æacides,  
Standing apart from battle, wept aloud,  
Learning how he that guided them lay slain  
In dust, o’ercome by Hector’s deadly hand.  
Automedon, Diores’ valiant son,  
Oft plied them with his flying lash, and spake  
With many a soft word, many a threat beside;  
Yet would they not go backward toward the fleet  
By the broad Hellespont, nor toward the fight

Among the Achæan host; but e'en as stands  
Firm in its place a pillar on the tomb  
Of a dead man, or woman, so before  
The ornate car unfalt'ringly the steeds  
Stood with heads bent to earth; and to the ground  
Down from their sorrowing eyelids coursed warm  
tears

Of yearning for their charioteer; and o'er  
The cushion of the yoke to either hand  
Drooped their full manes, defiled with dust. The  
son

Of Chronus sorrowing saw their woe, and thus,  
With shaken head, communed with his own heart:

“ Unhappy creatures, why were ye bestowed  
By us on Peleus,— on a mortal king,  
Deathless and ageless as ye are? Was't then  
That ye might suffer with the hapless race  
Of mortals? For of all that breathe or creep  
Upon the earth, no creature hath a fate  
More pitiable than man's. Yet ne'er shall ye  
Be destined to bear Hector, Priam's son,  
Behind you, in the chariot carven fair;  
For I will not permit it. Doth it not  
Content him that he hath the chieftain's arms  
And boasts vaingloriously? I will endow  
Your limbs and hearts with strength that ye may  
save

Automedon, and bear him from the fight  
Back to the hollow barks; for I must still

Allow the foes to triumph and to slay  
Till they have gained the well-decked vessel's  
side —

Till sink the sun, and fall the sacred dark.”

’Twas thus he spake, inspiring in the steeds  
A noble ardor. Shaking from their manes  
The dust to earth, they bore with nimble feet  
The flying battle-car among the hosts  
Of Greece and Ilium. There Automedon  
Still grappled with the Trojans,— sore at heart  
For his lost friend, yet darting with his steeds  
Upon the enemy, as on a flock  
Of geese might swoop a vulture; readily  
Escaping from the clamoring bands of Troy,  
Then again springing to the thick of fight  
With equal ease and pressing on the foe.  
Yet in pursuit he could not overtake  
Those whom he followed; for he sate alone  
Within his sacred chariot, nor could charge  
A foe with lance whilst guiding his swift steeds.  
Late in the day a comrade spied him thus,  
Hæmonian Laërces’ son, and hight  
Alcimedon; behind the car he came  
And stood, and to Automedon thus spake:

“What heav’nly pow’r implanted in thy heart  
This counsel without profit — reft away  
Thy sober senses? Thou art combating  
Alone, and in the forefront of the fight,  
Against the Trojans; but thy friend is slain,  
And on his shoulders Hector bears the mail

Of Peleus' son, and boasts exultantly."

Automedon, Diore's son, replied:

"Alcimedon, which other of the Greeks  
Can rival thee, or could so well be giv'n  
The taming of the strength of deathless steeds? —  
Unless it were Patroclus, couns'lor peer  
Of gods, while yet he lived; but death and doom  
Now hold him captive. Then receive from me  
The scourge and shimm'ring reins; myself will then,  
Dismounting from the car, engage the fray."

He spake, and nimbly sprang Alcimedon  
Upon the car that, when the battle-call  
Was sounded, sped so fleetly. In his hand  
He grasped the scourge and reins; Automedon  
Leaped quickly down. Famed Hector marked the  
act,

And spake thus to Æneas, who stood near:

"Æneas, couns'lor of the Trojan host  
Kirtled in brass, I yonder spied those steeds  
Of Æacus' fleet grandson; they were seen  
Upon the field, but they that urged them on  
Were men of paltry strength. If thine own heart  
Were willing, I might confidently hope  
To capture them; for if we made th' assault,  
Their drivers would not dare resist or fight."

He spake; Anchises' sturdy son gave heed;  
With shoulders sheltered by their bucklers strong,  
Of tough well-seasoned bulls'-hide, overlaid  
With heavy layers of brass, forth set the chiefs;  
With them Aretus of the heav'nly face

And Chromius went, and trusted in their hearts  
To slay the warriors both, and guide away  
The steeds of arching necks. Deluded men!  
Not without bloodshed they were doomed to turn  
Back from that struggle with Automedon.  
He uttered prayers to Zeus; his darkened soul  
Received new strength and courage; and he called  
Thus to Alcimedon, his trusty friend:

“Do not, Alcimedon, rein in the steeds  
Far off from me, but let their breath be blown  
Over my shoulders. For, I ween, the child  
Of Priam, will not stay his mighty hand  
Till, having slain us, he hath climbed behind  
Achilles' fair-maned steeds and put to rout  
The ranks of Argives, or till he himself  
Hath perished in the forefront of the fray.”

As thus he spake, he called the Ajax-pair  
And Menelaüs: “Leaders of the Greeks,  
Ajaces, Menelaüs! ye must yield  
The body to the care of other men,  
The bravest, who shall compass it around  
And keep aloof the ranks of foes; 'tis yours  
To shield from death ourselves that still survive;  
For yonder, crashing through the mournful fight,  
Come Hector and Æneas,—bravest they  
Of Ilium's band. The issue of these deeds  
Rests in the lap of heav'n; for also I  
Will hurl my lance, and Zeus for all shall care.”

He spake, and brandished his long-shadowing  
spear,

And hurled it; and it smote Aretus fair  
Upon the orbèd buckler; and the point  
Was not arrested; through the shield it sped,  
And passing through the body-girdle, pierced  
Th' abdomen. As a man in vigorous prime  
Smiteth with whetted axe behind the horns  
A bullock bedding in the fields, and cleaves  
The sinews all asunder, and he springs  
Forward and falls; the warrior, with a bound  
Forward, so fell upon his back; the shaft,  
Fixed trembling in the entrails, took away  
Strength from his limbs. Next at Automedon  
Hector's bright lance was aimed. The charioteer  
Marked well its flight, and shunned, by bending low,  
The brazen missile; past the long spear sped,  
Plunging behind him into earth, its shaft  
Remained still quiv'ring from the shock, until  
The weapon's furious might was spent at last.  
Then had they both sprung forward with their  
brands

To close encounter, if the Ajax-pair  
Had not advanced with eager haste to part  
The adversaries; through the press they sped  
At their friend's cry of need; and, seeing them come,  
Hector, Æneas, Chromius too, divine  
Of mien, shrank back from them in fear and left  
Aretus lying, cloven to the heart,  
There on the field. Automedon, the peer  
Of the war-god in fleetness, stripped away  
His armor and exultantly thus spake:



“A little have I lightened from my heart  
Its load of sorrow for Patroclus' fate,  
Yet slew I an unworthier man than he.”

He spake, and seizing now the gory spoils,  
Set them upon his battle-car, and soon  
Climbed to his place, with blood-stained hands and  
feet,

Like lion that on bull hath made repast.

Around Patroclus still the dreadful fight  
Raged dolorous and fell; and Pallas came  
From heav'n to wake the combat. Far-seeing Zeus  
Had sent her forth from heav'n to rouse the Greeks,  
For his own purposes were changed at last.  
As when the Father bends his purple bow  
In heav'n, to be a sign to mortal eyes  
Of coming battle or of chilling rain,  
One such as interrupts the laborer's toil  
Upon the glebe and harms the herds of sheep;  
The goddess thus, enveloping her form  
In purple vapors, went among the host  
Of the Achæans, urging forth each man.  
In Phœnix' guise, and with his tireless voice,  
First now she called and challenged Atreus' son,  
The hero Menelaüs, near at hand:

“Shame, Menelaüs, and reproach shall now  
Come upon thee if the swift dogs shall rend  
High-born Achilles' trusty squire beneath  
The Trojan ramparts. Firmly then maintain  
The strife; urge all thy followers to the fray.”

The hero great in war-shout answ'ring spake:

“ Phœnix, revered and venerable sire,  
Would that Athena might lend strength to me,  
And might defend me from the force of spears!  
Then would I gladly take my stand beside  
Patroclus to defend him; for his fate  
Probed my heart deeply. Yet is Hector’s wrath  
Fearful as that of flame, nor doth he cease  
To deal destruction with his spear; for Zeus  
Upon him now bestows the victory.”

The bright-eyed goddess Pallas, as he spake,  
Rejoiced that she was first of all the host  
Of heav’n to be entreated. To his limbs  
And shoulders lent she strength, and fired his heart  
With courage such as animates the fly,  
That, driv’n away, persists yet in its keen  
Desire to bite man’s flesh, and smells a sweet  
Aroma in the blood of humankind;  
With such a hardihood did she inspire  
His darkened spirit; to Patroclus’ side  
Quickly he sprang, and couched his glist’ning lance  
To hurl it. Now among the ranks of Troy  
Eëtion’s scion, Podes, stood, a brave  
And opulent man, whom Hector honored most  
Of all his people, since he was his own  
Loved comrade at the banquets. As he sprang  
To flee, the tawny Menelaüs pierced  
His body-belt, and drave the weapon through.  
Crashing he fell; and Menelaüs dragged  
The body from the Trojans toward his host.

But now to Hector’s side Apollo came

And stood, and spurred him onward, in the guise  
Of Phænops, son of Asius, whom he held  
Dearest of all his guest-friends, and whose home  
Was in Abydus. Such was he whose form  
Far-working Phæbus now assumed, and spake :

“Hector, what other of the Argives now  
Could dread thee,—shrinking thus all terrified  
From Menelaüs, hitherto esteemed  
But a weak warrior? Now he moves away,  
First having snatched from Troy with single hand  
His victim's body; he hath overthrown  
Podes, Eëtion's son, thy trusty friend,  
Deemed brave among the foremost in the fight.”

As thus he spake, o'er Hector's soul was shed  
A darkling cloud of sorrow. Through the van  
The chieftain sped in panoplied array  
Of burnished bronze. The son of Chronus grasped  
The tasseled gleaming ægis, and o'erspread  
Ida with mists; with deaf'ning thunder-sound  
He hurled his lightnings till the mountain quaked,  
Made Troy prevail, and turned the Greeks to flight.

Peneleos, a Bœotian warrior, led  
The rout. As forward still he pressed, a spear,  
Grazing his shoulder, gave a wound. It fled  
Past him, but scratched the bone within — a lance  
Which, when he had advanced within close range  
To launch the shaft, Polydamas had sped.

Then Hector wounded at the wrist the hand  
Of Leïtus, great-souled Alectryon's son,  
Disabling him from combat; and he peered

Cautiously round in terror, for his heart  
No longer hoped with wielded lance to wage  
War 'gainst the Trojans. But, as Hector sprang  
To strike at Leïtus, Idomeneus  
Smote the chief's bosom, striking the cuirass,  
Beside the nipple. The long-shadowing spear  
Broke short off at the shaft; the men of Troy  
Gave forth a mighty outcry. Hector now  
Aimed at Idomeneus, Deucalion's son,  
As he stood in his chariot. Narrowly  
He missed his mark, but smote Meriones'  
Companion on the field, his charioteer,  
Named Cœranus, from Lyctus' stately walls  
Following his chief. Idomeneus had left  
His shapely barks on foot to join the fight;  
And would have giv'n great victory to the host  
Of Ilium by his fall, if Cœranus  
Had not come quickly up with his swift steeds;  
Thus like deliv'rance dawning he appeared  
To him, and saved him from his cruel doom,  
Only to lose his own life at the hands  
Of man-slaying Hector. 'Neath the jaw and ear  
The jav'lin smote him, and its lower end  
Dashed forth the teeth, and cleft the mid-tongue  
through.

Down dashed he from his chariot, and let fall  
The reins to earth. Meriones stooped low  
And raised them from the plain with his own hands,  
And to Idomeneus in these words spake:

“Ply thou the scourge now, till thou shalt attain

The speeding galleys; thou thyself dost know  
That triumph lies no more with Argos' host."

He spake; the Cretan lashed the fair-maned steeds  
Toward the deep ships, for terror filled his heart.

Full plainly now did Ajax, great of soul,  
And Menelaüs, mark how Zeus had turned  
The fortune of the fight to Ilium's side;  
First of the pair thus Telamonius spake:

"Ah, woe is me! for e'en the dull of sense  
Must now at last perceive that Zeus our sire  
Is Ilium's helper. All their missiles fly  
Straight to the mark, by whomsoever cast,  
Weakling or warrior; Zeus directs each shaft  
Without distinction; whilst our own all fall  
Vainly to earth. But let us ponder now  
On how we may most safely drag away  
The warrior slain, and then returning yield  
Joy to our comrades, who with aching hearts  
Gaze toward us, with the thought that we no more  
Can 'scape the mighty and resistless hands  
Of man-destroying Hector, but will fly  
To our black galleys. Would some friend were here  
Who to Pelides speedily might bring  
The tidings; he hath not, I ween, e'en heard  
The mournful news of his loved comrade's fall.  
But none such can I see among our host,  
So are they mantled, warriors both and steeds,  
In misty shadows. Father Zeus! O, free  
The Greeks from gloom; O, make but bright the  
skies!

Let our eyes see — and then, in the clear light,  
Destroy us, since thy pleasure wills it so.”

He spake; the Father pitying saw fall  
The warrior's tears, and straightway cleared away  
The vapors and dispelled the mists. The sun  
Beamed brightly down, and all the field was seen  
In the full light of day; and Ajax now  
To Menelaüs, famed in war-shout, spake:

“ Search, heav'nly-nurtured Menelaüs, now,  
If haply thou mayst yet discern alive  
Brave Nestor's son, Antilochus, and him  
Dispatch to fierce Achilles with all speed  
To tell him of his dearest comrade's end.”

He spake, and Menelaüs, great in call  
Of war, obeyed, and went, as from the fold  
A lion might depart, all weary grown  
With chafing herdsmen and their hounds that keep  
Vigil all night, forbidding him to rend  
Their beeves' fat flesh; he, eager for his food,  
Assails, yet fruitlessly, for in thick show'rs  
Are rained forth javelins from men's hardy hands,  
And blazing fagots, which he needs must fear,  
Despite his fury; so at break of dawn  
He goeth on his way with sorrowing heart;  
Brave Menelaüs from Patroclus thus  
Went, sore reluctant, fearing that the Greeks  
In their wild rout might leave the dead to be  
The foeman's spoil; and earnestly he charged  
The twain named Ajax and Meriones:

“ Meriones, and warriors Ajax, chiefs

Of Greece! recall how gentle was the heart  
Of our ill-starred Patroclus; well he knew  
How to be kind to all men, while alive;  
Yet is he now o'ertaken by his fate."

So Menelaüs of the yellow locks  
Spake, and departed, casting everywhere  
His glance, as doth the eagle, that, men say,  
Hath keenest vision of all birds that wing  
Their way beneath the heav'ns — for when its  
flight

Is loftiest, well the rapid hare is spied  
Crouched 'neath the leafy coppice; down it darts  
And swiftly seizes on it to destroy;  
So, foster-child of Zeus, thy burning eyes  
Rolled everywhere throughout the num'rous throng  
Of thy companions, hoping still to find  
The son of Nestor living. Speedily  
He marked the hero on th' extreme left hand  
Of all the field, encouraging his braves  
And rallying them to battle. Near his side  
The fair-haired Menelaüs came, and spake:

" Antilochus! haste hither, heav'n-reared chief,  
And learn the lamentable word I bring  
Of what should ne'er have come to pass. I ween  
That thou thyself, that witnesseth, canst tell  
How the god rolls disaster o'er the ranks  
Of Greece, and vict'ry changeth to the foe.  
And now Patroclus, bravest of the Greeks,  
Lies slain, and bitter yearning fills the hearts  
Of the Achæans. Yet arise and fly

To the Greek vessels; tell with instant speed  
The tidings to Achilles; haply thus  
May he consent to rescue and to bring  
To his own bark the body, though it be  
Stript bare — his arms hath crested Hector gained."

As thus he spake, Antilochus, with soul  
Stricken with horror, heard; the pow'r of speech  
Forsook him long; tears welled within his eyes;  
Choked was his manly voice. Yet proved he not  
Unmindful of the charge Atrides gave,  
But hastened forth, surrend'ring first his arms  
To his brave squire Laodocus, who swerved  
His solid-footed coursers, nigh at hand.

Thus, bathed in tears, the son of Nestor sped  
Forth from the field, to bear the word of woe  
To Peleus' son, Achilles. As for thee,  
Thou heav'n-reared Menelaüs, didst not care  
To help thy weary followers in the place  
From whence Antilochus went forth, and left  
His Pylians missing him. To succor these  
Yet did he send bold Thrasymedes; then  
Himself, returning to the spot where lay  
Hero Patroclus, hastened to the chiefs  
Called Ajax, and beside them swiftly spake:

"I have dispatched yon courier to the barks  
To seek the swift Achilles; yet, I ween,  
He cannot now go forth, howe'er his ire  
Burn 'gainst great Hector; ne'er could he engage,  
Armorless as he is, the host of Troy.  
Let us deliberate what plan may prove



Soundest — how first to rescue from the field  
The fallen hero, and how afterwards  
We may ourselves escape the clamorous pack  
Of Ilium and elude our threatened fate.”

Great Telamonian Ajax made reply:  
“Illustrious Menelaüs! all thy words  
Are seasonably spoken. Raise thou now,  
Thou and Meriones, the fallen chief  
Upon your shoulders; bear him with all speed  
From out the fight; while we ourselves remain  
Behind to battle with the Trojan host  
And noble Hector; — we, in name the same,  
The same in purpose; we who in days past,  
Shoulder to shoulder standing, have withstood  
The fury of the fight unfalt’ringly.”

He spake; and in their arms they raised the  
slain

With mighty effort from the ground; the throng  
Of Troy behind them clamored, seeing the Greeks  
Bear off the dead, and charged them. On they  
came,

Like dogs that on a wounded wild boar spring,  
Set on by sturdy huntsmen; for a while,  
Eager to slay, they rush at him; but when  
He wheels to face them in the pride of strength,  
They shrink back terrified, and turn to flee  
To every hand; thus for a season now  
Troy’s sons, close-ranked, pursued the Argive host  
Continually, and pricked them with their brands  
And double-pointed jav’lins; but as soon

As the twain warriors Ajax wheeled and stood  
Confronting them, the color fled their cheeks,  
Nor ventured any champion of them all  
To sally forth to battle round the slain.

And thus they bore the dead man from the field  
In haste to the deep barks; while raged the strife  
Fierce as a holocaust that comes apace  
And with its sudden devastation sweeps  
A populous town, whose mansions crumbling fall  
Amid its blazing brightness, whilst aloud  
Roars the strong blast; so, from the tread of steeds  
And spearmen, round the Argives as they fled  
Rose tumult never-ceasing; and as mules,  
Mighty in strength, drag down a mountain-steep  
Along a rocky path a massive beam  
For roof-tree or for bark; their spirits flag,  
Worn with the sweat and labor, as they speed;  
So in hot haste they bore away the slain;  
Whilst in their rear the warriors Ajax held  
The foe in check. As when a dike well set  
With forest-trees is reared across a lea,  
To breast the flow of waters, and restrains  
The dreadful freshets of the mightiest streams,  
And beating back their waves turns all the tide  
To whelm the lowlands; for the torrents' strength  
Shatters it never; thus unfalt'ringly  
The Ajax-pair held back the Trojans' might  
From the Greeks' rear. Yet they pursued; two  
chiefs


Foremost among their ranks,— Anchises' son,

Æneas, and bold Hector. As a cloud  
Of daws or starlings, when they see approach  
A hawk, to lesser birds a harbinger  
Of coming doom, shrill-screaming takes to flight,  
So before Hector did the youths of Greece  
Fly, and before Æneas, with loud cries,  
Forgetting all their former joy in strife.  
Whilst in the trench and on the banks there lay  
Full many beauteous arms let fall in flight  
By Argives; still incessant raged the fray.

## BOOK XVIII

### THE MAKING OF THE ARMOR

Antilochus brings to Achilles at the fleet the tidings of Patroclus' fall; the chief is overwhelmed with sorrow. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, hastens to comfort him, attended by her sister Nereids. Achilles and his mother confer over the hero's impending death, which is destined inevitably to follow that of Hector, on which Achilles is now resolved. Thetis promises her son a new suit of armor, forged by Hephæstus, to replace that worn by Patroclus and captured by his fall. The Greeks fly to their fleet before Hector, who threatens to capture Patroclus' body, which the warriors Ajax defend. Hera sends Iris to warn Achilles of the danger and to urge him to take the field in person. Achilles, replying that he has now no armor, is bidden by Iris to go to the intrenchments and show himself to the troops; the Trojans, at his appearance and shout, are put to flight. The body of Patroclus is rescued by the Greeks and laid upon a bier; the combat is relinquished with indecisive issue. Polydamas counsels the Trojans to take refuge from Achilles' fury within the walls of Troy; he is opposed by Hector, who advocates a continuance of the struggle on the field; the Trojans unwisely follow his advice. Achilles continues to lament his friend, vowing vengeance on Troy; the body is washed and anointed. Thetis repairs, to procure the armor for her son, to the palace of Hephæstus, whom she finds engaged in forging tripods in his smithy. She is cordially welcomed by Charis, Hephæstus' wife,



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and by the god himself, who relates her services to him at the time he was hurled from Heaven by Hera's order. Thetis proffers her request, narrating the sorrows of her short-lived son, the fate of Patroclus and consequent loss of Achilles' mail; the god willingly complies, and proceeds to forge a splendid suit of armor. The shield is minutely described, with its various devices of a marriage-feast, a forum of justice, a city besieged by hostile forces, a ploughed field, a field ripe for the harvest, a herd of cattle attacked by lions, a dance of youths and virgins, etc. Having completed his task, Hephæstus delivers the armor to Thetis, who hastens with it to earth to present it to her son.

BOOK XVIII

AS thus with all the fury of fierce flame  
The battle raged, Antilochus the fleet  
Brought tidings to Achilles. Him he found  
Before his straight-horned galleys, pondering  
On what was now fulfilled; and thus the chief  
Communed in sorrow with his mighty heart:

“Woe me! why are the long-haired Argives now  
Thus driv’n in panic back upon their fleet  
Across the plain? I tremble lest the gods  
Have brought to pass, to heap upon my heart,  
Direst calamities. In bygone days  
My mother once disclosed to me and told  
How that, whilst yet I lived, the mightiest man  
Of all the Myrmidons was to forsake  
The sunlight, slain by Trojans. Surely then  
The brave son of Menœtius is no more!  
Unhappy youth! I charged him, when he once  
Had beaten back the torches of the foe,  
To hie him to the ships again, nor dare  
To measure strength with Hector in the fray.”

As thus these thoughts revolved within his heart,  
Behold, the son of blameless Nestor came  
And stood beside him, letting fall warm tears,  
And gave the baleful message: “Woe the while,  
O son of valiant Peleus! thou must have  
From me the dire announcement of what ne'er

Should have befall'n! Patroclus lieth slain;  
They battle round his naked corse; his mail  
Is won by Hector of the shimm'ring crest."

As thus he spake, a sombre cloud of woe  
Shrouded the chieftain. Clutching with both  
hands

The sooty dust, he strewed it on his brow,  
Disfiguring his fair forehead, and all o'er  
His fragrant tunic the dark ashes hung;  
Whilst, great and stately, he himself lay stretched  
Prone in the dust, dishevelling with his hands  
His locks, all torn. Meanwhile the damsels  
gained

By him and by Patroclus as their spoil  
Shrieked loud in grief, and rushing from the doors  
Clustered round bold Achilles, whilst they all  
Beat with their hands their breasts; each felt her  
limbs

Falter beneath her. But Antilochus  
Stood opposite in sorrow, bathed in tears,  
Clasping Achilles' hands, and groaned the while  
In his brave heart; he trembled lest the chief  
Might draw the steel across his throat. His cries  
Were dread indeed to hear. The sov'reign queen,  
His mother, throned within the salty main  
Beside her aged father, heard the sound  
And wailed in woe; and all the goddesses,—  
The Nereïds that in briny depths abide,—  
Came thronging round. Among them there were  
seen

Thaleia, Glauçè, and Cymodocè,  
Speio, Nesæa, Halia, soft of gaze;  
Thoa, Actæa, and Cymothöè too,  
And Limnoreia and Amphithöè,  
Agavè and Iæra, Melita,  
Doto and Proto and Dynamenè,  
Pherusa and Dexamenè, beside  
Callianira and Amphinomè,  
Doris, famed Galateia, Panopè,  
Nemertes and Apseudes, followed these  
By Callianassa; Clymenè then came,  
Janeira and Janassa; in their train  
Mæra and Amatheia, the fair-tressed,  
And Orithyia; — others still were there,  
The Nereïds of the deep's unfathomed tide.  
Filled was their shining grot; each smote her breast,  
As Thetis thus began in tones of woe:

“Hear me, ye sister Nereïds, that ye all,  
Heark'ning, may know the sorrow of my heart.  
Ah me, unhappy that I am! woe me —  
The ill-starred mother of a noble child!  
I bore a son both unreproached and brave,  
Chief among heroes; and he waxed apace  
Like a young shoot; and having nurtured him  
E'en as a plant on slope where grows the vine,  
I sent him forth to Ilium with curved barks  
To battle with the Trojans; yet I ne'er  
Shall greet him more returning to the hall  
Of Peleus. Whilst he lives and still beholds  
The sunlight, he must mourn; I lack the pow'r



To aid him if I go; yet go I will  
To see mine own dear son and hear what grief  
Assails him, still abstaining from the fray."

She ceased and left the grotto; all the rest  
Followed in tears, whilst round them stood apart  
The sea-waves. Soon attaining the rich lands  
Of Troy, they filed upon the shore where lay  
Beached in thick ranks the Myrmidonian barks  
There around swift Achilles. Heavily  
He groaned; his queenly mother to his side  
Came, with a piercing cry, and with her hand  
Caressed his head and wailed in wingèd words:

"Why dost thou weep, my son? and why doth  
grief

Visit thy heart? speak plainly; do not hide  
Thine anguish. All the things which in days past  
Thou didst implore of Zeus with upraised hands,  
Are brought to pass — that all the Grecian host,  
Hemmed round their vessels' sterns, should suffer  
deep

Humiliation, all through lack of thee."

Deep-sighing, swift Achilles answered thus:  
"Yea, mother mine! th' Olympian hath indeed  
Fulfilled all this for me; yet how can I  
Find pleasure in such things as these? for slain  
Is my loved friend Patroclus, whom I prized  
Above all other comrades, and held dear  
As mine own life! Him have I lost — his mail  
Hector, that slew him, made his spoil — that fair

And massive armor, wondrous to behold;—  
The glorious gift the gods to Peleus gave  
That day they brought thee to a mortal's bed!  
Would that thou still hadst dwelt there with thy  
train

Of deathless Nereïds — that some mortal bride  
Had followed Peleus! But, as things now are,  
Must sorrow without bound weigh down thy heart  
For thy lost child — thou nevermore shalt greet  
Thy son's home-coming; for I have no care  
Longer to live or mingle with mankind,  
Saving that Hector, by my lance's stroke,  
Before me must have perished and have paid  
The penalty for my Patroclus' fate."

Then bathed in tears, thus Thetis made reply:  
"Short-lived shalt thou indeed be, O my son,  
E'en as thou say'st; for after Hector's fall  
Thine own immediate death awaiteth thee."

Then passionately fleet Achilles spake  
In answer: "Let me quickly die, since fate  
Thus hath withheld from me the pow'r to shield  
My poor death-stricken comrade; far away  
From his own shores he fell, and yearned for me  
To save him from his downfall. Therefore, since  
I shall no more behold mine own dear land,  
Nor saved from death Patroclus and the rest,  
His followers, who in multitudes were slain  
By heav'nly Hector; but sit idly here  
Beside my vessels cumbering the ground,—

I, strong as is none other among all  
The bronze-mailed Greeks in battle, though I  
yield

To other men in speech — I pray that strife  
May perish from 'mong gods and humankind,  
And passion, that inciteth e'en the wise  
To fits of anger,—wrath, which, far more sweet  
Than trickling honey, rises in men's breasts  
Like smoke — ay, e'en as Atreus' son, the king,  
Late goaded me to rage. But though our hearts  
Be heavy, we will let the past be past,  
And curb the passion in our breasts, as need  
Requires of us. Yet now I go to seek  
The man who took the life so dear to me,  
Hector; — and then submit me to my fate,  
Whenever Zeus and th' other deathless gods  
May purpose to fulfill it. For not e'en  
The mighty Heracles 'scaped death, although  
Chronides loved him tenderly; but fell  
Victim to fate and to the cruel rage  
Of Hera. E'en so, if a similar end  
Hath been prepared for me, myself must lie  
Slain when mine hour comes. Yet shall I now  
gain

Great glory, and will make full many a one  
Of Ilium's matrons moan with sob and sigh,  
Or Dardan dame, deep-bosomed, as she wipes  
Tears from her delicate cheeks with both her  
hands,

And learns that for long season I have kept

Aloof from battle. Though indeed thy love  
For me be great, detain me not, I pray,  
From combat; thou canst not prevail on me."

The heav'nly Thetis of the silver feet  
Made answer: "Yea, these words are true, my  
child;

Nor is it ill to shelter from dread fate  
Thy hard-pressed comrades. But thy glorious mail,  
Bronze-wrought and sheen, hath fallen to the  
hands

Of Trojans. Crested Hector wears it round  
His shoulders now in triumph; but not long  
His joy shall last, I trow; for near at hand  
Is his death-hour. Yet do not thou engage  
The strife of conflict, till once more thine eyes  
See me come hither; for at break of day  
And with the rising sun I come to bring  
From Lord Hephæstus glorious arms for thee."

Thus saying, Thetis from her son again  
Turned toward her sisters of the deep and spake:

"Ye now must sink within the spacious breast  
Of Ocean, there to see the aged lord  
Throned in the depths, and my paternal halls,  
And tell our Father everything, whilst I,  
Passing to long Olympus, supplicate  
Craftsman Hephæstus, that he will bestow  
His splendid sumptuous armor on my child."

She spake; the maidens sank again within  
The sea-waves, whilst the queen of silver feet,  
Celestial Thetis, climbed Olympus, thence

To bring her son a suit of glorious arms.

So sped her feet Olympus-ward. Meantime  
The Greeks, with fearful tumult, driv'n in flight  
Before the manslay'r Hector, gained the fleet  
And Hellespont. Not yet the well-greaved Greeks  
Had drawn the body of Patroclus, friend  
Of Peleus' son, beyond the range of spears;  
For once again the soldiery and steeds,  
And Hector, son of Priam, fierce as fire  
In courage, neared it. Thrice famed Hector came  
Behind the corse, and seized it by the feet,  
Eager to drag it thence, and with loud shouts  
Called on his Trojans. Thrice the Ajax-pair,  
Clothed in impetuous valor, thrust the chief  
Back from the dead. Howbeit, firm in pride  
Of prowess, now he darted through the throng  
Of combat, and anon again made stand,  
Loud shouting, and retreated not at all.  
As shepherds, bedding in the open fields,  
From a dead body fail to drive away  
A tawny ravening lion; so the two  
Mailed champions Ajax failed now to affright  
The son of Priam, Hector, from the slain.  
And now he would have dragged the body thence  
And earned great fame, if Iris, she whose feet  
Are swift as wind, the envoy, had not sped  
Adown th' Olympian mount, to bring the word  
To Peleus' son to arm him. Unperceived  
By Zeus or by the other gods she came,  
For Hera sent her. By the hero's side

Stood Iris, and in wingèd accents spake:

“Arouse thee, chief most dread of all mankind,  
And save Patroclus, for whose sake grim strife  
Hath ris'n before the barks. They wrestle there,  
Man slaught'ring man, some laboring to defend  
The fallen, whilst the Trojans fiercely fight  
To drag the dead to Ilium's wind-swept steep.  
Especially renownèd Hector's heart  
Burns for the capture, and his spirit fain  
From off the warrior's tender neck would strike  
The head, and on a stake impale it there.  
Up, lie no longer idle — let thy soul  
Feel shame that thus thy friend should fall a toy  
To Trojan dogs. Reproach shall come on thee  
If the chief's body be brought outraged here.”

Achilles, brave and fleet, thus answ'ring spake:  
“Celestial Iris, who among the gods  
Hath sent thee forth to bring the word to me?”

And Iris, courier of the wind-swift feet,  
Made answer: “Hera sent me, the far-famed  
Consort of Zeus. The son of Chronus, throned  
High in the heav'ns, knows naught of it, nor yet  
Doth any other of th' immortal throng  
That dwell upon Olympus' snowy steep.”

Achilles, the swift-footed, made reply:  
“How then shall I go forth amid the toil  
Of warriors, seeing that my mail hath passed  
To foemen's hands? My mother too forbade  
• That I should arm myself until mine eyes  
Greet her returning; for she was to bring,—

She promised thus,— a splendid suit of arms  
From great Hephæstus. Other know I none  
Whose armor I might wear, except the shield  
Of Telamonian Ajax. But, I think,  
He also, in the vanguard of the fray,  
Fights spear in hand where slain Patroclus lies.”

Fleet-footed as the zephyr, Iris spake  
In answer: “ Ay, we too are well aware  
They have thy splendid arms. Then only go  
Forth to the trench;— reveal thyself to Troy;  
For thus, perchance, the Trojans, terrified,  
May shun th’ encounter, and the hero-sons  
Of Greece find respite, who are now outworn,  
Though short the breathing-space amid the strife.”

Thus having said, fleet Iris went again  
Her way. Achilles, heav’n-beloved, upsprang,  
Whilst round his massive shoulders Pallas hung  
The tasseled ægis; and she wreathed his brow —  
She, the divine ’mong goddesses — with clouds  
Of gold, enkindling there resplendent flame.  
As rising to the heav’ns the smoke is seen  
From out some island city, far away,  
Hemmed round by foes assailing; there the foes  
Contend the day long, sallying from their walls,  
In desp’rate strife; but with the sinking sun  
Thick burn the signal-fires whose blazing light  
Leaps high in heav’n, that nations that dwell nigh  
May see, and hasten in their ships to save  
From ruin; from Achilles’ head so now  
The burning brilliance blazed into the sky.

Advancing from the wall, he took his stand  
Beside the trench, nor mingled with the throng  
Of Argives — rev'rencing the wise behest  
His mother gave him. Standing there, he raised  
A shout; whilst also Pallas cried aloud,  
Standing apart; she roused in Trojan breasts  
Unutt'able confusion. Clear as rings  
A trumpet blast when some relentless host  
Of foes encompasseth a city's walls,  
So rang the clear voice of Æacides.  
When thus they heard Achilles' brazen tones,  
The souls of all were stirred; the fair-maned steeds  
Swung the cars backward, auguring in their hearts  
Disaster. Terror seized the charioteers,  
When thus they saw the fierce and quenchless fire  
Flame o'er the brow of Peleus' great-souled  
child —

The glow enkindled by the heav'nly hand  
Of bright-eyed Pallas. Thrice the noble chief  
Sent forth across the moat his echoing call;  
And thrice the Trojans and their famed allies  
Were panic-filled. Twelve bravest warriors now  
Fell slain among their chariots and their spears;  
And eagerly the sons of Argos drew  
Patroclus' corse beyond the reach of shafts,  
And laid him on a bier, while sorrowing round  
His loving comrades stood. Among them fleet  
Achilles followed, letting fall hot tears,  
When there saw he his trusty follower lie  
Upon the litter, by keen-whetted darts



All torn. He sent him forth with cars and steeds  
To combat, yet he ne'er again might greet  
His friend returning. Hera the large-eyed,  
The queen of heav'n, despatched th' untiring sun  
Unwilling to the Ocean's streams; and thus  
The sun sank, and the valiant Greeks withdrew  
From the fierce turmoil of th' impartial fray.

On their own part the host of Ilium paused  
From desp'rate fight; — unyoked the flying steeds  
From off the cars, and, ere the evening meal  
Was thought of, came in concourse to the place  
Of meeting. Standing still erect they held  
Their council; none dared sit, for trembling fear  
Thrilled every heart, since suddenly appeared  
Achilles, he who had abstained so long  
From the dread strife. Discreet Polydamas,  
The son of Panthoüs, was the first to speak;  
For he alone saw future things and past  
Alike, and he was Hector's friend; one night  
Saw both their births, the one præminent  
In argument, the other with the spear.  
With friendly words and prudent, thus he spake: —

“ Consider well the matter, friends; for I  
Would counsel thus — that ye at once retire  
Upon the town, nor loiter on the plain,  
Waiting the sacred day beside the fleet;  
For we are far beyond our walls. So long  
As this man harbored wrath against his chief,  
The godlike Agamemnon, the Greek knights  
Were easier far to cope with in the fray;

And glad was I at nightfall, slumb'ring near  
The speedy barks, and hoped we soon might gain  
Their shapely hulls. But greatly now I dread  
This swift Pelides. Never sooth, will he  
Content himself,— so swollen is his heart  
With overweening insolence,— to bide  
Upon the plain, 'twixt city-walls and barks,  
Where now the hosts of Greece and Ilium share  
The fury of the field; but he will fight  
To win our citadel and wives. Take heed,  
And let us seek our city; this must be  
The outcome. Now hath fall'n the ambrosial dark  
To check Pelides; but if he shall come  
Forth on the morrow, armed, and find us here,  
Well some of us shall mark him; all who make  
Escape shall reach our sacred walls with joy,  
Whilst dogs and vultures feast on many a brave  
Of Ilium. Would these things may come to pass  
Far from mine ears! Yet if ye care to heed  
This my advice, though mourning, we will keep  
Our armèd strength collected through the night,  
There in the market; while meantime the tow'rs,  
And the high gates, and folding doors fixed fast  
Within them, long and polished, well shall shield  
The city. Then at earliest break of day  
We will accoutre us in mail and stand  
Upon the battlements. A toilsome task  
'Twill prove for him, if he shall dare forsake  
His ships to give us battle round the walls.  
For when his steeds of arching necks are worn

With roving fruitlessly to every hand  
Beneath the bulwarks, he must needs retire  
Upon his vessels; never shall his heart  
Venture to press within; he ne'er shall spoil  
Our Troy, but first shall be the swift dogs' food."

Then crested Hector, frowning darkly, spake:  
" Polydamas, thy words no longer meet  
With my approval, in advising thus  
That we retreat and crowd within the walls.  
Art thou not sated yet of being hemmed  
Within the tow'rs? In speech of men of old  
Was Priam's town reputed everywhere  
As rich in wealth of gold and brass; but now  
Vanished is all our mass of glorious store  
From our own homes, and much by sale hath passed  
To Phrygia and Mæonia's lovely land,  
Since mighty Zeus was wroth with us. And now,  
When crafty Chronus' son hath giv'n that I  
May gain great triumph by the ships, and force  
Th' Achæan army back upon the main,  
Insensate! vent no more such thoughts as these  
Among the people. Not a man of Troy —  
I will forbid them — shall comply with thee.  
Come, then, let every one of us obey  
My words. Share now your eventide repast  
In companies throughout the camp; take heed  
To station sentries, yet let each one keep  
His vigil; and whatever Trojan man  
Is burdened with excess of treasure here,  
Let him collect and give it to the host

To be consumed by all — for better we  
Should have it than th' Achæans! Then when  
dawn

Hath broken, we will don our mail and seek  
The hollow barks to wake the furious strife.  
If great Achilles hath indeed appeared  
Beside the ships, the worse for him if he  
Shall dare essay it! Never will I fly  
Before him from the clamorous fight, but stand  
Boldly to face him — whether he shall prove  
Victorious o'er me in this match of might  
Or I o'er him. Impartial is the hand  
Of Enyalius, god of strife, and oft,  
E'en as he slayeth, lays the conqu'ror low."

Thus Hector ended; Troy's applauding host  
Loud shouted. Ah, deluded! Pallas stole  
Their reasoning sense; they praised what Hector  
spake,—

A plan disastrous; but Polydamas,  
Although he counselled well, not one would heed.  
And so the warriors shared their evening meal  
Throughout the camp. Meanwhile the Greeks all  
night

With groans bewailed the lost. Pelides led  
The others in incessant moans, his frame  
Shaken with sobs continually, and laid  
Upon his comrade's breast his man-slaying hands.  
As some strong-bearded lion mourns whose whelps  
A hunter of the deer hath snatched away  
From the deep forest; afterwards doth he

Return; his heart is anguished, and he roves  
Through many a winding valley, scenting out  
The huntsman's steps, in hope to find their trace,  
For furious is his wrath; so mourned the chief,  
And to his Myrmidons, deep sighing, spake: —

“ Alas, they were but barren words that fled  
My lips, that day I spake unto the brave  
Mencæus, in his hall, to hearten him,  
That I would bring his glorious son once more  
To Opus, after he had pillaged Troy  
And gleaned due measure of her spoil. But Zeus  
Fulfils not all men's purposes; for fate  
Destined us both to redden the same soil  
Here within Troy — since never now shall I,  
Returning home, be greeted in his hall  
By aged Peleus, scourger of the steeds;  
Nor by my mother Thetis; the earth here  
Shall close above my body. Therefore, since,  
Patroclus, after thee myself must pass  
Beneath the earth, I will not bury thee  
With thine appropriate honors till I bring  
To this same spot the head and suit of arms  
Of Hector, thy great slay'r; and in my wrath  
O'er this thy fall will I decapitate  
Before thy pyre twice six illustrious sons  
Of Trojans. Tranquil thou meantime shalt rest  
Here by my beakèd barks, whilst wives of Troy  
And Dardan dames, deep-bosomed, round thee weep  
Throughout the nights and days, and shed their  
tears; —

The women we took captive through our might  
And our long spears, what time we gave to spoil  
The wealthy cities of man's brief-lived race."

Thus having ended, great Achilles gave  
His men command to set upon the fire  
An ample tripod, thus with utmost haste  
To lave away Patroclus' clotted gore.  
And soon they placed above the blazing flame  
The caldron for the bath, and into it  
Poured water, and put fagots underneath  
And kindled them. The flame, enveloping  
The belly of the caldron, brought to heat  
Its contents. When the water boiled within  
The gleaming brazen vessel, next they bathed  
And rubbed with olive oil the warrior's frame,  
And filled his wounds with ointment nine years old,  
And placed him on a bier, and shrouded him  
In linen, smooth and fine, from head to foot,  
And over this a snowy mantle spread.

Then all that night the Myrmidonian host,  
Led by Achilles, fleet of foot, shed tears  
For their Patroclus. Unto Hera now,  
His sister both and consort, Zeus thus spake: —

"So then, O sov'reign Hera of soft eyes,  
This that thou sought'st is now fulfilled at last,  
In rousing swift Achilles! Sure, the Greeks  
Of locks unshorn were born of none but thee."

The large-eyed queen of heav'n thus answer'ing  
spake:

"Chronides, most unjust, what words are these?"

For even mortal men may consummate  
Their plans 'gainst other men, although their kind  
Be prone to death, and though of such designs  
As mine they have no knowledge. Then should I,  
Who claim preëminence amid the train  
Of goddesses, by right of birth and race,  
And for that I am called thy consort — thine,  
Who holdest sway o'er all the gods — be barred  
From framing woes for Troy, when roused to  
rage? ”

So held they converse each with each. Meantime  
The goddess Thetis, silv'ry-footed, sped  
To the imperishable, starry hall  
Where dwelt Hephæstus. 'Twas a mansion famed  
Among th' immortals — bronze-wrought by the hand  
Of the crook-footed god. Himself she found  
All bathed in sweat, and bustling to and fro  
Before his bellows; forging there a score  
Of tripods to be placed about the walls  
Of his firm-founded palace; and beneath  
The base of each the god set golden wheels,  
That thus the vessels self-impelled might roll  
Among the gathered gods, and back anon,—  
Marvel to witness,— to Hephæstus's hall.  
So far they were completed; but the ears  
Of curious workmanship as yet had not  
Been added, and he now was fitting these,  
And cutting rivets. As he labored thus  
With cunning skill, the queen of silv'ry feet,  
Thetis, approached. Fair Charis, at her sight,—

She of the shining headband, wedded wife  
Of the famed ambidextrous craftsman, came  
Forth to bid welcome, clasped her by the hand,  
Clung to it fast, and named her name and spake:

“Why com'st thou, long-robéd Thetis, whom we  
love

As well as hold in rev'rence, to our hall?  
It hath not been thy custom in days past  
To resort hither. Follow me, that soon  
The meed of guest-friends may be offered thee.”

So spake the queen of goddesses, and led  
Thetis within, and placed her on a throne  
Studded with silver bosses, cunning-wrought  
And fair, with foot-rest underneath, and called  
Unto the famed artificer, her lord:

“Come hither now, Hephæstus; Thetis fain  
Would make request of thee;” and, answ'ring, thus  
The renowned ambidextrous craftsman spake:

“Then, sooth, a deity revered and dread  
Hath come within my doors, who rescued me  
When, fall'n from far, I suffered by the will  
Of her, my shameless mother, who desired,  
Because I limped, to hide me. Then had I  
Suffered great woes, had Thetis not received  
Me to her bosom, and Eurynomè,  
She, daughter of the Ocean-stream, whose tide  
Returneth to itself. For nine years' space  
Dwelt I with them, and forged my bronze, and  
wrought

Full many curious devices — clasps,



Necklaces, ear-rings, armlets spiral-coiled,  
Within a hollow grot, whilst all around  
Roared the great Ocean-stream, whose foam-flecked  
flow

Rolled on in mighty volume. No one knew —  
None among the gods or mortal humankind —  
Save only Thetis and Eurynomè,  
Who were my rescuers. Therefore must I now  
Pay all I owe for saving me alive  
To fair-tressed Thetis. Set before her now  
Fair tokens of guest-friendship, whilst I put  
My bellows and my craftsman's tools away."

As thus he spake, the dreaded giant rose  
From off his anvil-block, his puny limbs  
Beneath him moving nimbly. He withdrew  
The bellows from the flame, collecting all  
The tools he wrought with in a silver chest;  
And wiping with moist sponge his brow, both hands,  
His huge thick neck and shaggy bosom, donned  
His tunic; then he seized his pond'rous staff,  
And hobbled forth. About their master sped  
His gold-created handmaids, they that seemed  
Like living damsels. In their nature dwells  
Intelligence, and strength, and pow'r of speech,  
And knowledge have they gained of useful arts  
From gods immortal. By their master's side  
Panting they moved, while painfully he came  
Close to where Thetis sat upon the throne  
Of gleam resplendent, clasped her by the hand,  
And calling her familiarly, thus spake:

“ Why com'st thou, long-robed Thetis, whom alike  
We love and hold in reverence, to our hall?  
It hath not been thy habit in days past  
To seek us oft. Speak forth thy thoughts; my  
heart

Bids me fulfil thy wish if I have pow'r  
To grant it,— if it can be compassed so.”

And spake in answer Thetis, shedding tears:  
“ Hephæstus, which of all the goddesses  
Throned on Olympus hath endured at heart  
Sorrows so deep as those with which the son  
Of Chronus, even Zeus, hath visited me  
More than all others? From the Nereïd race  
That in the sea-depths dwell he singled me  
For wedlock with a mortal, Peleus, son  
Of Æacus, and I endured the couch  
Of a mere man, though all against my will;  
And now he lies, oppressed with mournful age,  
There in his palace. Other cares beside  
Are now my portion. Unto me he gave  
The birth and nurture of a son,— a son  
Preëminent 'mong chiefs; he grew apace  
Like a young shoot; and having cherished him  
Like tended plant on sloping orchard's side,  
I sent him forth to Ilium with curved barks  
To battle with the Trojans — ne'er again  
To greet my child, returning to the hall  
Of Peleus. Whilst he lives and sees the light,  
Woe only is his lot. I go to aid  
My son, yet all in vain. The damsel whom

The sons of Argos gave him as his share,  
From his embrace was wrested by the king,  
By Agamemnon. He consumed his soul  
With sorrow for her loss, whilst they of Troy  
Crowded the Argives back upon their barks,  
Nor suffered them to issue forth. At last  
The elders of the Greeks besought my child,  
And mentioned many glorious gifts. Although  
For his own part he would not go to save  
The Greeks distressed, he sent Patroclus, armed  
In his own mail, to combat, and bestowed  
A numerous escort. All day raged the fight  
Beside the Scæan gate; they would have sacked  
The town that very day, had Phœbus not  
Slain in the van brave Menœtiades  
After great havoc wrought by him, and giv'n  
Glory to Hector. Therefore now come I  
To clasp thy knees and pray that thou wilt deign  
To grant my short-lived son a shield and casque,  
And greaves of beauteous fashion, set with clasps,  
And last a corselet; that which once was his  
His trusty comrade lost, the hour he fell  
Slain by the Trojans. Now Achilles lies  
Upon the ground and grieves his soul away."

The far-famed Ambidexter made reply:  
"Courage! let not these things oppress thy heart;  
Would that I but possessed the power to save  
Thy son from death amid the noisy fray  
When comes his fatal hour, as certainly  
As he shall have a suit of glorious mail,

That countless hosts shall see with marv'ling eyes."

So spake the god; then, leaving Thetis, went  
To seek his bellows, turned them toward the fire  
And bade them be at work. And now within  
The smelting-pits there blew th' entire score  
Of bellows, venting many a scorching blast,  
So as sometimes to aid him as he toiled  
With busy haste, and presently again  
Subsiding, as th' artificer might choose  
And as the task was finished. Now he threw  
Unyielding bronze and tin upon the flame,  
Gold of great price, and silver; setting then  
The massive anvil on its block, he seized  
The heavy mallet in one hand and grasped  
The fire-tongs with the other.

First he forged  
A buckler, huge and strong, all carven o'er  
With ornaments, and edged it with a rim  
Of threefold lay'rs all glitt'ring bright; and slung  
Outside a silver baldric. Five folds had  
The shield; and on its face the craftsman wrought  
Full many a strange device with cunning art.

He fashioned there the heav'n, the earth, the sea,  
Th' untiring sun, the full-orbed moon, and all  
The constellations which about the sky  
Have wreathed their coronal — the Pleiades,  
The Hyades, Orion, proud and strong,  
As well the Bear, that sign which others call  
The Wain, which ever there revolving keeps

Close watch upon Orion, and alone  
Is never wont to bathe in Ocean's flow.

There he set two fair cities of our race  
Of mortals. Marriages in one were seen,  
And festal banquets; and the youthful brides  
Were led from out their chambers in the light  
Of glowing torches through the ways, to sound  
Of many a marriage-chant, whilst round them  
whirled

The youthful dancers, and the flutes and lyres  
Were heard incessantly. The matrons stood  
Each at her portal wond'ring. Meantime thronged  
The people to the mart, where rose a strife,—  
Two in contention o'er the forfeit claimed  
For a man slain; one vowed that he had paid  
Th' entire sum, and sought to prove it so  
Before the people, whilst his foe denied  
Having had aught of it; and eagerly  
Both called on the tribunal to proclaim  
The sentence; while the host applauded each,  
Espousing either cause. The heralds kept  
The crowd at bay; the elders of the host  
Now took their places on the polished stones,  
In sacred ring, and holding in their hands  
The loud-voiced heralds' sceptres. Wielding these,  
Uprising, they pronounced successively  
Their sentences. Among the judges lay  
Two golden talents to be giv'n to him  
Who should speak soundest justice 'mong them all.

Around the other city sate encamped

Two hosts in glitt'ring mail, resolved on two  
Alternatives: they either would destroy  
The city utterly, or else divide  
Its spoil amongst them — all the wealth contained  
Within the lovely town. The citizens,  
Not yet consenting, armed for ambuscade;  
While at the walls, defending, stood loved wives  
And tender infants — men beside, whom age  
Weakened. On went the younger warriors, led  
By Ares and by Pallas, golden both  
And garbed in golden vesture,— tall and fair,  
And armed, like gods — conspicuously seen  
Among the rest, their followers showing small  
Beside them. Soon as they arrived where seemed  
A fitting place for ambush, by a stream  
Where all the flocks found drink, they sate them  
down,  
Clad in their shimm'ring brazen mail. Two scouts,  
Leaving the others, took their seats aside  
Watching till they should see approach the sheep  
And bent-horned cattle. Soon to view they came,  
Two herdsmen following, that diversion found  
In music of the pipe, and little dreamed  
Of stratagem. The foe beheld, and sprang  
Upon them; speedily they cut apart  
The kine-herds and fair flocks of snowy sheep,  
And slew their shepherds. When th' assailing host,  
Seated in gathered council, heard the sound  
Of the great uproar 'mong the kine, they leaped  
Upon their prancing coursers and gave chase,

And quickly overtook them. There beside  
The river's bank, in ordered files, the foes  
Gave battle, letting fly their bronze-tipped spears  
Man against man. Amid the throng were seen  
Discord, Confusion, and destructive Fate,  
That held within her grasp one still alive  
And newly wounded, and another yet  
Unwounded, and was dragging by the feet  
Through the tumultuous fight a third man slain.  
The vestments o'er her shoulders were red-dyed  
With human blood. The warriors moved in throngs  
Like living mortals, combated and dragged  
Away the fallen men of either host.

And there he carved a broad and fertile plain  
Of soft new-fallow loam, thrice-turned, wherein  
Numerous ploughmen wheeled and drave their pairs  
Of oxen to and fro. When, having turned,  
They reached the limit of the field, there came  
A man to meet them, bearing in his hand  
A chalice filled with honeyed wine, and gave;  
Then turned they to their furrows, prompt to gain  
The deep-ploughed fallow's bound. The glebe lay  
dark

Behind them, and though wrought of gold it seemed  
Like soil new-tilled — a work of wondrous art.

And there he wrought a royal meadow deep  
In grain, where with keen sickles wielded fast  
The reapers made their harvest; severed fell  
The handfuls; here they dropt to earth and lay

Along the swath; there binders with straw bands  
Made others fast. Three men, to bind the sheaves,  
Followed the reapers; boys behind them seized  
The scattered handfuls, brought them in their arms  
And busily supplied them. By the side  
Of the mown swath, with sceptre in his hand,  
The monarch stood in silence, glad at heart.  
At distance, heralds 'neath an oak prepared  
A banquet, busied with the sacrifice  
Of a huge bullock; whilst the women strewed  
Heaps of white barley for the reapers' food.

There too he set a vineyard large and fair,  
Chiseled of gold, whose vines were burdened low  
With fruitage. Dark of hue the clusters hung,  
And planted was the soil throughout with poles  
Of silver. Round it all the craftsman limned  
A steel-blue trench, and round it too a hedge  
Fashioned of tin. A single pathway led  
Up to the spot by which the vintagers  
Passed when they culled their harvest. Gladsome  
youths

And maidens bore the luscious fruit away  
In plaited baskets. In their midst a lad  
On his clear lyre entuned a melody  
That tranced the spirit, chanting to its strains  
With delicate voice the lovely Linus-lay.  
The hearers beat in unison the ground,  
Treading the measure with swift-tripping feet  
And jubilant acclaim and merry song.



And there th' artificer designed a herd  
Of straight-horned kine. Of gold and tin were  
wrought

The beasts, and lowing from the farm-yard sped  
Down to their pasture by the plashing stream  
Where waved the reedy thickets. With the kine  
Four golden shepherds went, and following came  
Thrice three swift-footed dogs. Two lions clutched  
A bellowing bullock in the foremost line  
Of cattle; fierce their aspect. Moaning loud,  
The bull was dragged away; the yeomanry  
And dogs gave chase. The wild beasts rent the hide  
From the great bull, and drank the entrails down  
With the dark blood. The herdsmen urged in vain  
Their fleet dogs at the enemy; they shrank  
From biting at the lions, but stood still  
Nigh them and bayed aloud, yet shunned their rage.

Next in a lovely glen the craftsman shaped  
A spacious pasture filled with snowy sheep  
With many a cote and covered lodge and folds.

Now cunningly Hephæstus carved a place  
For dancing, such as in the days of yore  
In spacious Cnosus Dædalus had wrought  
For fair-tressed Ariadne. Youths unwed  
And marriageable maidens danced and clasped  
Each other's wrists. The maids wore vesture spun  
Of delicate linen, while the youths had donned  
Well woven tunics glist'ning with soft sheen  
Of olive-oil. The maids wore chaplets fair;  
Their partners, daggers forged of gold and hung

From silver baldrics. Now, with practiced feet,  
Nimble they ran in circle, e'en as whirls  
A potter's wheel, well-fitted to the hands,  
That seated at his bench the craftsman spins  
To test its running true; and then again,  
Passing each other, they resumed their place  
In file. Around th' entrancing scene a crowd,  
Vast and delighted, stood; among the rest  
The sacred minstrel chanting to the sounds  
Struck from his lyre. Two tumblers, as the strain  
Began, whirled round among th' assembled throng.

And finally about the outer rim  
Of that firm-fashioned buckler, did he wind  
In its resistless force the Ocean's flow.

Thus having forged that huge strong shield, the  
god

Framed a cuirass far brighter than the gleam  
Of firelight, adding too a pond'rous casque,  
Fitting the temples, carven with rare skill  
And fair, and topped it with a golden plume;  
And greaves of pliant tin he added last.

When now th' artificer had finished all  
The panoply, he raised and laid it down  
Before Achilles' mother; and as darts  
A falcon, from snow-crowned Olympus so  
Darted the goddess, bringing to her son  
The glitt'ring armor from Hephæstus' hand.



## BOOK XIX

### THE RENUNCIATION OF THE WRATH

Thetis brings the armor wrought by Hephæstus to her son Achilles, who receives it with delight. At Achilles' request she preserves Patroclus' body from decay. Achilles, calling a council of all the Greeks, renounces his wrath against Agamemnon and promises him his aid against the Trojans. The king, replying, blames for their quarrel the goddess Atë, narrating the deception of Zeus by Atë and Hera in the matter of the birthright of Heracles. Odysseus proposes that the people take food; that the king's gifts be brought forth; that Agamemnon shall take oath that he has not violated Briseïs, and shall regale Achilles with a banquet: to which he agrees. Achilles declines to feast with the others. The gifts are brought from the tent of Agamemnon who takes the prescribed oath, sacrificing a boar in confirmation; he returns Briseïs to Achilles, who accepts the gifts. The assembly having been dissolved, Briseïs and Achilles lament for Patroclus; Achilles sorrows for his father and for his son Neoptolemus. Zeus bids Athena bring refreshment to Achilles, which she does in the guise of a harpy. The Greeks are ordered forth to battle; Achilles puts on his new armor; his chariot is yoked. He charges his steeds to bring back their master from the field alive. One of them, Xanthus, replies, foretelling Achilles' impending death.



## BOOK XIX

WHEN now the saffon-mantled morn arose  
From 'mid the streams of Ocean, to bring  
light

To deathless gods and mortals, Thetis bore  
The heav'nly treasures to the fleet. She found  
Her loved son lying wrapt about the slain  
Patroclus, moaning piteously, while round  
Stood many a comrade sorrowing. She, divine  
Of goddesses, beside them standing, clasped  
His hand and held it, called his name and spake:

"Son, we must leave thy comrade lying here,  
Though keen our anguish, since 'twas by decree  
Of heav'n he perished. But receive thou now  
This glorious armor from Hephæstus, fair  
As never warrior on his shoulders bore."

So spake the goddess, and laid down the mail  
Before Achilles; every wondrous part  
Rang as it fell. On all the Myrmidons  
Came terror; none dared lift his eyes; all fled  
Trembling. But he, Achilles, as he looked  
Upon it, felt his spirit newly thrill  
With passion; and beneath their lids his eyes  
Flashed fierce as gleams the lightning. In his hands  
He took the glorious heav'nly gifts and gazed  
On them with rapture. When at length his heart  
Was sated with delight in viewing all

The strange devices carven on the arms,  
Thus to his mother in winged words he spake:

“O mother mine, the deity hath here  
Provided me with armor fit to be  
The work of hands undying — not achieved  
By a mere mortal. Now will I array  
Myself in arms; yet greatly do I fear  
That meanwhile, through the wounds where lances  
tore

The gallant Menœtiades, the flies  
May enter, breeding worms, and may defile  
The body, and may cause th’ entire flesh  
To grow corrupted, since the life is sped.”

Then goddess Thetis of the silv’ry feet  
Thus spake in answer: “Son, let not thy heart  
Be weighed with cares like these; for I will strive  
To banish those fierce hordes, the flies, that feast  
On warriors felled in fight. Should he lie there  
For a full year, his flesh shall ever be  
Firm as ’tis now, or firmer. Summon now  
The chiefs of Greece to council, and give o’er  
Thy wrath ’gainst Agamemnon, whom the host  
Owns as its shepherd. Arm thee then with speed  
For battle; clothe thyself in all thy might.”

So Thetis spake, implanting in his heart  
Courageous strength; and presently instilled  
Ambrosia in the nostrils of the slain,  
And ruddy-tinted nectar also, thus  
To keep the warrior’s body free from spoil.

Meantime along the strand of ocean passed

Godlike Achilles, and with loud fierce call  
Roused the Greek chiefs to battle. E'en the men  
Who in days past had tarried constantly  
Beside th' assembled fleet,— the helmsmen, they  
That held the vessels' rudders and remained  
Hard by the barks, and stewards that dispensed  
Supplies — these also sped to bear their part  
In council; since he now appeared at last,  
Achilles, who had held aloof so long  
From the fell strife. With halting steps there came  
Two followers of the war-god — Tydeus' son,  
The steadfast in encounter, and divine  
Odysseus, leaning both upon their spears,  
For still their wounds were sore; and took their  
place

Upon the foremost seats in council. Last  
Of all the monarch Agamemnon came,  
Bearing a wound; for in the furious fray  
Coön, Antenor's son, with bronze-tipped lance  
Had pierced him. When th' Achæans now were all  
Gathered, the swift Achilles rose and spake:

“ Surely, Atrides, had this outcome proved  
Better for both, for thee and me,— when, torn  
With passion, we in heart-consuming strife  
Contended for a maiden. Would the shaft  
Of Artemis had slain her on the fleet  
That day I captured her, and gave to spoil  
Lyrnessus' walls! So great a multitude  
Of our Achæans had not bitten then  
The dust of the vast earth beneath the hands



Of enemies, whilst from the rest apart  
I nursed mine anger. Gainful hath it proved  
For Hector and his Trojans; but the Greeks,  
I ween, will long remember this same strife  
'Twixt thee and me. Howbeit, though our hearts  
Be heavy, we will let the past be past,  
And curb the spirit in our breasts, as need  
Compels us. Now I end my wrath; for rage,  
Endless and obstinate, ill becomes me. Call  
The long-haired Argives quickly to the field;  
Whilst I go forth to put to proof once more  
The Trojans, if indeed they fain would sleep  
Beside our galleys; but the man, methinks,  
Shall gladly bend his limbs to rest, who 'scapes  
Before my jav'lin from the murd'rous fight."

So spake he, and the greaved Achæan host  
Rejoiced at hearing Peleus' great-souled child  
Give o'er his wrath; and Agamemnon now,  
Monarch of men, addressed them from his place,  
And without rising 'mid the assembled throng:

" Friends, Ares' followers, heroes of the Greeks,  
'Tis well to hearken to the man who stands  
Forth to address you — not to mar his speech  
With interruption; — difficult the task  
For e'en the skilful orator. But how  
Can any either speak or hear among  
Uproarious cries? the clearest-voiced is all  
Embarrassed then. Now this do I proclaim  
To Peleus' son; and do ye other Greeks  
Give heed; let every one of you mark well

The words I utter. Often have the Greeks  
Spoken to me of this, and blamed me; yet  
'Tis not I who am culpable, but Zeus,  
And Fate, and last Erinnys, she that roves  
In darkness. In the gathered council these  
Implanted in my heart insensate rage  
That day I took away with mine own hand  
Achilles' prize. What could I do? A pow'r  
Divine fulfilleth all things — even she,  
Zeus' potent daughter Atè, who deceives  
All men with baleful purpose — she whose feet  
Tread softly; ne'er to earth doth she descend,  
But walks above the heads of men to harm  
Our race; and so hath she now fettered fast  
One or the other. Even she beguiled  
Zeus in days past — Zeus, called the All-Supreme  
Of gods and mortals both. E'en he was led  
By crafty Hera's woman-wiles astray,  
What time Alcmena was about to bear  
The mighty Heracles within the walls  
Of Thebes the nobly-circled; and among  
Th' assembled gods our Father boasting spake:

“ ‘Attend now, all ye gods and goddesses,  
And let me voice the dictates of my heart.  
This selfsame day shall Ilithyia, she  
That ruleth over pangs of travail, bring  
Forth to the light a man who shall be chief  
Of all the neighboring nations — one of those  
Who from my lineage and my blood descend.’

“And queenly Hera craftily returned: —

“ ‘Thou wilt deceive thyself, and unfulfilled  
Thy prophecy shall prove. Come, swear to me  
A mighty oath, Olympian, that the babe  
That on this day shall fall betwixt the feet  
Of any woman, being of the race  
Of men whose lineage and whose blood is thine,  
Shall rule all neighboring nations as their king.’

“ Thus said she; Zeus, perceiving not her wiles,  
Swore a great oath, yet later was aware  
How he had been deluded. Hera sped  
Adown th’ Olympian peak, and straightway came  
Unto Achæan Argos, knowing there  
The noble wife of Sthenelus of the line  
Of Perseus. In her womb the mother bore  
A son — ’twas now the seventh month; and him  
Did Hera bring untimely forth to day,  
And stayed Alcmena’s travail, and delayed  
The time of her deliv’rance; then she bore  
The message unto Chronus’ son and spake: —

“ ‘Zeus, sire of gleaming bolts of flame, I bear  
A word to plant within thy heart. To-day  
A noble man is born, who is to rule  
Over the Argives; e’en Eurystheus, child  
Of Perseus’ scion Sthenelus — thine own  
Descendant; not unworthy to be chief  
Of Argos’ race.’ She spake, and smote his soul  
With poignant sorrow. Straightway, filled with  
rage,

Our sire seized Atè by her hair that hung  
In shining tresses, swearing a great oath

That nevermore should Atè, who beguiles  
All creatures, visit the Olympian steep  
And starry heav'n. He spake, and with his hand  
Whirled her about, and hurled her from the sky  
Studded with stars; and quickly thus she passed  
'Mong mortal scenes. Yet ever he bemoaned  
The sin of Atè when he saw his child  
Toil with unseemly labor at the tasks  
Laid on him by Eurystheus. Nor could I,  
When Hector the bright-helmed hewed down the  
braves

Of Argos by their galleys' sterns, forget  
The snare of folly into which I fell  
At the beginning. Since I erred, and since  
Zeus reft me of my senses, 'tis my wish  
To reconcile thee and to proffer thee  
Boundless requital. Rouse thee to the fray;  
And rouse the others. Here will I bestow  
All of the gifts which yesterday divine  
Odysseus promised thee, the hour he came  
Within thy lodge. But if thou wilt, abide,  
Though keen thine ardor for the fray; meanwhile  
Shall mine attendants gather from my bark  
And bring to thee the gifts, that thou mayst know  
I will yield satisfying wealth to thee."

Achilles fleet of foot thus answ'ring spake:  
"Illustrious Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Thou ruler over nations! then provide  
The gifts, if thou desire, as may be meet,  
Or keep them; for it rests with thee. But now

Let all our thoughts be bent with utmost speed  
On battle; for no season for fine speech  
Or dallying have we here; a mighty task  
Is unaccomplished still. E'en as ye see  
Once more Achilles in the van lay low  
The phalanxes of Troy, with brazen darts,  
So likewise let each man of you take heed  
Thus to assail his foemen in the fray."

And next Odysseus, many-counselled, thus  
In turn rejoined: "Nay, do not, godlike chief,  
Brave, as thou art, Achilles! order forth  
The Argives, fasting yet, to Ilium's wall,  
To smite the Trojans; no brief while shall last  
The deadly strife when once the serried files  
Encounter, and when into either host  
The god breathes passion. Bid the Greeks partake  
By their swift barks of food and wine; these yield  
Courage and strength. For no man can sustain  
The livelong day a struggle with the foe  
Till sunset without food; for though his soul  
Burn for the battle, imperceptibly  
His limbs are spent with weariness, and thirst  
And hunger come upon him; as he goes,  
His knees are fettered. But the man who takes  
His fill of food and wine before he fights  
The foe all day, hath in his breast a heart  
Full of good cheer, nor feels his limbs to fail  
Till all give o'er the conflict. Quickly then  
Disperse the host; command that they prepare  
Their mid-day meal; and let the king of men,

E'en Agamemnon, bring the off'rings here  
Amid th' assembled throng, that all the Greeks  
With their own eyes may see, and thine own heart  
Be melted. Let him likewise rise and swear  
Before the Greeks that he did ne'er ascend  
That maiden's couch, nor claimed of her the meed  
Of passion, as the manner is, O King,  
Of men and women; let thy spirit too  
Be reconciled; and let him afterwards  
Content thee in his lodge with rich repast,  
That thou lack nothing of thy due. And thou,  
O son of Atreus, shalt hereafter deal  
More righteously with others; 'tis no shame  
For ev'n a monarch to propitiate one  
Who first has fall'n a victim to his rage."

Then lordly Agamemnon thus replied:  
"Son of Laërtes, glad am I to hear  
Thy words; for thou hast seasonably told  
And gone through all the tale. I do consent  
To take this oath; so likewise doth my heart  
Enjoin me; neither in th' immortals' sight  
Shall I swear falsely. Let Achilles bide  
Here in the meantime, eager though he be  
For war; and do ye others all remain  
Assembled till the gifts shall have arrived  
From out my tent and till we can conclude  
Our truce with trusty pledges. Thus do I  
Command thee,—lay upon thee this behest:  
From all the Panachæans cull the youths  
Of noblest birth to fetch from out my bark

The off'rings which we promised to the chief  
Yesterday. Bid them bring the maids beside;  
And quickly bid Talthybius to prepare  
In the wide Argive camp a boar for me  
To slay to Zeus and to the god of light."

Achilles, the fleet-footed, answ'ring spake:  
"Atrides Agamemnon, mighty king  
Of nations, ye would better undertake  
Another time such labors, when arrives  
Some respite from the conflict,— when my breast  
Is less inflamed with fury. On the field  
Lie clov'n asunder now the victims slain  
By Hector, Priam's son, when Zeus bestowed  
Triumph upon him. Yet ye now advise  
That we betake ourselves to food. Now I  
For my part would enjoin the Greeks to fight  
Fasting, nor tasting food, and when the sun  
Sinks to its setting, when we have avenged  
The insult offered, bid them then prepare  
An ample banquet; but until that hour  
Arriveth, neither food nor drink must pass  
My throat, when fallen is my friend, who lies  
Within my tent, by cruel spear-thrusts torn,  
Facing the portal, whilst around him stand  
His mourning comrades. Therefore little care  
Have I for things like these — for naught but blood  
And slaughter, and the warriors' laboring sighs."

Odysseus then, the many-counselled chief,  
Made answer: "O Achilles, Peleus' son,  
Far mightiest of th' Achæans! thou hast strength

Greater than mine, nor slightly dost surpass  
Myself in spearman's prowess; yet I claim  
Far to excel thee in discerning pow'r  
Of thought, since I am elder-born and more  
Experienced than thou. Submit thy heart  
To these my words. Full quickly is our race  
Sated with carnage, when the brazen brand  
O'erstrews the earth with heaps of severed stems;  
Yet scantiest the harvest proves, when Zeus  
Inclines the balances — dispenser he  
Of mortal conflict. 'Tis impossible  
That the Greek host should fast to mourn the slain;  
For every day in quick succession fall  
The combatants. What respite could one breathe  
From toil, if this were done? The warrior dead  
We needs must bury, yet with hardened hearts,  
And for a day's space mourn. But those who still  
Survive the havoc of the hateful strife,—  
These must take thought for food and drink, that  
thus

They may the more unfalt'ringly maintain  
The fight 'gainst deadly foemen, cased in mail  
Of never-wearied brass. Let no man stand  
Waiting till further signal bids the host  
Advance; for this when giv'n shall surely bring  
Disgrace on any ling'ring here beside  
The fleet of Argos. Let our massèd throng  
Press forward; let us wake a fearful strife  
Among the Trojans, tamers of the steeds."

So spake he, bidding follow him the sons



Of noble Nestor, and Phylides too,  
Meges, and Thoäs, and Meriones,  
And Lycomedes too, from Creon sprung,  
And Melanippus. To Atrides' tent  
They hastened; and no sooner was command  
Giv'n than fulfilled. From out the tent they  
brought

Seven tripods — those he promised — and a score  
Of caldrons of bright metal, and of steeds  
Twice six. Seven women, skilled in useful arts,  
Likewise were led,— the eighth Briseïs, fair  
Of cheek. Odysseus, having weighed out all  
The ten gold talents, led, and following came  
The youths of Greece with off'rings. These they  
laid

Down 'mong th' assembled host; whilst Atreus' son  
Stood forth. The heav'nly-voiced Talthybius stood,  
Grasping a wild boar with his hands, beside  
The shepherd of the host. Atrides drew  
The sacrificial knife, which ever hung  
Beside his brand's great sheath, and cut away  
The victim's forelock, and with lifted hands  
Made prayer to Zeus; the other Argives sate  
All hushed in seemly silence, hearkening  
To their king's voice; and thus, with upraised eyes  
Seeking the spacious firmament, he prayed :

“ Bear witness now, Zeus first of all, supreme  
And noblest 'mong the gods, and Earth, and Sun,  
And Furies of the nether realms that bring  
Due punishment to perjurers, that I

Have never, with a thought that was impure,  
Nor yet for other reason, laid my hand  
On maid Briseïs; she hath dwelt unharmed  
Within my lodging. If the oaths I take  
Prove false in aught, may heav'n inflict on me  
Woes without number, even such as men  
That do transgress their plighted oaths must bear."

So spake he, sev'ring with his ruthless blade  
The wild-boar's neck. Talthybius whirled and  
flung

The carcass into the abysmal deep  
'Neath the hoar ocean, that it there might feed  
The fishes; whilst the son of Peleus stood  
Before the martial Argives forth and spake:—

"O Father Zeus! thou dost indeed beguile  
Our race with cruel blindness. Ne'er should he,  
The son of Atreus, have aroused my heart  
So thoroughly to fury, nor have torn  
The damsel so despitefully away  
Against my wish, had Zeus not willed the fate  
Of many Argives. Go ye now to take  
Repast, that we may quickly join the fight."

So spake the hero, and dissolved with speed  
The gathered council. Each to his own bark  
The others scattered, whilst the Myrmidons,  
Noble of spirit, busied themselves o'er  
The off'rings to their lord. To the divine  
Achilles' bark they brought them, storing them  
Within his lodge; and gave the women place  
To sit; the nobly-born attendants lashed

Meantime the chargers 'mong the drove of steeds.

But presently the maid Briseïs, fair  
As golden Aphroditè, as she looked  
Upon Patroclus lying gashed and torn  
By cruel spear-thrusts, flung her arms around  
His corse, and wailed aloud in woe, and rent  
Her tender throat and bosom with her hands,  
And her fair face; and thus the damsel, peer  
Of goddesses, lamented, whilst she wept:

“ Patroclus, thou of all men most endeared  
To this sad heart, I left thee here alive  
When from the lodge I passed; and now am I  
Returned to find thee, captain of the host!  
Death-stricken. Thus doth woe to woe succeed  
Ever for me! The lord to whom my sire  
And queenly mother gave me, I saw lie  
Mangled and clov'n by whetted spears before  
The city; likewise three dear brethren born  
Of mine own mother, all their hour of fate  
Encountering. Thou wouldst not leave me, when  
Achilles slew my spouse, and gave to spoil  
The sacred walls of Mynes, to my tears,  
But promised thou wouldst make me wedded bride  
Of nobly-born Achilles, and wouldst bring  
Me with thy ships to Phthia's realm, and there  
Among the Myrmidons would celebrate  
My nuptial feast. Hence bitterly I mourn  
Thy loss, for mild and kind wert thou away.”

So said she, weeping, while with her the train  
Of women wailed; lamenting, as it seemed,

For slain Patroclus; yet did each shed tears  
For her own sorrows. Meanwhile round the chief  
The Grecian elders gathered, pressing him  
To dine; but he refused, and sighing spake:

“ I do beseech, if any of you, dear  
Comrades, will heed me, urge me not to sate  
My heart with food or drink until the hour  
Shall come; for bitter sorrow doth oppress  
My spirit now. Here then, till sinks the sun,  
Still strong to bear my woes will I abide.”

Thus saying, he dispersed the other chiefs,  
The twain Atridæ tarrying, and divine  
Odysseus, Nestor, and Idomeneus,  
And Phœnix, venerable chief, the last,—  
The scourger of the steeds,— endeav’ring all  
To solace his affliction; but his soul  
Could find no joy till he once more should pass  
Within the jaws of bloody strife. He called  
To mind his comrade, and deep-sighing spake:

“ In bygone days, ill-fated one, most prized  
Of friends! thyself wouldst have prepared for me,  
Within my tent, a savory repast  
Briskly and busily, whene’er the Greeks  
Sped forth to bear the lamentable strife  
Against the knightly Trojans. Thou dost lie  
All mangled now, and fasting is my heart  
From food and drink that stand within, and mourns  
Thy loss. For greater sadness ne’er could fall  
Upon me, e’en though I should learn my sire  
Had perished,— he whose tender tears now flow

In Phthia, lacking me, his son, whilst I  
'Mid aliens for cursed Helen's cause must fight  
The Trojans; nor my son, my well-beloved,  
Nurtured for me in Scyros, if indeed  
'Tis true that Neoptolemus, divine  
Of presence, lives. In days of yore my heart  
Held hope that here in Ilium only I  
Must perish far from Argos, from the land  
Of grazing horses, while to Phthia thou  
Shouldst come, and bring within thy swift black bark  
That son from Scyros,— shouldst reveal to him  
All of my wealth, my bondmaids and my wide  
And lofty-vaulted palace. For I ween  
That Peleus now hath either wholly passed  
Beyond this life, or that he scarcely still  
Survives, yet, overborne with hoary age  
And all its sorrows, constantly awaits  
The mournful tidings that I live no more."

So spake he, shedding tears; the chieftains sighed  
Around him, each of them rememb'ring all  
That he had left at home. Chronides looked  
Compassionately on their woe, and thus  
Swiftly to Pallas in winged accents spake:

" Daughter, thou wholly hast forsaken now  
This noble hero. Hast thou ceased to care  
At all for Peleus' son? He sits before  
The straight-horned galleys, sorrowing for the fate  
Of his dear comrade. All the rest are gone  
To take refreshment, whilst Achilles fasts,  
Partaking not of food. But haste, infuse

Into his bosom nectar and the sweet  
Ambrosia, that he feel not hunger's pain."

So spake he, rousing Pallas, who before  
Was eager for the task. She darted down  
Like falcon, clear of note, with spreading wings,  
From heav'n athwart the ether. The Greek host  
All through the camp arrayed themselves with speed  
In panoply; while Pallas now instilled  
In the chief's bosom nectar and the sweet  
Ambrosia, that his limbs might feel no pang  
From joyless hunger; then, returning, sought  
Her potent sire's strong halls. From the swift barks  
The warriors poured. As, sent from Zeus, the dense  
Cold show'rs of snowflakes fly beneath the sweep  
Of Boreas cradled in the ether, there  
So thickly gathered moved the shimm'ring casques  
Forth from the galleys, and the bossy shields,  
Strong-plated corselets, spears of ash; their gleam  
Illumined heav'n, whilst all the land around  
Laughed in the brazen splendor; loud the tread  
Echoed of trampling feet; amid his host  
Noble Achilles clad himself in mail.  
The gnashing of his teeth was heard; his eyes  
Flashed like a glowing flame; and in his heart  
Swelled anguish not to be endured, as filled  
With fury 'gainst the sons of Troy, he donned  
The off'rings of the god, so toilsomely  
Wrought by Hephæstus. First upon his limbs  
He set the splendid greaves secured with clasps  
Of silver; in the corselet cased he then

His breast, and next about his shoulders slung  
The silver-studded brazen brand, and grasped  
His huge and pond'rous shield, which shed its beams  
Far as the lustrous moon doth. As appears  
To sailors, shining o'er the deep, the gleam  
Of blazing fire; aloft upon a peak  
Within a lonely lodge it burns, while blasts  
Bear them unwilling o'er the fishy main  
Far from their comrades; — from Achilles' shield,  
Fair and rich-carven, the resplendent light  
Flashed thus to heav'n. He raised the massive  
casque

And placed it on his brow; and star-like shone  
The crested helm, and waved each golden plume  
Of horsehair, which th' Artificer had massed  
Thickly around the cone. The noble prince  
Next tried upon his form the mail to learn  
Whether it fitted, and his strong limbs found  
Free motion; and it seemed to lend him wings,  
And e'en upbore the chief. From out its sheath  
He plucked the lance his father used to wield,  
Huge, strong and pond'rous, which no Greek could  
wave

Save him, but which Achilles' skill alone  
Sufficed to hurl — a Pelian ash-tree's stem,  
Hewn down on Pelion's summit and bestowed  
By Chiron on Achilles' sire to bring  
Death upon warriors. Now Automedon  
And Alcimus yoked busily the steeds,  
Set on the splendid collars, shot the bits

Betwixt the coursers' jaws, and drew the lines  
Back to the strong-wrought car. Automedon,  
Grasping the shining scourge with handle shaped  
Well to the hand, now mounted to his seat  
Within the car; behind him then upsprang  
Achilles in full armor, and a gleam  
E'en as Hyperion, god of light; and called  
Thus to his father's steeds with fearful cry:

“Xanthus and Balius, from Podarges sprung,  
O far-renowned! Think better how to bring  
Your charioteer back safely to our host  
When we give o'er the fight; nor leave him where  
He falls, as ye let dead Patroclus lie.”

Then 'neath the yoke the flashing-footed steed  
Xanthus made answer, quickly bending low  
His head, whilst from the cushion all his mane  
Streamed down beside the yoke and touched the  
ground,

The white-armed Hera lending human tones:

“Mighty Achilles! surely will we save  
Thy life for yet a season; but thine end  
Is close approaching. Not on us can fall  
Reproach; the potent deity, and Fate,  
Resistless, thus have willed it. Neither sloth  
Nor laggard pace of ours enabled Troy  
To spoil the shoulders of Menæti'us' son  
Of armor; but the mightiest of the gods,  
The fair-haired Leto's offspring, slew the chief  
Amid the van, and gave victorious fate  
To Hector. We might speed as speeds the blast



Of the west-wind,— the swiftest, we are told,  
Of all that blow; yet fate decrees that thou  
Be vanquished both by god's and mortal's hand."

Thus ended he; the Furies stayed his speech,  
And passionately the chief in answer spake:

"Why, Xanthus, thus forecast my doom to me?  
Thou hast no need to do so; well know I  
That 'tis my fate to perish here, afar  
From my loved sire and mother; none the less,  
I will not quit the field till I have giv'n  
Ilium her fill of conflict." Thus the chief  
Ended, and drave his solid-footed steeds,  
Loud-shouting, 'mid the forefront of the fray.

## BOOK XX

### THE BATTLE OF THE GODS

A council of all the gods being called, Zeus, to prevent the destruction of the Trojan army by Achilles, permits the other gods to aid either party upon the field as they choose. Hera, Athena, Poseidon, Hephæstus and Hermes go to render help to the Greeks; Ares, Apollo, Artemis and Aphroditè take the field on the Trojan side. The battle is renewed with deafening uproar. Apollo inspires Æneas to encounter Achilles; Æneas protests his inequality to the task, narrating his former disadvantageous encounter with the Greek hero. Apollo, however, persuades him to go. Æneas is observed by Hera, who urges Athena to join her in aiding Achilles. The two chiefs exchange words of defiance, and Æneas sets forth his historic lineage as a descendant of Zeus. His lance having been stopped by the divinely-forged shield of Achilles, Æneas threatens the Greek with a huge stone. Æneas' death appearing imminent, Poseidon determines to rescue him, to provide for the perpetuation of the Dardan race; involving Achilles in darkness, he snatches Æneas from the field. Amazed at his foe's disappearance, Achilles rallies his troops; Hector on his side also rallies the Trojans, but is admonished by Apollo not to encounter Achilles. Achilles slays Otrynteus and other Trojan leaders, and lastly Polydorus, a son of Priam. Hector, enraged at his brother's fall, rushes upon Achilles; Athena turns back the spear of Hector, who is borne from the field by Apollo; Achilles continues to pursue the Trojans with great slaughter.



## BOOK XX

SO by their beakèd galleys the Greek host,  
Insatiable for combat, donned their arms  
Around thee, son of Peleus; whilst the files  
Of Trojans opposite on the rising plain  
Armed themselves likewise. From his throne upon  
The crest of Mount Olympus' furrowed steep  
Zeus dispatched Themis, bidding her convoke  
The gods to council; and to every hand  
She sped, and bade each deity repair  
Unto Zeus' palace. None of all the streams  
Was absent, save the Ocean; nor was one  
Wanting among the nymphs that make their homes  
'Mid lovely groves, by sources of the rills,  
Or in the grassy dells. And thus they came  
To the Cloud-gath'rer's house, and sate within  
The shining corridors, with wondrous art  
Built for his father by the Craftsman-king.

And so they gathered to the Father's halls;  
Nor failed the pow'r that shakes the earth to heed  
That voice divine, but, rising from the main,  
Followed the others; 'mid the throng of gods  
Took he his place, and asked of Zeus his will:

"Lord of the dazzling lightning, why hast called  
The gods to council? Doth the fate of Troy  
Or Greece perplex thee? for betwixt their hosts  
Flames forth a blaze of conflict and of strife."

The cloud-compelling king thus answ'ring spake:  
"O thou that shak'st the earth, thou hast divined  
The thought that lodges in my breast, and why  
I summoned you together; for their fate  
Concerns me, though they perish. Yet will I  
Abide here seated in th' Olympian vale,  
Whence I may view the field and may delight  
My spirit. Do the rest of you repair  
Among the Greeks and Trojans, lending aid  
To either party, as the will of each  
Impels him. For if fleet Achilles now  
Confronts alone the ranks of Troy, their host  
Will not suffice one instant to withstand  
Pelides' onslaught. E'en of yore they fled  
In terror when they saw him; now, when grief  
For his slain comrade hath inflamed his heart  
To such fierce wrath, I fear the warrior may  
'Gainst destiny lay low the city-wall."

Thus said the son of Chronus, and his words  
Woke stubborn conflict. To the field now sped  
The gods, with hearts divided: Hera passed  
Amid the gathered galleys; with her came  
Pallas, Poseidon, shaker of the lands,  
Hermes the Helper, famed for cunning craft;  
And with them went Hephæstus in the pride  
Of pow'r, yet haltingly, his puny limbs  
Plied nimbly 'neath him. To the aid of Troy  
Went shining-crested Ares; in his train  
Phœbus, unshorn of tresses; Artemis,  
That show'rs her arrows; Leto, Xanthus too,

And Aphroditè, queen of laughter, last.

So long as the immortals mingled not  
With mortal warriors, the Achæans' hearts  
Beat high in triumph, since at length appeared  
Achilles, who had held aloof so long  
From the dread fight; and every Trojan's knees  
Trembled with terror, as he gazed at fleet  
Pelides all in shining mail, and fell  
As Ares, scourge of mortals. But when now  
Among the warrior-throng th' Olympians came,  
Then potent Eris, she that wak'neth hosts  
To fury, rose in might; her battle-call  
Athena sounded, taking now her stand  
By the delved trench outside the rampart, now  
On some resounding headland, whence her cry  
Echoed afar; whilst on the other side  
The war-god shouted; terrible he seemed  
As a black tempest; giving loud command  
Now to the Trojans from the topmost wall  
Of the citadel, now speeding up the steep  
Called the Mount Beautiful by Simois' tide.

Thus did the blest immortals join both hosts  
In strife, and spurred them forward to the fray,  
And woke a desp'rate conflict. Terribly  
Echoed on high the thunders of the sire  
Of gods and men; Poseidon shook the while  
The boundless earth below, and tow'ring crests  
Of mountains. All the foot-hills and the peaks  
Of Ida trembled — Ida, down whose side  
Flow many rivulets — and the city of Troy

And the Greek barks, whilst in the nether world  
Hades, the sov'reign of the shadows, sprang  
In terror from his throne, and gave a cry,  
Fearing Poseidon, shaker of the lands,  
Might rend the overlying earth, and thus  
Should be revealed to gods' and mortals' sight  
His dank and dreadful habitations, loathed  
E'en by the gods; so awful was the clash  
Of the immortal rivals as they came  
Together in th' encounter. For against  
Lordly Poseidon Phœbus stood, and bore  
His feathered arrows; and the bright-eyed queen,  
Athena, faced the war-god in the fight;  
And Artemis confronted Hera,— she,  
The golden-arrowed, show'rer of her darts,  
That cheers her pack of hounds with ringing call,—  
The sister of the Archer; whilst against  
Leto, opposing her, stood Hermes, named  
Saviour and Helper. 'Gainst Hephæstus rose  
The vast deep-eddying river, Xanthus called  
By lips divine, Scamander by our race.

And thus were gods assailed by gods. Meantime  
Achilles longed intensely to engage  
The son of Priam, Hector, in the press  
Of warriors; 'twas his chief desire to sate  
With Hector's gore the warrior Ares — him  
That wields the oxhide buckler. But against  
Pelides now the god that rouseth hosts,  
Apollo, sent Æneas, and inspired  
His breast with courage. He assumed the voice

Of Priam's son, Lycaon. In his guise  
Apollo, son of Zeus, thus called the chief:  
"Æneas, couns'lor of the Trojans, where  
Are now the threats thou once didst vent before  
The princes of the Trojans o'er thy wine,  
What time thou promised that thou wouldst engage  
Boldly the son of Peleus in the fray?"

Then thus Æneas answered him: "O son  
Of Priam, why exhort me, when my heart  
Is thus reluctant, to oppose in fight  
The arrogant Pelides? 'Twould not be  
For the first time that I should now withstand  
Achilles, for he drave me with his spear  
Another time from Ida, when he came  
Against our beeves, and sacked Lyrnessus' walls  
And Pedasus. Yet Zeus,— for he inspired  
My heart with courage and my limbs with speed,—  
Saved me, who else had yielded to the hands  
Of Peleus' son and Pallas. For before  
The chief she walked, and gave to him the light  
Of vict'ry, and exhorted him to slay  
With brazen spear the Lelegæ and men  
Of Ilium. Hence no human warrior can  
Confront Achilles; ever by his side  
Some one of the immortals stands to shield  
The chief from doom. Moreover flies his shaft  
Unerring, never pausing till it rends  
Some mortal's flesh. If only heav'n would make  
The stress of battle equal, he would ne'er  
So readily o'ercome me, though he boast



To be of solid brass throughout his frame.”

Then Lord Apollo, son of Zeus, returned:

“ So do thou, also, hero, supplicate  
The ever-living gods; thyself, men say,  
Art son of Aphroditè, child of Zeus,  
Whilst from a lesser deity thy foe  
Derives his birth; since one hath Zeus for sire,  
One the old ocean-king. Press forward now  
With thine unwearying jav’lin; let him not  
Turn thee aside with curses or harsh speech.”

He spake; his words inspired the ruler’s heart  
With boundless courage. Through the van he sped,  
Cased in his mail of shimm’ring brass. But she,—  
Hera, the snowy-armed,— failed not to mark  
Anchises’ son, as through the press he came  
Against the son of Peleus. Speedily  
Gath’ring the other pow’rs of heav’n, she spake:

“ Poseidon and Athena, both of you  
Must now deliberate on what shall be  
The outcome of these happ’nings. Yonder now  
Æneas, cased in shining bronze, forth fares  
Against Pelides; ’tis Apollo’s hand  
That urgeth him. Now haste we to repel  
The warrior from the field; or else let one  
Of our own number presently take stand  
Beside Achilles, and endow the chief  
With might surpassing; neither let him fail  
In spirit; let him know the pow’rs supreme  
Among th’ immortals love him; that the rest,—  
They that until this time have sought to shield

Troy's sons from strife and carnage, are as vain  
And weak as empty wind. Now have we all  
Descended from th' Olympian height to share  
This battle, that the chief receive no harm  
This day among the Trojans; even though  
He presently must bear whatever Fate  
Spun with his thread of destiny, what time  
His mother bore him. Should Achilles fail  
To learn of this from lips divine, he well  
May tremble when some god upon the field  
Advances 'gainst him; hazardous the hour  
When in true form divinities appear."

Poseidon, shaker of the shores, returned:  
"Hera, do not thus foolishly give way  
To wrath; thou hast no need; for 'twould not be  
My wish that we, although indeed our strength  
Is greater far than theirs, should bring to strife  
The other deities. Forsake we now  
The trodden pathways, and some look-out seek  
Where we may sit and watch; mankind shall care  
For combat. Yet if Ares 'gin the fray,  
Or Phœbus do so,—if they seek to hold  
Achilles back, nor suffer him to bear  
Part in the battle, quickly shall the fight  
Commence for us, and then full soon, I ween,  
Shall the divided combatants repair  
Olympus-ward to join their comrade-host,  
Vanquished, as needs they must be, by our hands."

So spake the dark-haired sov'reign, as he led  
The others to the high, demolished wall

Of divine Heracles, which Ilium's men  
Reared with the help of Pallas, that the chief  
Thither might flee for shelter when pursued  
By the sea-monster from the ocean-strand  
Plain-ward. And here Poseidon and the rest  
Sate down, and spread indissoluble cloud  
About their shoulders; whilst their foes upon  
The brow of the Mount Beautiful, apart,  
Seated themselves, grouped round the Archer-lord,  
Phœbus, and Ares, leveller of strong walls.

Thus sat the deities apart and framed  
Their counsels. From beginning that grim strife  
Each party shrank, yet Zeus enthroned on high  
Commanded it. And now the plain was filled  
With warriors and with coursers, all agleam  
With mail of brass; earth trembled 'neath their feet  
As on in massed array they came. Two chiefs,  
Bravest of either army, now advanced  
Betwixt the hosts, impatient both to fight:  
Anchises' son, Æneas, and divine  
Achilles. First, with taunt and menace, came  
Æneas with proud strides, his pond'rous casque  
Nodding aloft. Before his breast he held  
His swiftly-shifted shield; his brazen shaft  
Shook in his grasp. Now from th' opposing host  
Pelides darted forth upon his foe,  
E'en as some ravening lion might — a beast  
Which a whole town assembled in a throng  
Is eager to destroy; at first he comes  
Unheeding on; but when some vigorous youth,

Swift in the combat, casts at him his spear  
And pierces him, he cow'rs with jaws oped wide  
And teeth that gather foam; his fiery heart  
Groans in his breast; his tail to either hand  
Lashes his hips and flanks, as to the fight  
He spurs himself, and fiercely glaring springs  
Straight forward in his rage, resolved to fell  
One of the yeomen, or himself be slain  
In the first onset; so Achilles' wrath  
And manly courage spurred him to engage  
Magnanimous Æneas. When the chiefs  
Had close approached each other, Peleus' son,  
The swift and godlike, was the first to speak:  
"Why hast thou come, Æneas, through the  
throng,

So vast, to stand against me? Doth thy heart  
Urge thee to give me battle, in the hope  
To rule the knightly Trojans and secure  
Priam's prerogative? I tell thee, e'en  
If thou despoil me, not for this the king  
Shall place the royal honors in thy hand;  
For he hath sons, and firm of will is he,  
Not giv'n to thoughtless acts. Or is it then  
That Ilium's sons have set for thee apart  
A royal reservation, without peer  
In all the country-side, and beautiful  
In vines and ploughlands, for thyself to till  
If thou canst slay me? Difficult the task  
Will prove for thee, I trust. For once erenow —  
Such is my boast — I drave thee, lance in hand,

Before me. Hast forgotten then the day  
When from thy kine I chased thee with swift feet,  
Unaided as thou wert, down Ida's side  
In headlong flight? Nor didst thou turn thy face  
Once as thou fled'st. For refuge thou didst speed  
Into Lyrnessus. I pursued, and gave  
The place to pillage; Father Zeus vouchsafed  
His aid, and Pallas also; and I led  
The women to captivity, their day  
Of freedom lost; but Zeus and th' other gods  
Preserved thee. Yet they will not now, I ween,  
Shield thee again, as thou dost in thy heart  
Fondly imagine. For mine own part I  
Would urge thee to retreat among the throng,  
Not venturing to withstand me, ere mischance  
Befall thee; for bereft of wits is he  
Who knoweth only harm already done."

And thus to him Æneas made reply:  
"Think not, Pelides, to affright me thus  
With words, as though I were a babe; myself  
Also could utter, if I would, foul speech  
And insult. Well we know each other's race,  
And know each other's parentage, as told  
In storied legends of the earlier years  
Heard among mortals; yet hast thou not seen  
My parents or I thine. Men say that thou  
Art son of Peleus unreprouched, and born  
Of fair-tressed Thetis, daughter of the deep.  
I for my sire great-souled Anchises claim,  
And Aphroditè is my mother. One

Or other of these pairs must mourn to-day  
For their loved son; for we shall not, I trow,  
Part with a mere exchange of babbling words  
From this encounter. Yet, if thou desire  
To learn it, clearly thus to understand  
My lineage, one which many nations know,—  
First of all cloud-compelling Zeus became  
Father of Dardanus, and it was he  
Founded Dardania, since the sacred walls  
Of Ilium, city of the brief-lived race  
Of man, had not been builded yet upon  
The plain; its populace dwelt beneath the feet  
Of many-fountained Ida. Dardanus' son  
Was the king Erichthonius; wealthiest he  
Of mortals; mares three thousand grazed his mead,  
Proud of their throng of frisking foals. For some  
Mares, as they pastured, Boreas conceived  
Desire; and in a dark-maned courser's guise  
He made his bed beside them, and they bore  
A progeny of fillies twelve. When these  
Gamboled along the fruitful earth, they grazed  
The ear-tips only of the standing wheat,  
Breaking them not; and when anon they flew  
Over the broad back of the main, their hoofs  
Skimmed but the wave-crests of the salty deep,  
Frosted with foam. This Erichthonius' child  
Was Tros, the Trojans' sovereign. Tros had three  
Unblemished sons: Ilius, Assaracus,  
And Ganymede, the peer of gods, most fair  
Of mortal men, and for his beauteous face

Snatched by celestial hands to heav'n to dwell  
 Thenceforth among th' immortals, and pour wine  
 For Zeus' own chalice. Ilus was the sire  
 Of unreprouched Laomedon, and he  
 In turn begat Tithonus, Priam too,  
 Lampus and Clytius, Hicetaon last,  
 Offshoot of Ares. Then Assaracus  
 Had a son Capys, who in turn was sire  
 Unto Anchises; Hector the divine  
 Is son of Priam. Such the parentage  
 And blood I boast; yet Zeus doth still augment  
 And doth diminish valor 'mong the race  
 Of men at will; for unto him pertains  
 Transcendent pow'r. But, prithee, let us now  
 Discuss these things no longer like a pair  
 Of foolish urchins, as we idly stand  
 I' the midmost fury of the fight. We both  
 Might vent reproaches without bound; no bark  
 Set with an hundred benches could sustain  
 Their burthen. For the tongue of mortal man  
 Is versatile, hath many forms of speech  
 Of every sort; the range of words is wide,  
 Stretching to every hand; whatever then  
 Might be thine utt'rance, such in turn should greet  
 Thine ear in answer. Yet what need to cast  
 Into each others' faces words of strife  
 And bick'ring, even as contentious wives,  
 Whose hearts are gnawed with discord, go and vent  
 Their railings in the midst of the highway,  
 Uttring both truth and falsehood; for their spite

In either case provokes them? Ne'er shalt thou  
Deter me with mere menace from my mood  
Of hardy valor, till thou stand 'gainst me  
Face to face with thy weapon. Quickly then  
Taste we each other's flesh with brazen darts."

So speaking, 'gainst that dread and awful shield  
He launched his pond'rous lance; with fearsome  
sound

'Neath the spear's point the buckler rang. Dis-  
mayed,

The son of Peleus held with mighty hand  
The shield far from him, thinking the long spear  
Of brave Æneas readily would pass  
Athwart its folds. Misguided man! his heart  
And mind perceived not that 'tis no light thing  
For glorious gifts of deities to yield  
To mortals, or succumb beneath their hands.  
Nor now did fierce Æneas' mighty shaft  
Break through the buckler; for the layer of gold,  
Hephæstus' off'ring, checked it; but it pierced  
Two of the buckler's layers; yet still were left  
Three, since the craftsman of distorted feet  
Forged five folds — two of brass,— the outer; twain  
Of tin, the inner; and of gold the last,  
The middle one, that stayed the brazen spear.

And now in turn the son of Peleus cast  
His shadowing lance, and smote his foe's round  
shield

Just on the outer rim, where thinnest stretched  
The brazen fold and thinnest overlay



The oxhide bound upon it; and the shaft,  
A Pelian ash, transfix'd them; and the shield  
Groan'd 'neath the stroke. Æneas crouched in fear  
And held the buckler from him; and the lance  
Sped o'er his shoulder, till its furious flight  
Was stay'd in earth, yet not till it had pierc'd  
Both circles of the shelt'ring shield. The chief,  
Thus having 'scaped the pond'rous jav'lin's might,  
Stood trembling and in terror; and his eyes  
Were dimm'd with anguish to behold the dart  
Planted in earth so near him. Peleus' son  
Drew his keen brand, and with terrific cry  
Sprang madly on his foe. Æneas seiz'd  
Within his hand a stone, a mighty mass,  
A burden such as no two men could wield,  
As men are now; yet he with single arm  
Swung it with ease. And now, as onward came  
His foe, Æneas would have dash'd the stone  
'Gainst helmet or 'gainst buckler borne to shield  
The Argive from his fate, and presently  
Himself fall'n slain beneath Pelides' brand,  
Had not the god who makes the earth to quake,  
Poseidon, promptly mark'd the Trojan's need;  
Swiftly he spake before the deathless throng:  
"Woe me! for I must sorrow for the fate  
Of brave Æneas, who must quickly pass  
To depths of Hades, vanquish'd by the hand  
Of Peleus' son. In folly did he heed  
The voice of Archer Phœbus, pow'rless now  
To rescue him from doom. Yet why should he,

Unblemished as he is, endure these ills  
All for the wrongs of others? Aye doth he  
Yield grateful off'rings to the gods that hold  
The spacious realm celestial. Let us speed  
To snatch him from his peril; else the son  
Of Chronus may be wroth if thus he fall,  
Slain by Achilles. The decree of fate  
Ordaineth his deliv'rance, lest the line  
Of Dardanus should fail, and leave no trace  
Or issue; since 'twas Dardanus whom Zeus,  
Of all his sons by mortal women, most  
Tenderly loved. Already hath the race  
Of Priam become hateful in the sight  
Of Chronus' son; the strong Æneas now  
Shall rule o'er Troy, and after him shall rule  
His children's children born in distant time."

Large-eyed and queenly Hera answ'ring spake:  
"Lord of the earthquakes, it is thine own heart  
That must resolve now whether thou wilt save  
Æneas, or wilt suffer him to fall,  
As noble as he is, beneath the brand  
Of Peleus' son. Already have we sworn —  
Pallas and I — unnumbered vows before  
Th' immortals, that we ne'er will lend our aid  
To shield the Trojans from their fate; not e'en  
When the brave Greeks apply the torch, and flame  
Ruthless in rage shall waste all Ilium's walls."

This when he heard, the lord that shakes the lands  
Sped through the conflict and the press of spears,  
And came to where Æneas and far-famed

Achilles fought; and instantly he shed  
Mist o'er Achilles' eyes. From out the shield  
Of brave Æneas plucked he forth the shaft  
Of bronze-tipped ash, and laid it at the feet  
Of Peleus' son; then raised Æneas high  
Above the ground, and bore him with all speed  
Out from the battle. Many a rangèd file  
Of combatants, and many a line of steeds,  
Æneas overleapt, as from the hand  
Of deity he sprang; and came at last  
To the far edge of the impetuous fray,  
Where the Ciconians armed them to engage  
The combat. Now Poseidon, he whose might  
Makes the lands tremble, to Æneas' side  
Approaching, thus addressed him with winged  
speech:

" Æneas, which of the celestial host  
Persuades thee thus foolhardily to stand  
'Gainst proud Pelides, who at once hath more  
Prowess than thou, and in immortal hearts  
Hath dearer place? When he confronts thee, yield  
Thy ground, lest contrary to fate thou pass  
To Hades' halls. But when Achilles meets  
His doom of death, then take thou heart, and fight  
Among the foremost; for no other arm  
Among the Greeks hath pow'r to vanquish thee."

He spake, and having thus advised the chief,  
He left him there, dispersing instantly  
The heav'n-sent mist that veiled Pelides' sight.  
The hero, gazing forth with wond'ring eyes,

Thus passionately spake to his brave heart:

“Woe me! indeed a marvel passing strange  
Mine eyes behold. For there my jav’lin lies  
Upon the ground, and nowhere can I see  
The man at whom I cast it, in desire  
So keen to slay. Æneas too, ’tis plain,  
Was cherished by th’immortals; yet his vaunt,  
Methought, would prove but empty. Let him go;  
Never on second trial will he dare  
To test my might, who this time was full fain  
To flee destruction. Now I needs must speed  
To cheer my martial Argives on, and try  
The mettle of the rest of Ilium’s host.”

He spake, and springing to the armed files,  
Enjoined each man: “No longer, ye divine  
Achæans, stand aloof from Ilium’s throng;  
Let man encounter man; let every heart  
Be eager for the battle. ’Tis a task  
Too hard for e’en mine own strength to pursue  
And combat with so many men; not e’en  
Could Ares, though a god of deathless race,  
Nor yet Athena, have the pow’r to move  
Amid the jaws of such a furious fray  
And wage the fight; but yet, so far as feet  
And hands and strength suffice me, ne’er will I  
Pause e’en one instant, but pursue my way  
Right through their ranks. No Trojan will rejoice,  
I trow, who comes in distance of my spear.”

So said he, heartening his followers, while  
Famed Hector rallied Ilium’s sons, with boast

That he would now confront the Argive chief.

"Ye Trojans, high of courage, do not fear Pelides. In mere words myself could I War with immortals; but to lift the lance Against them is a fearsome thing; their might So far surpasseth ours. Not yet to all The threats he utters will Pelides bring Fulfilment; this he may accomplish — that Shall be checked midway. Now will I proceed To smite him, though his hands shall be as flame — As flame his hands, his strength as shining steel."

Thus cheered he on his Trojans, who upbore Their lances 'gainst the enemy. The might Of the two hosts commingled, and the cry Of battle filled the air. Apollo came Close to the side of Hector, and thus spake:

"Hector, thou must no longer think to fight Here in the van with Peleus' son; forsake The tumult and await him in the press Of warriors, lest he cast at thee his spear, Or at close quarters smite thee with his brand."

He spake, and Hector shrank in fear among The dense-massed warriors, when that voice divine Smote on his ear. Achilles now assailed The Trojan squadrons; armored was his heart In valor; fiercely rang his shouts. He slew Foremost of all Iphitiön, the brave Son of Otrynteus, whom a mighty band Owned as its captain; — him a Naiad bore Unto Otrynteus, waster of strong walls,

In the rich fields of Hyda 'neath the peak  
Of snowy Tmolus. As the champion came  
Eagerly on, divine Achilles cast  
Full at his head a lance, and cleft in twain  
Th' entire skull. He fell with clanging arms,  
And o'er him slain, Achilles vaunting cried:

“ Son of Otrynteus, thou of all mankind  
Most terrible, thou liest dead. Thy fate  
O'ertakes thee here; thy birthplace was beside  
The lake Gygæan; there lie set apart  
Thy lands ancestral, by the fishy deep  
Of Hyllus, and by eddying Hermus' tide.”

So made the victor boast; whilst darkness dimmed  
His foeman's eyes; and in the van of fight  
Beneath their chariot-tires the Argive steeds  
Mangled the slain. Achilles now assailed  
Demoleon, from Antenor sprung — a chief  
Known as a sturdy stemmer of the tide  
Of battle; whom athwart the bronze-cheeked casque  
He smote upon the temple. Never stayed  
By the bronze helm, right through the spear-point  
sped,

Shiv'ring the bone, and all the brain within  
Was blood-stained. Thus was his impetuous rage  
Subdued. And now, as from behind his steeds  
Hippodamas down-sprang, and fled before  
His enemy, Pelides struck his shaft  
Into his back. He gasped his life away,  
Moaning as moans a bullock by a band  
Of youths haled round the altar of the king,

The Heliconian; he that shakes the lands  
Rejoices in their prowess; so, as still  
He moaned, the valiant spirit from his limbs  
Took flight. Anon Achilles, lance in hand,  
Pressed after Polydorus, godlike child  
Of Priam. Him his sire forbade to take  
Part in the strife, since he was latest-born  
Among his sons and dearest, and surpassed  
All in the race. And now, to show how fleet  
His feet were, he in youthful folly sprang  
Into the van of battle, till his life  
Was forfeited. Divine Achilles' shaft,  
As past him flew the Trojan, smote him fair  
Upon the back where joined the golden clasps  
That held the baldric, and the corselet met  
The apron, overlapping it. The spear  
Emerged beside the navel; with a groan  
He sank upon his knees; and o'er his eyes  
Gathered dark mist; whilst, drooping low, the prince  
Pressed back the gushing entrails with his hands.

When Hector saw thus sinking in the dust  
His brother Polydorus, in his hands  
Clasping the wounded parts, before his eyes  
There swam a mist; he could not bear to bide  
Longer at distance from the strife, but came  
To meet the son of Peleus. Furious gleamed  
His face as fire, and quivered in his grasp  
The jav'lin. But Achilles, at his sight,  
Upstarting, hailed him with exultant call:

“The man who hath most deeply probed my heart

With woe, approacheth — by whose weapon fell  
My cherished friend. No longer let us shun  
Each other, lurking in the lanes of strife.”

He spake; and fiercely frowning on his foe,  
Shouted: “Draw nigh — the sooner shall the snare  
Of ruin hold thee fast.” Yet, undismayed,  
Hector, the glancing-helmed, hurled back reply:

“Think not, Pelides, to affright me thus  
With words, as though I were a babe; for I  
Myself could utter, if I would, reproach  
And insult. Well I know that strong thou art,  
And I far weaker; yet these issues rest  
All in the lap of heav'n; and haply I  
May, though inferior, by a jav'lin's cast  
Smite thee, and take thy life; for hitherto  
My shaft hath also been accounted keen.”

He spake, and hurled his brandished lance. Then  
breathed

Pallas, most gently, turning back the dart  
From famed Achilles; it returned and came  
To noble Hector, and before his feet  
It dropped. And now Achilles, all in rage,  
With fearful shout assailed the Trojan chief,  
Insane to slay him. Phœbus then, with ease,  
As a god can, snatched Hector from the fray,  
Enshrouding him in mist. Three times the fleet  
Achilles sprang at him with brazen brand,  
Thrice smote impenetrable cloud. But when,  
With might that superhuman seemed, he came  
The fourth time on, with words of bitter taunt



He shouted to his foe in wingèd speech :

“ Dog, now hast thou again escaped thy fate,  
Though it came nigh thee. Thou hast been once  
more

Succored by Phœbus, whom thou dost invoke  
When entering the clash of spears. But yet  
Will I encounter thee anon, nor fail

To end thee, if some helper from the host  
Of heav'n befriend me also. Now I pass  
To smite the others, whomsoe'er I find.”

The hero spake, and drave his jav'lin through  
The neck of Dryas; crashing, at his feet  
He dropt. He let him lie, and next he cast  
His weapon at Philetor's son, the brave  
And tall Demuchus, and restrained his speed,  
Wounding his knee; anon, with massive brand,  
Smote him and slew him. Next he sprang to slay  
Laogonus and Dardanus, both sons  
Of Bias these; and from their chariot hurled  
Both to the ground. At one his spear he cast,  
One at close quarters smote he with his brand.  
Next he slew Tros, Alastor's son, who came  
To clasp his knees, imploring him to spare  
And take him, pitying his youthful years —  
Achilles' own — and let him go alive,  
Unslain. Poor wretch! he little dreamed his plea  
Would pass unheeded; neither was the chief  
Mild-tempered nor of gentle mood; his rage  
Was fierce and fell. For as the suppliant's hands  
Embraced his knees in eager prayer, he thrust

A dagger through his liver; and forth fell  
The liver from its place, whilst dark blood filled  
His bosom, and his soul fled; o'er his eyes  
Fell darkness. To the side of Mulus sprang  
The victor next, and drove his weapon through  
His ear; and instantly the bronze point came  
Out through the other ear. With hilted brand  
Full on the head he smote Agenor's son,  
Called Echeclus; the sword was warmed all o'er  
With blood, while purple Death and potent Fate  
Darkened his gaze. And next Deucalion's arm  
The bronze point wounded, at the spot where meet  
The elbow-sinews. With disabled hand,  
Confronting death, he stood his ground. His foe  
Approached, and with his broadsword hewed apart  
The neck, and hurled the head within its casque  
To a great distance; and the marrow leaped  
Forth from the spine as on the ground he lay  
Outstretched. The Greek made after Rigmus next,  
The blameless son of Pireus, from the land  
Of rich-soiled Thracia. He received the spear  
Full in the waist; the brazen point stood fast  
Fixed in th' abdomen. From his chariot-seat  
He dashed. Achilles smote his man-at-arms,  
One Areithoüs, as he wheeled his steeds  
To fly; and through his back the sharpened shaft  
Entered and hurled him from his car, while fled  
Wildly the coursers. E'en as blazing fire  
Roars in wild fury through deep winding vales  
On some sere mountain-side, and all the dense

Woodland is wasted, while the swirling flames,  
Rolled by the gale, are swept to every hand;  
With wielded spear thus rushed the godlike chief  
To every side, and pressed the foes that fast  
Fell slain before him; and the earth streamed dark  
With blood. As broad-browed steers are yoked in  
pairs

To tread on some firm threshing-floor the white  
Barley to fineness; quickly grow the heaps  
Fine dust beneath the lowing oxen's feet;  
Thus, urged by brave Achilles, did his steeds  
Of hoofs uncloven trample heaps of slain  
And shields alike. The axle underneath  
The chariot and the rims that edged it round  
Were sprinkled o'er with bloody drops that show'red  
Upon them, from beneath the chargers' hoofs  
Upcast, and from the tires; whilst evermore  
Achilles burned to win renown, and aye  
Imbrued in gore his never-conquered hands.

## BOOK XXI

### THE BATTLE BY THE RIVER

Achilles, pursuing the Trojans to the river Scamander, drives part of their force into the flood, following himself to deal havoc among the struggling mass. He takes captive twelve Trojan youths to be slain in vengeance for Patroclus. He encounters Priam's son Lycaon, whom he had formerly captured and sold into slavery, but who has escaped and returned; slays him, disregarding his prayer for mercy, and flings his corpse into the River, affronting it; the River resolves to be avenged. Achilles slays Asteropæus, and slaughters the Pæonians, desisting at the prayer of Scamander, who complains of the choking of his current by the heaps of dead. Scamander calls on Apollo to aid him against Achilles, and with swollen and angry torrent pursues the hero, threatening to engulf him; Achilles, fleeing before his fury, is continually overtaken. He supplicates Zeus, blaming his mother Thetis for having falsely assured him of a glorious death before Troy. He is aided by Pallas and Poseidon; Scamander invokes the aid of his brother river Simoïs. At Hera's instigation Hephæstus sends his flames to waste the banks of the River, who at last, in distress, begs Hera to induce her son to desist. Pallas, encountering Ares on the field, overthrows him by hurling a stone at his throat; she likewise disables Aphroditè as she is assisting Ares from the field. Poseidon reminds Apollo of their own ill-paid labor in the building of the walls of Troy, and induces him to



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leave the battle; he goes to keep guard over the Trojan walls. Artemis, upbraiding her brother for his cowardice, is chastised by Hera. Aphroditè with her mother Leto repairs to Zeus, complaining of her ill-treatment. Achilles continues his slaughter of the Trojans; Priam commands that the city gates be thrown open to allow the fugitives to enter. Agenor, a young hero, is inspired by Apollo to confront Achilles; the god snatches Agenor from the field, and, assuming his guise, induces Achilles to pursue him, leaving the Trojans free to throng into the city beyond their enemy's reach.

BOOK XXI

WHEN to the passage of the stream they  
came,—

Of eddying Xanthus, fair of flow and sprung  
From never-dying Zeus,— he cut apart  
The Trojans; some pursued he toward the plain  
Townward, along the path by which, the day  
Before, the Greeks fled wildly, when the rage  
Of renowned Hector was awakened. Now  
O'er it the fugitives of Ilium streamed  
Distractedly, whilst Hera hind'ring spread  
Dense mist before their sight; and half their host  
Was crowded to the silver-eddied tide  
Of the deep-flowing river; in they fell  
With far-heard splash, while roared between its  
steps

The river's torrent, and the banks that hung  
O'er it loud echoed. They with piercing screams,  
Swam hither, thither, in the flood, and spun  
Round in its currents. As before the sweep  
Of fire the locusts rise in hov'ring flight  
To gain a river; suddenly there springs  
The tireless flame upon them, and they fall  
Low-cow'ring to the flood; e'en so before  
Achilles' fury now the echoing flow  
Of the deep-eddying Xanthus was brimmed o'er  
With confused heaps of steeds and warriors slain.

The heav'n-descended chieftain, leaving now  
His jav'lin on the river's margin, leaned  
Against a tamarisk, sprang into the tide,  
Bent upon carnage; and his aspect seemed  
Like that of deity. To every hand  
He turned and smote the foe; the hapless sighs  
Of the sword's victims filled the air — the stream  
Ran red with blood. As when, voracious-mawed,  
Some dolphin puts the other fish to flight,  
They swarm in terror to the inmost nooks  
Of the safe harbor; for he greedily  
Devours whate'er he catches; — Ilium's host,  
Within that fearful flood, thus crouched from sight  
'Neath its steep shores. When now the chieftain's  
hands

Were worn with slaughter, from the stream he chose  
Twelve living youths to expiate the fate  
Of Menœtiades Patroclus. These  
He led forth dazed with fear like fawns, and bound  
Their hands behind them with cut thongs they wore  
To gird their plaited suits of mail. The youths  
Gave he to his companions to be brought  
To the deep barks; then back the warrior sped,  
All eager still to slaughter and destroy.

And there he met Dardanian Priam's son,  
Lycaon, fleeing from the stream — the prince  
He once had captured and unwilling borne  
Forth from his father's vineyard. He had come  
By night upon him, as with whetted brass  
The Trojan pruned the tender shoots that sprang

From a wild-fig tree, which should serve for rims  
To edge his car; upon him came the chief,  
A danger little dreamed of; and on board  
His galley he conveyed the youth for sale  
To Lemnos the well-tilled; there Jason's son  
Gave purchase money, and a guest-friend soon,  
Eëtion, the Imbrian, set him free  
By ransom, and bestowed on him beside  
Unmeasured gifts, dispatching him to fair  
Arisba; 'scaping thence by stealth, he came  
Back to his father's halls. So having thus  
Returned from Lemnos, 'mong his friends he found  
Joy for eleven days, but on the twelfth  
Did heav'n once more commit him to the hands  
Of Peleus' son, who was to send him down  
To Hades, all unwilling. So when now  
Achilles, fleet and godlike, saw him stand  
Wholly unarmed, with neither casque nor shield,  
Nor lance within his hand — for he had cast  
All from him to the earth; the sweat of flight  
Out from the river wearied him; his knees  
Beneath him faltered from fatigue — the Greek  
Communed in anger with his own great heart:  
“Woe me! a mighty marvel greets my sight.  
Sooth, the brave Trojans, whom I slew, shall rise  
Again from shades of darkness, e'en as he,  
'Scaping his day of doom, returns, though sold  
A slave in hallowed Lemnos — unrestrained  
By briny ocean's hoary depth, that keeps  
Back many 'gainst their will! Yet must he now



Taste of my jav'lin's point; thus soon shall I  
 Learn and discover if he thus return  
 E'en from the shades, or if the teeming earth  
 Shall hold him, that restraineth e'en the strong."

He stood in thought; the Trojan, dazed with fear,  
 Came eagerly to clasp his knees; his heart  
 Anxiously yearning to escape dread fate  
 And sable doom. And now, as the divine  
 Achilles raised his massive lance in rage  
 To deal the wound, the Trojan, stooping down,  
 Sprang 'neath the shaft, and caught his knees, while  
 sped

The lance above his shoulders and stood fixed  
 In earth, though hung'ring still for its repast  
 Of human flesh. The suppliant, with one hand  
 Claspng Achilles' knees, with one held fast  
 The whetted spear, releasing not his hold,  
 And thus, imploring him, in winged words spake: —

"Achilles, I embrace thy knees — O, show  
 Mercy, and pity me. My prayers should claim  
 Respect from thee, heav'n-nurtured; since of yore  
 I tasted once Demeter's corn with thee,  
 That day thou in the well-tilled vineyard madest  
 Me prisoner, and didst bear me far away  
 From friends and father, selling me a slave  
 In Lemnos' sacred island, where my sale  
 Brought thee a hecatomb. Now will I buy  
 My ransom for a price threefold; the day  
 Twelve times hath broken since again I came  
 To Ilium, after many woes — and now

Destructive fate hath put me in thy hands  
A second time. Sooth, I must hateful be  
In Zeus' sight, who renders me once more  
Thy victim. Destined for brief life was I,  
Born of Laothoë,— of her, the child  
Of aged Altes, him who sov'reign reigns  
O'er Lelegans' bold warriors, and who holds  
Dominion over Pedasus the steep  
Beside the Satnio. Priam wooed his child  
With many others; from their union sprang  
Two sons; and of us both thou now wilt be  
The slaught'rer, since but late thy whetted shaft  
Hath laid the godlike Polydorus low  
In the foot-soldiers' van; and now my fate  
Is close upon me; for I cannot hope  
'Twill be vouchsafed me to escape thy hands,  
Since heav'n hath brought me nigh thee. Yet do I  
Advise thee — let my words be laid to heart;  
Take not my life, since 'twas not from the same  
Womb that I sprang, as Hector, he who slew  
Thy friend, so gentle-natured and so brave."

Thus did the glorious son of Priam plead  
Imploringly, yet heard relentless tones  
In answer: "Fool! talk not nor prate to me  
Of ransom; for before Patroclus met  
His downfall, I was oft inclined to spare  
The Trojans, many of whom I took alive,  
And sold them into servitude; but now  
Not one shall 'scape his death, whom heav'n before  
The walls of Troy deliv'reth to my hands —

Not one of all the Trojans — least of all  
A son of Priam. So, friend, perish thou  
With th' others; why dost thou make moan? for  
slain

Is he, Patroclus, likewise, who surpassed  
Thee far. Dost not behold how tall and fair  
Am I too? Nobly am I sired, and sprung  
From womb divine — yet death and mighty fate  
Are close upon me likewise. Break of day,  
Twilight, or noonday, cometh, when some foe  
Shall take my life amid the fight, with stroke  
Of shaft, or arrow from the bowstring sped."

As thus he spake, the Trojan's limbs and heart  
Faltered; and letting go the lance he sank  
Upon the ground, outstretching both his hands.  
Achilles, drawing his keen broadsword, cleft  
The collar-bone beside the neck; the brand,  
Two-edged, sank deep within; and prone he lay  
Stretched on the ground, while forth the dark blood  
welled,

Staining the sod. Achilles by the foot  
Seized him and cast him to the stream, whose tide  
Should bear him thence; and vaunting o'er the  
slain

Spake wingèd words: "So lie thou there among  
The fishes, which shall lap the blood that streams  
Forth from thy wound, nor mourn. Thy mother  
ne'er

Shall lay thee on thy funeral couch, nor shed  
O'er thee her tears; Scamander's eddying flood

To the broad bosom of the main shall sweep  
Thy body onward; there some fish shall dart  
To the black ripple through the wave, to feast  
Upon Lycaon's snowy flesh. So die  
Ye Trojans all, till we attain at last  
Troy's sacred citadel — ye driv'n in flight,  
I dealing death behind. Nor shall this fair  
And silver-eddy stream, to which ye long  
Have slaughtered countless bullocks, and have  
hurled

Your solid-footed coursers, still alive,  
Into its whirlpools, shelter you; but ye  
Like him shall die an evil death, till all  
Have paid the penance for Patroclus' fate  
And for the havoc of the Greeks ye slew  
By our swift barks whilst I abstained from fight."

So spake the chief. Indignant mused the Stream  
On how he might disable from the fray  
Divine Achilles, and might save the host  
Of Ilium from disaster. But meantime  
The son of Peleus with his long lance sprang  
Upon Asteropæus, all his heart  
Bent on the downfall of the foe. This chief  
Was son of Pelagon, who in his turn  
Was son of Axius' river, broad of flow,  
And Peribœa — her, the first-born child  
Of Accessamenus, to whom the stream,  
Deep-eddying, was united. On him leapt  
Achilles now, as there from 'mid the flood  
The Trojan rose, confronting him, his hands

Wielding two jav'lines. Xanthus filled his breast  
With fire, in bitter anger o'er the fate  
Of the young warriors clov'n amid his tide  
By Peleus' son so ruthlessly. When now  
The twain, advancing, had come nigh, the fleet  
Pelides first to his opponent spake: —

“What man art thou, and whence hast come, to  
dare

To stand against me? Full of misery  
Those parents are whose sons oppose my might.”

Then the famed son of Pelagon replied:  
“O noble son of Peleus, why dost ask  
My lineage? I am from Pæonia's land,—  
Fertile, far distant; I command the hosts  
Of the long-speared Pæonians; and the day  
Eleven times hath broken since I came  
To Ilium; I am sprung from Axius' tide —  
From Axius, broad of flow, that o'er earth's lands  
Spreads loveliest waters. Axius was the sire  
Of Pelagon the lance-renowned; and I,  
Men say, am son of Pelagon. But now,  
Far-famed Achilles, let us join in strife.”

So threatened he. Divine Achilles raised  
His spear of Pelian ash-wood; whilst the chief  
Asteropæus wielded in each hand  
A jav'lin, ambidextrous; and with one  
He smote the buckler of the Greek, yet failed  
To pierce it; for the gold, the gift divine,  
Held firm; and with the other lance he grazed  
The chief's right elbow, and the dark blood-tide

Welled forth. Above his head the jav'lin flew,  
And plunged in earth, insatiate for repast  
Of flesh. And next Achilles hurled against  
Asteropæus his swift-wingèd shaft,  
Burning to slay. He missed his mark, but smote  
The lofty bank; the ashen lance remained  
Plunged to its middle in the soil. The Greek  
Drew from its sheath the whetted sword that hung  
Beside his thigh, and furiously assailed  
His foe, who strove in vain with mighty hand  
To pluck away Achilles' ashen spear  
From the steep bank. Three times he shook the  
shaft,

Eager to draw it forth; and thrice his strength  
Sufficed not. As the fourth time now he came  
And strove to bend Achilles' lance, and snap  
The ashen stem short off, his foeman stepped  
Near to his side and smote him with his brand,  
And took his life. His weapon pierced the chief  
Close to the navel; all the entrails fell  
To earth, and darkness veiled the hero's sight;  
Gasping he lay. Achilles leaped upon  
His breast, stripped off the mail, and vaunting  
spake:—

“ So lie thou there;— full hard for thee the task,  
Though from a Stream descended, to contend  
'Gainst great Zeus' offspring. Thou indeed didst  
trace

Thy birth to the broad-flowing River; I  
Am sprung from Zeus the mighty, and my sire

Holds sway o'er countless Myrmidonian hosts —  
Peleus; the son of Æacus was he,  
And Æacus was son of Zeus; and Zeus  
In might excelleth all the streams whose tide  
Mingles with Ocean; so Zeus' sons surpass  
The river's offspring. Thou hast here with thee  
A mighty flood, if pow'r it hath to save  
Or aid thee; yet impossible the task  
Of warring with Chronides. Nay, not e'en  
Can Acheloüs, king of streams, make claim  
To be his equal, nor the wondrous strength  
Of the deep-welling Ocean, from whose flow  
All currents, all the seas and springs derive  
Their source, and deep-hid founts; e'en he must fear  
The bolt of Zeus the mighty,— the dread crash  
That echoes when he thund'reth from the sky."

So spake the chief, and plucked from out the steep  
His brazen shaft; the foe he left to lie  
Lifeless amid the sand, the sombre wave  
Drenching his limbs. The eels and fishes came  
Swarming, and feasted on the flesh that lay  
Above the kidneys. Next Achilles flew  
To smite Pæonia's charioteers, who soon,  
When thus they saw their bravest champion fall  
In battle 'neath the mighty arm and brand  
Of Peleus' son, in wild disorder fled  
Along the eddying river. He o'erthrew  
Thersilochus and Mydon in that fray,  
Astypylus and Mnesus, Thrasius too,  
And Æenius next, and Ophelestes; — ay,

E'en more of the Pæonians had the fleet  
Achilles felled, had not the eddy stream,  
Infuriated, in a mortal's voice  
Thus called from out its deep and swirling tide:

“ Achilles, thou surpasses all in might  
And fearful deeds; for thou art aided still  
By the gods' selves. If Chronus' son indeed  
Vouchsafe that thou exterminate the host  
Of Ilium, prithee drive them from my strand  
Plain-ward, and work thy havoc there; for now  
My limpid waters all are choked with slain;  
Cumbered with dead, I cannot pour their flow  
Into the sacred main; and still thy hand  
Slaughters remorselessly. Then calm thy rage;—  
Aghast am I, O captain of the host.”

And swift Achilles thus in answer spake:  
“ Divinely-reared Scamander, this shall be  
E'en as thou biddest; yet will I not cease  
To strike the haughty Trojans down until  
I crush them back within their walls, and meet  
Hector in conflict hand-to-hand, to try  
If I subdue him or he vanquish me.”

So spake the chief, and charged in rage divine  
Upon the Trojan squadrons, whilst the Stream,  
Deep-eddying, to Apollo called and spake:

“ Alas, thou Archer silver-bowed, and child  
Of Zeus, thou hast not heeded the behests  
Of Chronus' son, who charged thee earnestly  
That thou stand by the host of Troy and shield  
Her warriors, even till the ling'ring gloam



Should fall and darken all the fruitful land."

He spake, and as the lance-renowned chief  
Leaped downward from the beetling bank, and  
sprang

Into the midst, the raging River swept  
'Gainst him all billowing, churning to a foam  
All of his floods. The heaps of slain that filled  
His bed — unnumbered, slaughtered by the brand  
Of Peleus' son,— forth to the shore he cast,  
With bellow like a bull's, and those that still  
Survived he saved amid his limpid flow,  
And 'neath his swirling eddies deep and vast  
Concealed them. Round Achilles rose a wave  
Seething and dread, and dashed against his shield  
Its toppling torrent, nor could he maintain  
His foothold. Now he grasped within his hands  
A tall and stately elm; but forthwith down  
It crashed, uprooted, rending all the shore  
Asunder, whilst it stayed the pleasant tide  
With its dense branches, and its mass entire  
Plunged and bridged the flood; in fear, the chief  
Sprang from the whirlpool, and with winging feet  
Fled o'er the plain. But yet desisted not  
The mighty god, but leaped with darkling crest  
Upon him, to disable from the fray  
The great Achilles, and to rescue Troy  
From threatened ruin. Swiftly sprang the chief  
Back to the distance of a jav'lin's cast,  
Darting as darts the eagle of the chase,  
The sable eagle, of all flying things

Swiftest and strongest; so he rushed; the mail  
Rang loud upon his bosom as he slid  
Sideways in flight, while still with fearful roar  
The River followed. As a ditcher guides  
A rivulet, from dark-hued fountain sprung,  
Through growing shrubs and gardens; in his hands  
The wielded mattock from the trench upcasts  
The rubbish that obstructs it, and beneath  
The force of its oncoming flow it sweeps  
The pebbles on, and swiftly trickling slips  
Down its steep channel, gurgling, till its speed  
Outstrippeth his that guides it; even so  
The river's billows still o'ertook the chief,  
With all his fleetness; for the gods surpass  
Mankind in might. As oft as the brave chief  
Halted, and turned to face the foe and learn  
If all th' immortals in wide heav'n combined  
In driving him to flight, so oft from out  
That torrent, fall'n from heav'n, a huge wave came,  
Drenching his shoulders, while with anguished heart  
He sprang aloft; the River at his side  
Surged madly onward ever, wearying  
His limbs, the while it gnawed beneath his feet  
The sand away. Pelides raised his eyes  
Toward the broad firmament and groaned aloud:  
"O Father Zeus, will none of all the host  
Of heav'n engage to succor wretched me  
From out this river? Let my after-fate  
Be what it may. None else of them that dwell  
On high hath done to me such cruel wrong

As my dear mother, who beguiled my heart  
With baseless hopes. She said that I should fall  
'Neath the mailed Trojans' ramparts by the darts  
Swift-spced by Phœbus. Would that Hector's hand  
Had slain me! for of warriors nurtured here  
He is the bravest; and a hero then  
Had been my conqu'ror, and would have laid low  
One none the less a hero. But 'tis now  
My lot to perish wretchedly, thus pent  
Within this mighty river, e'en as some  
Poor swineherd lad, whom, as he seeks to cross,  
The storm-swoln torrent sweeps beneath its tide."

As thus he prayed, Poseidon instantly,  
And Pallas, stood beside him, in the guise  
Of mortals; in their hands they clasped his hand,  
And pledged to him their aid; and foremost thus  
Poseidon, he that rules the earthquakes, spake:

"O son of Peleus, tremble not nor fear  
O'ermuch; thy strong allies in heav'n are we,—  
Pallas Athena and myself; and Zeus  
Approves our deeds. 'Tis not thy fate to be  
Thus conquered by a stream; this torrent's wrath  
Shall soon abate, as thou thyself shalt know.  
Yet wisely thus we counsel thee, if thou  
Wilt hearken to us: never stay thy hands  
From the all-levelling strife, till thou hast crushed  
The Trojans back within the glorious walls  
Of Ilium,— all that 'scape; thou then shalt take  
The life of Hector, and return once more  
Fleetward; such triumph we vouchsafe to thee."

So spake they, and, departing, sought the host  
Of the immortals, whilst the chieftain sped —  
For wondrously the deities' behest  
Inspired him — plain-ward. Filled was all the plain  
With flooding water; suits of armor there,  
Rich and unnumbered, of young warriors slain,  
Floated, and corpses. With great bounds the chief  
Leaped in to breast the torrent, hindered not  
By the broad-flowing stream; for Pallas gave  
His limbs great strength. Nor did Scamander's  
rage

Abate; his fury rather rose the more  
Against the Greek; he reared his billowy crests  
Skyward, and thus to Simoïs called aloud:

“Unite we now, dear brother, to withstand  
This warrior's might, for soon will he lay low  
The ample walls of Priam; Ilium's host  
Will ne'er resist his onslaught. Lend thine aid  
Quickly as may be; fill thy brimming streams  
With water from the sources; make the tide  
To swell in all thy channels; and raise high  
The huge strong billow; let loud crashing sound  
Of trees and rocks be heard, that we may stay  
This savage, now victorious, whose desire  
Demands equality with gods. I trow  
That prowess will not save him from his fate,  
Nor beauty, nor those glorious arms, that soon  
Shall lie deep 'neath our waters, hid from sight  
Under their slime; and I will shroud the chief  
In the sea-sand,—strew copious shingle o'er

His corse; the Argives shall not know where lie  
His bones, if they would gather them — so deep  
In mire will I enshroud him. There shall be  
His sepulchre; no need to rear a mound  
When burial-rites are giv'n him by his host."

So spake the Stream, and surged with turbid tide  
Against Achilles, roaring, flecked with foam,  
With blood and corses. A dark wave amid  
The heav'n-descended flood rose high and bore  
Pelides down. Then Hera shrieked aloud,  
In terror for Achilles, full of fear  
Lest now the vast deep-eddying stream might sweep  
Away the warrior. Speedily she called  
Unto Hephæstus, her loved son, and spake:

"Rouse thee, crook-footed one, my child; for aye  
We counted thee as fairly matched in strife  
With eddying Xanthus. Haste to aid; make glow  
Thy blazing fire; myself meantime will speed  
To summon from the deep the bitter blast  
Of Zephyr and swift South-wind, that shall scorch  
The Trojans' heads and armor as it sweeps  
The fell flame onward. Thou by Xanthus' shore  
Pass to consume his woodland; fling thy fire  
Into the very stream; and let him ne'er  
Deter thee from thy purpose with soft speech,  
Nor yet with curses; nor abate thy rage  
Until I call aloud upon thee; then,  
And only then, withhold thy tireless flame."

So spake she; and Hephæstus soon prepared  
A furious conflagration. On the plain

First kindled he the flames, and burned the heaps  
Of dead that lay there, by Achilles' hand  
Slaughtered; and all the plain grew dry; the flow  
Of shining water ceased. As when in time  
Of autumn quickly dries 'neath Boreas' blast  
A freshly-watered vineyard; he that tills  
The soil rejoices; so th' entire plain  
Was dried, and all the dead consumed. Anon  
The god diverted toward the stream the might  
Of his bright fire. The elms and willow trees  
Were burned; the tamarisks were consumed, and all  
The lotus, rushes, galingal, that grew  
Luxuriant by the river's crystal tide.

The eels and fish amid the eddies felt  
Distressed, that dived athwart the limpid flood  
Hither and thither, burdened by the breath  
Of shrewd Hephæstus; and the River's might  
Was burned away. He called aloud and spake:

“None of the gods, Hephæstus, hath the pow'r  
To vie with thee; myself would not contend  
With thee, thus flaming. Cease the strife, and let  
Achilles straightway drive the Trojan host  
From out their city-walls; what care have I  
For strife, or lending succor in the fray?”

He spake, consumed by flames; his tranquil  
streams  
Bubbled and seethed. As urged by fierce fire's heat  
A caldron boils within, and melts the fat  
Of some plump porker; and from every hand  
The bubbles rise, as, 'neath the caldron piled,

Burn seasoned fagots; so the placid tide  
 Of the Scamander blazed with fire, and seethed  
 His waters; and no longer would he flow,  
 But stayed, outwearied by the violent blast  
 Of wise Hephæstus; whilst entreatingly  
 He called on Hera, and in winged words spake:

“Why doth thy son assail and vex my stream,  
 O Hera, more than other foes? For I  
 Am less at fault than all the rest that aid  
 The Trojans. Yet will I desist, if thou  
 So ord’rest; let him also cease. Beside,  
 Thus do I swear: — that never will I shield  
 The Trojans from their hour of fate — not ev’n  
 Though all of Troy shall burn with furious flame  
 Enkindled by the martial Argive host.”

The white-armed Hera heard the prayer; she  
 called  
 Hephæstus, her belovèd son, and spake:

“Illustrious child, Hephæstus, stay thy hand;  
 It is unseemly thus to violate,  
 For mortals’ sake, one deathless and divine.”

So spake she; at the word Hephæstus quenched  
 His devastating fires; the waves once more  
 Down the fair channels slipt in rapid flow.

Now when the wrath of Xanthus was subdued,  
 These twain desisted; Hera, though her rage  
 Burned still, restrained them. ’Mong the rest the  
 strife

Rose, fierce and heavy, and within their breasts  
 Their spirits wavered. With a fearful din

The deities encountered; the broad lands  
Reverberated, and with trumpet sound  
Rang the wide heav'n. From his Olympian seat  
Zeus heard, and laughed with glee within his heart  
To see the gods thus join in strife. Not long  
Stood they aloof; the piercer of the shields,  
Ares, led on, and with his brazen lance  
Charged Pallas first; thus tauntingly he spake:

“Why, shameless! stir again the gods to ire  
With such fierce hardihood, and urged by pride  
Unmeasured? Hast forgotten then the day  
Thou didst incite Tydides Diomed  
To wound me, and thyself didst grasp his spear  
Far-flashing, and didst thrust at me, and rend  
My comely flesh? I will requite thee now  
For all that I have suffered at thy hand.”

He spake, and struck his lance against the dread  
And tasselled ægis — shield invincible  
E'en 'gainst the thunderbolt of Zeus; yet now  
The blood-stained Ares hurled his massive shaft  
Against it. But, retreating, Pallas seized  
In her firm grasp a massive stone that lay  
Upon the field; black, rugged,— one which men  
Of olden days had planted there to mark  
A meadow's bound. With this she smote upon  
The neck the furious Ares — made his limbs  
To sink. He dropped; o'er full seven plethra  
spread

His form outstretched, his flowing locks defiled  
With dust; the mail that clad him rang aloud.



Then Pallas laughed exultantly, and thus  
O'er him made vaunt, and in winged accents spake:

“O childish Ares! little didst thou heed  
How far I boast in prowess to surpass  
Thyself,—that thou shouldst dare oppose thy might  
Against mine own. Thus mayst thou expiate  
The curses of thy mother, who, in rage,  
Ever deviseth ills for thee, because  
Thou didst desert th' Achæans, and dost aid  
The Trojans in their overweening pride.”

The goddess spake, and turned her glowing eyes  
From Ares. Aphroditè clasped his hand—  
She, child of Zeus—and led him from the field,  
Uttering groans incessant; scarce could he  
Regain his senses. White-armed Hera saw,  
And instantly to Pallas winged words spake:

“Unconquered child of ægis-wielding Zeus,  
Lo, there again that dog-fly leads away  
The pestilent Ares from the deadly field,  
Through the tumultuous press. But follow thou.”

So spake she, and Athena, glad at heart,  
Sped after and assailed them; with strong hand  
She smote the goddess on the breast, and made  
Her limbs and heart to falter. There both lay  
Stretched on the teeming earth, whilst o'er their fall  
Athena gloried, and in swift words spake:

“I would that all th' allies that aid the host  
Of Ilium were like these, and all that fight  
'Gainst the cuirassèd Argives! Would that all  
Were so courageous and so stout of heart

As Aphroditè, when she came to lend  
Her aid to Ares and withstand my might!  
Long since had we relinquished then the strife,  
And ravaged Ilium with its massive walls."

She ceased, and white-armed Hera smiled; whilst  
thus

The great Earth-shaker to Apollo spake:

"Why stand we thus at distance from the strife,  
Apollo? 'Tis unseemly in us, since  
The rest have joined it. Shame it were if we  
Turned backward to Olympus and the hall  
Of Zeus, of brazen threshold, with the fray  
Untasted still. Begin the fight, for thou  
Art younger; it becomes me not, since I  
Am elder-born and wiser. Foolish god,  
How thoughtless is thy heart! Thou dost no more  
Remember all the indignities that we,  
Alone among th' immortals, suffered here  
By Ilium's city, when from Zeus we came  
To serve the bold Laomedon the space  
Of one year for a wage agreed, while he  
Gave to us charges and commands. Myself  
Laid for the Trojans round their town a wall  
Both broad and beauteous, that the place might  
stand

Impregnable; whilst, Phœbus, thou didst tend  
His herds of bent-horned kine of trailing feet  
Upon the slopes of Ida, rich in dells  
And groves. But when the gladsome hours had  
brought

The day for payment of our meed, the grim  
Laomedon defrauded us of all  
The promised hire, and sent us from his land  
With threats — that he would bind our hands and  
feet

And carry us beyond the seas for sale  
In far-off isles; and vowed he would cut off  
The ears of both of us with brazen brand.  
And then did we return with angry hearts,  
Wroth for our hire, which he refused to yield,  
Though he had promised it. His people now  
Thou favorest, nor dost aid us as we strive  
That Troy's proud sons may perish with their babes  
And with their honored dames, in hapless plight."

The great Far-Worker, Phœbus, thus replied:  
"O shaker of the lands, thou couldst not call  
Me sound of mind, should I contend 'gainst thee  
For wretched mortals' cause, who flourish now  
Like leaves, and filled with fiery vigor feed  
Upon the fruit of earth, and now again  
Die, and are lifeless. Cease we instantly  
Our conflict; let these mortals wage their strife."

So spake he, and turned backward, for he felt  
Ashamed to meet in violent feud the hand  
Of his own father's brother. With harsh words  
His sister, wilding Artemis, who holds  
Dominion over savage creatures, chid  
Her brother, uttering reproachful speech:

"Dost thou then flee, Far-Worker, leaving all  
The triumph to Poseidon, and dost yield

To him an idle vaunt? O fool! why bear  
That bow of thine, since 'tis as void of might  
As wind? No longer shall I hear thee boast,  
As once, within the palace of our sire,  
Among th' immortals, that thou hast the strength  
To stand against Poseidon in the fray."

She spake; Far-Worker Phœbus naught replied;  
But, roused to anger, Zeus's honored spouse  
Reproved the Archeress, and harshly spake:

"How dost now venture, shameless jade, to  
stand  
Against me? Difficult 'twill prove for thee  
To measure strength with me, though thou dost  
wield

A bow indeed, and hast by Zeus been framed  
A lioness 'mong women, with the gift  
To slay what female thing thou wilt. Yet, sooth,  
'Tis better thou shouldst slaughter on the steep  
Fierce beasts or roebucks wild, than thus lift hand  
Of violence 'gainst thy betters. If thou fain  
Wouldst learn what strife is, come and comprehend  
How far in prowess I surpass thee, when  
Thou darest to oppose me in the fray."

She spake, and with her left hand pinioned fast  
Both wrists of Artemis, and tore the bow  
From off her shoulders with her right, and smote,  
Smiling, the goddess' ears with it, whilst she  
Struggled and writhed, and from the quiver fell  
The speeding arrows. Bathed in tears, she fled,  
As when a dove, pursued by falcon, wings

Her way to hollow cliff-side's cleft, when fate  
Decrees not yet her capture; thus she fled  
Weeping, and left her bow and arrows there.

Then guiding Hermes, slayer of Argos, spake  
To Leto: "Never will I strive with thee;  
For difficult it is to lift one's hand  
'Gainst consorts of cloud-gath'ring Zeus. So now  
Before th' immortals make thy ready vaunt  
That thou by thy strong arm hast made me yield."

He spake; and Leto gathered from the ground  
The curving bow and arrows that lay strown  
Hither and thither 'mid the whirling mass  
Of dust. Retiring from the field, she bore  
The arrows of her child; who meantime fled  
To the bronze-thresholded Olympian hall  
Of Zeus; the daughter took her seat, and wept,  
Upon her father's knees, th' ambrosial robe  
Trembling about her. Then Chronides pressed  
His daughter to his bosom, merrily  
Laughing, and asked: "What heav'nly one, dear  
child,

Hath outraged thee thus wantonly, as though  
Found in the doing of notorious wrong?"

And Artemis, the shining-crowned, whose call  
Rings to her pack of hounds, made answer: "Sire,  
Thy spouse it was, the white-armed Hera, who  
Misused me thus; it is through her that rise  
Discord and strife amid the deathless host."

So held they converse each with each. Meantime  
Phœbus Apollo passed within the wall

Of sacred Troy; he felt solicitude  
For massive Ilium's rampart, lest the Greeks,  
Though fate decreed it not, might spoil that day  
The bulwarks. Now the others of the host  
Immortal sought Olympus; some in rage,  
Some in loud triumph; round their cloud-wrapt sire  
The gods enthroned themselves. Achilles still  
Slaughtered the Trojans, warriors with their steeds  
Of hoofs uncloven. And as when is seen  
A smoke-cloud rising to the spacious sky,  
Up from a burning city, which the wrath  
Of heav'n hath kindled; the disaster brings  
Labor to all the citizens, and heaps  
Woe upon many; thus Achilles brought  
Labor and suff'ring to the Trojan race.

Now from his station on the sacred tow'r  
The aged Priam spied the massive form  
Of Peleus' scion. Still before his rage  
The Trojans wildly fled,— possessed no more  
Strength for deliverance. With groans, the king  
Descended from the tow'r to earth, and passed  
Along the rampart, charging the far-famed  
Warders that held the portals: "See ye keep  
The gates thrown wide until the people near  
The walls; for lo, Achilles is at hand,  
Pressing them hard; and soon will direful deeds  
Be done, I trow. But when our host is closed  
Within and hath breathed respite, then make fast  
The closely-jointed doors; I fear this wild  
Barbarian now may spring within our wall."

So spake he; they shot back the bolts and flung  
The portals wide, which, opened, showed a way  
Of safety to the host. Apollo came  
Flying to meet the fugitives, to save  
Troy from destruction. From the plain they sped  
Straight toward the city and the lofty wall,  
Thirst-parched and dust-swathed; whilst impetu-  
ously

The foe pursued them, lance in hand, his heart  
Filled with wild rage, in eager hope to gain  
Renown. Then surely had Achæa's host  
Captured high-gated Troy, had Phœbus not  
Inspired Antenor's son, Agenor, brave,  
Godlike, and unrepached; he fired his soul  
With valor, and beside him took his place  
To rescue Troy from ruin's heavy hand,  
Leaning, in mist and darkness hid from sight,  
Against a beech-tree. When Agenor now  
Perceived Achilles, waster of strong walls,  
Ling'ring he stood, and in his breast the while  
Surged many an anxious thought; and mournfully  
With his great heart the prince communed and  
spake:

"Alas for me! if now I fly before  
Mighty Achilles, by the way where throng  
The rest in panic, yet will he, despite  
My efforts, capture me, and hew apart  
My head and shoulders; and my meed shall be  
That of the coward. If instead I leave  
The Trojans driv'n in tumult by the hand

Of Peleus' son, Achilles, whilst I seek  
A diff'rent path, and, fleeing from the wall,  
Speed o'er the plain of Ilus till I gain  
The mountain-dells of Ida, and beneath  
Its coppices find hiding, then at gloam  
Of evening may I wash the stains of toil  
Away by bathing in the stream, and find  
My way once more to Troy. Why doth my heart  
Suggest such thoughts to me? I fear that while  
Still plain-ward from the town I flee, the chief  
May spy me, and, pursuing with swift feet,  
May capture me; escape from death and fate  
Will then be hopeless; he possesseth might  
Beyond all others. If I go to stand  
'Gainst him before the walls? The spear, I ween,  
Would find e'en his flesh vuln'erable; there bides  
One only life within him, and men say  
That he is mortal; though Chronides Zeus  
Renders him now victorious in the field."

He spake, and crouching for a charge, stood fast  
Waiting Achilles, his courageous soul  
Burning for battle. As a panther forth  
From a deep thicket at the huntsman springs,—  
Not put to flight nor daunted when he hears  
The baying of the hounds; for though the foe  
Give the first wound by weapon thrust or cast,  
Yet, though transfixed, his fiery rage abates  
No whit till he shall close with him, or fall  
Dead at his feet; so brave Agenor now,  
Renowned Antenor's scion, would not flee



Till first he had made trial of the might  
Of Peleus' son; he held his orbèd shield  
Before him, aimed his lance, and called aloud:

“Far-famed Achilles! fondly doth thy heart  
Cherish the hope to spoil this selfsame day  
Th' impetuous Trojans' city. Vain thy dream!  
Labors uncounted ye must yet sustain  
Beside it. Warriors many and brave are we  
That bide within it, who will for the sake  
Of our loved parents, sons and helpmeets, shield  
This Ilium. Thou shalt perish here,—e'en thou  
That art so dread and dauntless in the fray.”

So the chief spake, and from his mighty hand  
Launched the keen lance; and with unerring aim  
Smote Peleus' son beneath the knee. The greave  
Worn by the hero, newly-forged of tin,  
Rang with dread sound; yet from the mail the shaft  
Rebounded, piercing not; the gift of heav'n  
Restrained its force. And next Pelides sprang  
Upon Agenor the divine; but yet  
Apollo would not suffer him to gain  
Triumph, but snatched his favorite thence, from  
sight

Veiled in dense mist, and brought him from the fray  
All unmolested. Then with artful wiles  
He lured Pelides from the Trojan host;  
For the Far-Worker stood, in guise that seemed  
Agenor's very self, before the chief,  
Who sped to smite him. Whilst across the plain,

Teeming with wheat, he chased him toward the  
strand

Of eddying Scamander, as he fled  
Just in advance of him — the god beguiled  
Achilles, so that still he hoped by speed  
To capture him — the rest of Ilium's host,  
Gladly relieved, flocked in disordered flight  
Into the city; all the place was filled  
With pent-up fugitives; nor did they dare  
To wait without the city and the wall  
Till others came, and learn who still survived,  
And who had perished in the fight; but streamed  
Within the walls, rejoicing — all whose feet  
And limbs had brought them safely from the fray.



## BOOK XXII

### THE DEATH OF HECTOR

The Trojans, with the exception of Hector, having been driven back within the walls, the Greeks approach the ramparts to make an attack. Apollo discloses his identity to Achilles, warning him to desist from pursuit; Achilles angrily returns toward where Hector is awaiting him. Seeing him approach, Priam entreats his son to avoid an encounter and retire within the city, setting forth his own unhappy fate should Hector be slain. Hecuba joins her entreaties to those of her husband; but Hector determines to await his enemy, dreading the censure of his fellow-citizens in the event of his retreat, and the barbarity of Achilles should he throw himself upon his mercy. As Achilles approaches, however, Hector takes to flight, and is pursued three times by Achilles round the walls of Troy, vainly trying to throw off his pursuer, who drives the Trojan prince away from the shelter of the walls. Zeus laments to the other gods the impending doom of so noble a chief, and consults them as to the advisability of rescuing him; he is dissuaded by Pallas, who descends to Troy, and, meeting Achilles, promises him her aid in the destruction of Hector. Zeus balances the fates of Achilles and Hector; the fate of Hector sinks in the scale. Pallas, in the guise of Hector's brother Deiphobus, induces Hector to make a stand against Achilles; this Hector does; he fails to induce Achilles to agree not to dishonor his body in case of victory. Hector by stooping avoids

||| scales of  
- deception

## *The Iliad*

Achilles' lance; his own rebounds from the shield of the Greek hero; calling on Deïphobus, whom he supposes to be at hand, to bring another, Hector becomes aware of the deception and of his own imminent fate. Achilles drives his spear into the throat of Hector through a joint in his armor, dealing a mortal wound. The dying Hector again entreats his conqueror not to abandon his body to the dogs, but to accept ransom; Achilles harshly refuses, and Hector, with his last breath, admonishes Achilles of his own approaching end. Achilles strips the body, which his companions dishonor; commanding the chanting of a pæan of victory, he binds the body behind his chariot by means of thongs passed through the feet, and drags it over the ground. The Trojans in the city lament, led by Hecuba and by Priam, who is with difficulty restrained from rushing out to entreat Achilles' mercy. Andromachè, hearing the cries as she labors at her loom, hastens forth, only to behold the inhuman treatment of her husband's body; she swoons, and, reviving, bemoans Hector's fate and the sorrowful lot of their son.

## BOOK XXII

THUS having fled like fawns, the Trojan host,  
Scattered throughout the city, cooled away  
Their sweat, and quaffed and slaked their thirst, re-  
clined

On the fair battlements. The Greeks meantime  
Approached beneath the bulwarks with their shields  
Borne on their shoulders. Then destructive fate  
Bound Hector fast, to tarry still before  
The city and the Scæan port; and now  
Phœbus Apollo to Pelides spake:

“Pelides, why pursue me with swift feet,  
Mortal thyself, god immortal? Thou  
Hast not yet marked I am divine — thine ire  
Is still so fierce. Nor dost thou longer heed  
Thine enterprise against the Trojan host,  
Late driv'n in flight by thee, who in their walls  
Have taken refuge, while with erring feet  
Thou rovest hither. Powerless art thou  
To slay me, since 'tis not my fate to die.”

In bitter anger the fleet-footed chief  
Rejoined: “Far-Worker, thou of all gods most  
Baneful, now greatly hast thou injured me,  
Turning me hither from the wall; for else  
Had many a Trojan bitten dust before  
They gained their Ilium. Thou hast snatched from  
me

A signal triumph, and delivered them,  
With ready ease, since thou hadst not to fear  
Vengeance for this hereafter; yet would I,  
If pow'r were mine, avenge myself on thee."

So spake the chief, and with triumphant heart  
Turned toward the city, speeding like a steed  
That gains the prize — that, straining to the race,  
Skims o'er the plain with nimble bounds and spins  
His car behind him; thus did Peleus' son  
Now ply his feet and limbs with nimble speed.

First aged Priam's eye espied the chief,  
As bounding o'er the plain he came, a gleam,  
Like that autumnal star, whose brilliant rays  
Outshine the other stars amid the gloom  
Of midnight; — called Orion's Hound; 'tis most  
Brilliant of all, yet, evil-boding, brings  
Full many a fever to distressed mankind;  
So on the warrior's bosom, as he sped,  
Gleamed the bronze mail. The old man groaned  
aloud,  
And smote his head with his raised hands, and  
called

Upon his well-loved son, who stood before  
The city portals, burning to engage  
Pelides. Unto him, with outstretched hands,  
In piteous accents prayed the aged sire:

"Hector, dear son, I charge thee, do not wait  
This man thus single-handed and apart  
From thy companions, lest thou quickly meet  
Thy doom, and perish by Pelides' hand,

For he is far the stronger. Cruel chief!  
Would he were cherished by the heav'nly host  
E'en as I love him! for full quickly then  
Upon his flesh should dogs and vultures feed  
As he lay dead, and this deep grief should pass  
That burdens now my heart. He hath bereft  
Me of sons many and valiant — some he slew,  
And some he sold as slaves in far-off isles.  
And Polydorus and Lycaon now,  
Two of my sons, I see not 'mong our throng  
Now hemmed within the city walls; — the twain  
Laothoë, queen of women, bore to me,  
Yet if they still are living and within  
The Greek encampment, we may free them soon  
With ransom, gold and brass; such treasure lies  
Within our halls; for Altes, aged prince  
Of famous name, bestowed upon his child  
Uncounted wealth. If they are dead, and passed  
To halls of Hades, sorrow shall descend  
On me and on their mother; yet the rest  
Of Ilium's people shall lament their fate  
A shorter space, if by Achilles' hand  
Thou also perish not. But come thou now  
Within the walls, my son; from danger shield  
Troy's men and matrons; grant not to the foe  
This signal triumph, purchased through the loss  
Of thine own precious life. Have mercy on  
Me, the ill-starred,— on me, whose life is fraught  
With constant woe — whom Zeus, as now I stand  
Upon the threshold of my hoary years,



Dooms to a fearful death, yet not before  
Unnumbered scenes of woe have met my sight,—  
Of slaughtered sons, and daughters haled away,—  
Their chambers pillaged, and their tender babes  
Dashed 'gainst the ground in that remorseless strife,  
And my sons' helpmeets by the ruthless hands  
Of the Greek host borne captive. Last of all,  
When foeman with keen weapon thrust or cast  
Hath robbed my limbs of life, the dogs that feed  
Upon raw flesh shall come to rend my frame;—  
Those very dogs, mayhap, that in my hall  
I fed at mine own board, and set to keep  
My palace-portals — these shall lap my gore,  
And maddened by its flavor stretch to rest  
Within the porches. When a youth is slain  
In battle, it becomes him well to lie  
Mangled with spears; whate'er attends his fate  
Doth noble seem; but when an aged sire  
Is stricken,— when the shameless dogs defile  
His hoary hair and beard, no scene can be  
More pitiful, that greets poor mortals' gaze."

So prayed the ancient king, and plucked and tore  
His snowy locks; yet failed to move the heart  
Of Hector. From the other side approached  
The mourning mother; baring with one hand  
Her bosom, while with one she raised to sight  
Her breast, and bathed in tears, in winged words  
spake:

"Hector, dear son, revere this breast and show  
Pity toward me. If ever in days past

I pressed this bosom to thy lips, and pain  
Fled from thy spirit, then, belovèd child,  
Recall this; bide within the walls and keep  
The enemy from thee; and do not stand  
'Gainst him, a single champion. Cruel one!  
For if he slay thee, ne'er shall I bewail  
Thee on thy bier, dear scion, whom I bore,  
Nor will thy helpmeet, richly dow'ed; but far  
Away from us shall nimble dogs devour  
Thy body there beside the Argive barks."

So wept the twain, with many an earnest prayer  
Imploring their loved son; yet could not change  
The heart of Hector. Firm he stood to bide  
The onslaught of Achilles, vast of frame.  
As when a serpent, fed on poisonous herbs,  
Spawned in the mountains, waits within its lair  
Mankind's approach; fierce fury fills its heart,  
And as it coils about its den its eyes  
Gleam fearfully; so Hector, filled with fire  
Unquenchable, retreated not, but leaned  
His buckler, the resplendent, 'gainst a tow'r  
Projecting from the wall, and mournfully  
With his great spirit thus communed and spake:—

"Woe me! if now I pass within the gates,  
Polydamas, he first, will heap on me  
Reproach; for his advice was giv'n that I  
Should marshal to the city-walls our host  
Beneath that fateful night, when first divine  
Achilles was aroused. I would not heed;  
Far better 'twould have proved. But now, when I

Have through my folly brought upon my race  
Destruction, I must feel abashed before  
The Trojans, and the Trojans' long-robed wives,  
Lest haply one less brave than I exclaim:  
'Hector o'er-trustful in his strength hath wrought  
The ruin of his city.' Such shall be  
His words — far better than for me that I  
Had gone to meet Achilles, and returned  
His conqu'ror, or that he had slain me there  
Whilst gloriously defending Ilium's walls.  
Or if I put aside my studded shield  
And pond'rous casque, and 'gainst the rampart rest  
My jav'lin, and myself go forth to meet  
Blameless Achilles, vowing we will yield  
Helen and all her wealth — ay, even all  
That Alexander brought in his deep barks  
To Ilium's shores — the cause from which the strife  
Originated; — to restore it all  
To Atreus' sons, and parcel 'mong the Greeks  
What stores of wealth soever are concealed  
Within the city? Then — if I exact  
The senatorial oath, that Ilium's men  
Shall conceal naught, but thoroughly divide  
In twain all treasures harbored by the walls  
Of our fair city? Yet why doth my heart  
Inspire me with such thoughts? For haply, when  
I shall approach the warrior, he may feel  
Nor shame nor pity, but may cut me down,  
Unarmed — yea, like a woman, when I lay  
Aside my mail. Nor is it possible

To hold familiar converse with the chief  
From rock or oak-tree, as do youths and maids  
That each with each chat sportively. 'Tis best  
To join the strife with utmost speed, and know  
To which th' Olympian yields the boast to-day."

Thus musing, Hector lingered. Meanwhile came  
Achilles near, as terrible of mien  
As the helmed god of battle, brandishing  
O'er his right shoulder the dread Pelian shaft  
Of ash; the armor clasped about him gleamed  
Bright as a blazing flame, or as the rays  
Of the sun's rising. Hector, at the sight,  
Was terrified; no longer dared he stand,  
But left the gates behind, and fled; the Greek  
In swift pursuit, reliant on the speed  
Of his fleet feet. As falcon on the hills,  
Swiftest of all the wingèd creatures, swoops  
Down on a timid dove, that, from beneath,  
Sidewise takes flight; the foe, shrill-shrieking, darts  
Incessantly to reach her, all intent  
Upon her capture; so, in furious chase,  
Straight onward flew the Greek, whilst Hector ran  
On 'neath the shelter of the Trojan wall,  
And nimbly plied his knees in flight. They passed  
The Place of Look-out and the wind-tossed mass  
Of the wild fig-tree, as beneath the tow'rs  
Still sped they o'er the wagon-road; and soon  
Gained the fair Fountains, where two sources well  
Of eddyng Scamander; and the tide  
Of one is warm, and from it smoke ascends

As from a blazing flame; and one doth flow,  
E'en in the summer season, cold as hail  
Or chilling snow or clear ice that congeals  
From water. Close beside the sources lie  
The pits for washing, spacious, fair, and lined  
With stone; 'twas here that in days past, in time  
Of peace, before the Achæans came, the wives  
And daughters fair of Troy were wont to lave  
Their glist'ning garments. Past these now they  
raced,—

The warriors twain,— one fleeing, one behind  
Pursuing; he that fled indeed was brave,  
But braver he that followed. Swift they ran;  
No victim was the trophy of that race,  
Nor yet an oxhide, prizes for the fleet  
In games 'mong men; the race was for the life  
Of Hector. As uncloven-footed steeds,  
Winners of contests, nimbly course around  
The goal-post when some splendid prize is set,—  
Tripod or maiden,— at the funeral games  
Of a slain chief; e'en thus, with flying feet,  
Three times the warriors circled round the walls  
Of Priam's city. Witnessing the sight  
Sate all the heav'nly host; and 'mongst them first  
The sire alike of gods and mortals spake:—

“Woe me! mine eyes behold a man I love  
Pursued around the rampart; and my heart  
Yearneth for Hector. He hath burned to me  
Full many a thigh of bullock on the crests  
Of Ida seamed with furrows, and again

In the high citadel; and now divine  
Achilles chases him with nimble feet  
Round Priam's walls. Come then, celestials, now  
Consider and take thought if we shall save  
Hector from death, or suffer him to fall,  
Brave as he is, beneath Pelides' hand."

Then sparkling-eyed Athena answ'ring spake:  
"O sire of sable clouds, that wield'st the bolt  
Of light, what meanest thou by words like these?  
Wouldst save from death upon the clanging field  
A mortal warrior long since doomed by fate  
To perish? Do thy will; yet know, thy deeds  
Are not approved by all the heav'nly host."

And Zeus, the Cloud-compeller, thus rejoined:  
"Tritogenia, daughter mine, take heart;  
I spake not in right earnest; 'tis my wish  
To show thee kindness. Do not then delay,  
But act according to thy heart's desire."

So spake he, rousing Pallas, who before  
Was eager; down th' Olympian peak she sped.

Meanwhile Achilles with incessant speed  
Pressed upon Hector. As on mountain-side  
The hound doth startle from its lair the young  
Of the wild deer, and through the winding vales  
And glens pursues it; though it crouch beneath  
The coppice to escape the foe, its trace  
Is soon regained, and onward still he runs  
Till he o'ertakes; so Hector could not hide  
From swift Pelides. Often as he sprang  
Toward the Dardan portals and beneath

The massive tow'rs, in hope that those who stood  
Upon the ramparts might rain down their darts,  
And aid him thus, so oft Achilles ran  
Before him,—turned him back upon the plain,  
Holding his own course ever near the wall  
Of Troy. As the pursuer in a dream  
Can ne'er o'ertake the fugitive, nor he  
Shake off the other; so with all his speed  
The Greek could not reach Hector, nor that chief  
Elude his foe. Yet how could Hector thus  
Have shunned his fate, had Phœbus, for the last  
And final time, not joined him now and lent  
Speed to his limbs and vigor to his frame?

Now to his followers great Achilles gave  
The backward nod, forbidding them to cast  
Their bitter shafts at Hector, that no Greek  
Should smite him and gain glory thus, whilst he,  
Pelides, should rank second. When the twain  
Now for the fourth time neared the Founts, our Sire  
Upraised the golden balance in his hand,  
And placed within the scales two lots, both fraught  
With long-mourned death—the one for Peleus'  
child,

One for knight Hector; poising it, he hung  
The balance by the midst; and Hector's fate  
Sank downward and descended to the depths  
Of Hades; and Apollo left his side.

And now the radiant-eyed Athena came  
Close to Pelides, and in winged words spake:

“ Now, strong Achilles, loved of Zeus, shall we,

I trust, bring back great glory to the braves  
Of Argos by their barks; we shall have slain  
This Hector, all insatiate though he be  
Of battle. 'Tis impossible that now  
He 'scape us, though the Archer of the skies,  
Apollo, roll in anguish at the feet  
Of Zeus that wields the ægis. Do thou bide  
Here and breathe respite, whilst I go to move  
The Trojan to oppose thee hand-to-hand."

So Pallas spake. The warrior, glad at heart,  
Obeyed, and leaned upon his ashen spear  
Shod with bronze tip. She left him there and sped  
To reach brave Hector. Close beside the chief  
She stood, and in Deïphobus's guise,  
And with his tireless voice, in winged words spake:

"My brother, swift Achilles presses hard  
Upon thee, chasing thee with flying feet  
Around the walls of Priam. Let us hold  
Our ground now firmly and repulse the chief."

Then shining-crested Hector made reply:  
"Deïphobus, I held thee in days past  
The dearest far of all my brethren sprung  
From Hecuba and Priam; yet my heart  
Now prizes thee far more, since thou hast dared,  
For my sake, seeing my need, to sally forth,  
While still within the wall the rest abide."

The bright-eyed goddess Pallas answ'ring spake:  
"Yea, brother, earnestly indeed my sire  
And queenly mother supplicated me,  
Clasping my knees in turn, and mates, that came



Thronging around me, to remain — so dire  
A dread besets the hearts of all; but yet  
The soul that dwells within me was oppressed  
With bitter grief. Now let us join the fight  
Right earnestly, and never let us spare  
Our spears, that we may learn if Peleus' child  
Shall slay us both, and bear our gory spoils  
To the deep barks, or perish 'neath thy shaft."

So spake Athena, as with guileful heart  
She led the hero onward. When the twain,  
Advancing 'gainst each other, had come nigh,  
First to his foe bright-crested Hector spake:

"No longer, son of Peleus, shall I flee  
Before thee, as I have done. Thrice have I  
Raced in my flight round Priam's ample walls,  
Not daring to abide thy charge; but now  
My spirit doth encourage me to stand  
Confronting thee, to slay thee or to fall.  
But let us now invoke the heav'nly host  
To witness this our pledge; for they shall be  
The best of witnesses, and guard full well  
Our compact here. I will not shamefully  
Outrage thy corse, if Zeus award to me  
The triumph, and I take thy life; but when  
I have despoiled thee of thy glorious mail,  
Achilles, I will yield thy body back  
To the Greek host; do thou by me the same."

But Peleus' son, dark-frowning, answ'ring spake:  
"Hector, eternal foe, prate not to me  
Of covenants. 'Twixt lions and mankind

No treaty-oaths can be, nor yet can lambs  
With wolves accord; but each for each feels hate  
Unending. Neither then can I or thou  
Have love for th' other; truce there cannot be  
Betwixt us twain till one or other fall  
And with his blood sate Ares, him that wields  
The oxhide buckler. Therefore call to mind  
All of thy valor; now thou hast all need  
To be a spearman and a warrior brave  
In battle; thou no more canst find escape,  
And instantly Athena 'neath my brand  
Shall slay thee; thou shalt once for all atone  
Now for the sorrows of my comrades — all  
Whom in thy furious wrath thy spear laid low."

He spake, and brandished his long-shadowing  
lance,

And cast it; but famed Hector marked its flight,  
And, crouching, shunned it, whilst the brazen dart  
Passed o'er his head and fixed in earth stood fast.  
Pallas Athena snatched it up and gave  
Back to the son of Peleus, all unseen  
By Hector, shepherd of the host. And now  
To Peleus' son, the blameless, Hector cried:

"Peer of the gods, Achilles! thou hast missed,  
Neither from Zeus hast thou yet learned my fate,  
Though thou dost boast thus. Ready is thy speech  
And artful, framed that I may cow'r in dread  
Before thee, all forgetful of my might  
And courage. Ne'er shalt thou implant thy spear  
Within my back in flight; but drive it through

My breast, as still I charge, if heav'n shall lend  
Such pow'r to thee. But now avoid my shaft  
Of bronze; and would thy bosom might receive  
The lance's length; for lighter were the strife  
For Ilium's sons if thou wert slain; 'tis thou  
Who art the deadliest bane to all their kind."

He spake, and, brandishing his pond'rous lance,  
Hurl'd it, nor missed, but smote Pelides' shield  
Fair in the midst; yet from its face the shaft  
Rebounded and fell far. The Trojan chief  
Was wroth that fruitlessly the swift spear sped  
From out his hand. He stood in shame aghast,  
For second jav'lin had he none. He called,  
Utt'ring a far-resounding shout, upon  
Deïphobus that bore the snowy shield,  
And asked him for another spear; but he  
Was nowhere nigh, and Hector in his heart  
Perceived that he was absent, and made moan:—

"Alas for me, the gods have surely now  
Called me to death. I trusted that the brave  
Deïphobus was here; but he is still  
Within the wall, and I have been beguiled  
By Pallas. Now my death is close at hand,—  
Near, and not far; escaped it cannot be,  
For such hath long time been the will of Zeus  
And Zeus's son, the Archer, who of yore  
Shielded me zealously; but now my fate  
O'ertaketh me. But yet will I not fall  
Inglorious, without struggle, but perform  
A mighty deed—a deed that shall be told

'Mong generations born in coming years.'

So ending thus his words, the warrior drew  
The brand, keen-whetted, huge and strong, that  
hung

Beside his flank; then, crouching, he swooped down  
Like eagle soaring in the skies, that darts  
Through the black storm-clouds toward the plain to  
seize

Some tender lamb or cow'ring hare; e'en so  
Rushed Hector on his enemy and waved  
His whetted brand. The Greek charged too, aflame  
With furious passion, holding his bright shield,  
Rich-wrought, before his breast; the shimm'ring  
casque,

Four-crested, nodded down; the fair gold plumes  
Tossed o'er the helmet, by Hephæstus' hand  
Thick-massed around the cone. As doth arise  
Among the other stars, at midnight gloom,  
Hesper, the fairest star of all that lie  
Set in the heav'ns; such dazzling radiance shone  
From the keen-whetted spear Achilles shook  
In his right hand, with heart that burned to harm  
The Trojan chief. Now Peleus' son surveyed  
His foe to see where his fair flesh would yield  
Most surely to his weapon. All the rest  
Of Hector's flesh was guarded well beneath  
The splendid brazen panoply he tore  
From slain Patroclus; yet the throat was seen  
Unguarded where the collar-bone divides  
The neck and shoulders — swiftest entrance finds

Death at this point. Here, as he charged, divine Achilles thrust his lance — the point passed through The tender neck; but yet the ashen shaft, Weighted with brazen tip, dissevered not The windpipe, leaving still the pow'r of speech And of reply. He fell in dust; and brave Achilles, glorying o'er the fallen, cried:

“Thy hope was, Hector, when thou didst despoil Patroclus, to remain unharmed; to me, Fool that thou wert! thou gav'st no heed, since I Was far away; but yet, from him apart, I, mightier far to avenge, was left behind By the deep barks; and I have robbed thy frame Of life, and dogs and vultures now shall rend Thy limbs all shamefully, whilst Argos' host Shall bury my dead friend with rituals meet.”

The shining-crested chief in fainting tones Made answer: “I conjure thee by thy soul, Thy knees, thy parents, that thou wilt not leave The dogs to mangle me beside the fleet Of the Achæans; take what'er thou wilt Of gold and brass — the gifts with which my sire And mother shall reward thee; but restore My body to my home, that Ilium's men And dames may honor it with funeral flame.”

Achilles answered with relentless mien: “Thou dog, entreat me neither by my knees Nor by my parents. Would that mine own heart And spirit moved me now to cut from thee Thy flesh, and to devour it raw — such wrongs

Hast thou inflicted on me. None shall shield  
Thy body from the dogs — not though they bring  
To free thee thrice tenfold the proffered store,  
And heap it here, and promise me beside  
Still other treasures; — nay, not even though  
Dardanian Priam gave command to send  
Thy weight in gold; — not even then shall she,  
Thy queenly mother, mourn o'er thee, her child,  
Nor lay thee on thy funeral bed; but on  
Thy flesh shall dogs and wild birds make repast."

And crested Hector, dying answered: "Ay,  
'Tis e'en as I foreboded, knowing thee;  
I could not hope to move thee, for the heart  
Within thy breast is iron. Yet beware  
Lest for my cause celestial wrath descend  
On thee, that day when at the Scæan gates  
At Alexander's and at Phœbus' hands  
E'en thou, the strong, shall meet thine overthrow."

As thus the hero spake, death's mantling shade  
O'erspread him; from his limbs his soul took flight  
And sank to Hades, mourning for its fate,  
To part from manly vigor and the prime  
Of youthful strength; and to the lifeless chief  
Divine Achilles called: "Die thus; and I  
Accept my destiny whenever Zeus  
Ordains it, and the rest of heav'n's high host."

He spake, and from the dead man's flesh plucked  
forth  
The brazen jav'lin, placing it apart,  
And stripped from off the shoulders of the chief

The gory mail; whilst other Argives now  
Came thronging round, and gazed with wond'ring  
eyes

Upon the stature and the peerless form  
Of Hector; and of them that stood around,  
Not one but gave a wound; and thus they spake,  
Each looking on his fellow: "Hector, sooth,  
Is gentler to the handling now than when  
His blazing torches set our fleet aflame."

So said they, as they stood beside the slain,  
And wounded him; and when divine and fleet  
Achilles had despoiled the corse, he rose  
Among his Argives and in winged words spake:

"O friends, Achæa's couns'lors and her chiefs,  
Since thus the gods have giv'n us to o'erthrow  
This man whose deeds of mischief have been more  
Than those of all the rest together, soon  
Let our armed band encompass Ilium's walls  
And test them, to discover what her braves  
Intend — if, Hector fall'n, they will forsake  
Their citadel, or, though their leader be  
No more, they are determined to hold fast  
Their stronghold. Yet why is it that my heart  
Should harbor thoughts like these? Beside the fleet  
Patroclus lieth slain, with none to weep,  
Unburied; yet he nevermore shall pass  
From my remembrance whilst my place is still  
Among the living, and while thrills my frame  
With life. And though the dead in Hades' deep  
Be quite forgot, e'en there will I recall

My loved companion. Now, O youths of Greece,  
Let us entune a pæan and repair  
To the deep barks, and bear with us the slain.  
Great glory have we gained; we have laid low  
Hector, the great, to whom all Ilium through  
The Trojan people prayed as though divine."

He spake, devising for the noble dead  
Shameful affront. The sinews of both feet  
He pierced from heel to ankle, passing through  
Thongs wrought of hide; and to his chariot fast  
He bound the slain, and left the head to be  
Dragged in the dust; then, lifting to the car  
The glorious mail, he mounted to his seat  
And lashed the chargers; willingly they sped.  
About the corse they dragged a dust-cloud rose;  
His dark hair floated free; the head, of yore  
So comely, lay in dust; for then did Zeus  
Yield Hector to his enemies to be  
Thus giv'n to outrage in his native land.

Thus was his brow all dust-defiled. Meantime  
His mother rent her hair, and from her cast  
Her shining veil; as she beheld her child,  
She wailed aloud, while piteously made moan  
The loving sire; and all the people round  
Throughout the breadth of Ilium were giv'n o'er  
To wailing and to groaning. E'en it seemed  
That all high Ilium from her lofty crest  
Was smould'ring down. Scarce could the people  
hold  
The grief-filled king from rushing madly through



The Dardan portals. Rolling in the mire,  
He earnestly besought them all, and called  
Upon each man, addressing each by name:

“ Restrain your zeal, O friends, and suffer me,—  
Though you do pity me, alone to fare  
To the Achæan barks. I will entreat  
This impious man, whose deeds of wanton wrong  
Are so prodigious; if before my years  
He feel abashed,— if on my hoary age  
He have compassion. Such as I his sire  
Is, even Peleus, who begat and reared  
One doomed to prove disastrous to the race  
Of Ilium. On myself especially  
He hath brought woe; for he hath stricken down  
So many sons in flow’r of age; and yet,  
Great though my sorrow be, I mourn for all  
Less than for one, for whom my bitter grief  
Will drag me down to Hades’ depths full soon.  
Would he had died in mine embrace! we then  
Had made lament, and mourned our fill,— myself  
And she that brought him forth, the hapless queen.”

Thus said he weeping; and the citizens  
Groaned with their king. ’Mong Ilium’s matrons  
thus

Wailed Hecuba with lifted voice aloud:

“ Alas for me, my child! why live I yet,  
Now that thou art no more, and since the blow  
Of fate hath been so heavy? Night and day  
Wert thou my boast throughout the city; all  
Troy’s men and matrons throughout Ilium found

Succor in thee, and e'en as one divine  
They bade thee welcome; for thou wert indeed  
Their mighty glory while thou livedst; but now  
Have destiny and doom o'ertaken thee."

So spake she weeping; Hector's wife as yet  
Was ignorant of the news; not yet had come  
To her the truthful messenger and told  
That still her lord was ling'ring there before  
The portals; but within the inner part  
Of her high-vaulted chamber wove she there  
A double web of purple, strewing in  
Fantastic flow'rs. She called her maids, fair-tressed,  
Within the hall to set upon the fire  
A massive tripod to prepare and warm  
A bath for Hector when the hero came  
Back from the fray,— unwitting wife! nor knew  
That far indeed from baths the glancing-eyed  
Athena had o'erthrown him by the hand  
Of Peleus' son. She heard the wailing cries  
And groans upon the tow'r; a trembling seized  
Her limbs — she dropt the shuttle from her grasp,  
And to the fair-haired damsels quickly spake:

"Come, two of you, and follow — I must see  
What deeds have now been done. I hear the call  
Of her, mine honored second mother, while  
Forth from within my bosom leaps the heart  
Into my mouth; my nether limbs are grown  
Stiffened with fear. Disaster is at hand  
For Priam's offspring. Would the thing were far  
From mine own ear! yet anxiously I dread

Lest great Achilles, cutting off the bold  
Hector alone from Troy, pursues him now  
Plain-ward, and soon shall check him in that dire  
Rashness that raged in him — he would not bide  
Amid the armèd throng, but charged before  
All, and to none in hardihood would yield."

Such were her words; like one distraught, she ran  
Forth from her palace with a throbbing heart;  
And with her went her handmaids. When they  
gained

The watch-tow'r and the warrior-throng, she stept  
Upon the rampart, thence to view the field,  
And saw her husband dragged along before  
The city; for remorselessly swift steeds  
Haled Hector onward toward the hollow barks  
Of Greece. Dense darkness veiled her eyes; she  
sank

Backward and swooned away, as she let fall  
Far from her head the shining bonds — the wreath,  
The net, the fillet plaited fair, and last  
The veil as well,— the gift bestowed on her  
By golden Aphroditè on that day  
When crested Hector, lavishing on her  
Unbounded treasure, from Eëtion's hall  
Led her, his consort. Round her thronging pressed  
The sisters of her husband and the wives  
Of her own brethren; and they held her fast  
Amongst them, for indeed she was distraught  
Nigh unto death; but when she was at length  
Revived, and spirit was within her frame

Gathered once more, with bursts of sudden grief  
Among the Trojan matrons thus she spake:

“Hector — ah me, unhappy! To one fate  
We both were born; in walls of Ilium thou,  
In Priam’s house; in Thebes I, ’neath the steep  
Of sylvan Placus, in Eëtion’s hall.  
He reared me in my years of childhood — he,  
Ill-fated, me, ill-starred; O, would I ne’er  
Had seen the light! Now, Hector, dost thou pass  
To haunts of Hades and the realms hid deep  
Beneath the earth, and me thou leav’st bereft,  
Grief-stricken in my dwelling. But for him,—  
The babe, a helpless infant still, the child  
Of us ill-fated parents — neither thou,  
Hector, who art no more, canst give him care,  
Nor can he aid thee now; for though he ’scape  
This mournful struggle with Achæa’s host,  
Yet ever shall be his, through future years,  
Labor and hardships. Other men shall mark  
At will the boundaries of his fields. The day  
Of orphanhood deprives the boy beside  
Of all his former friends of youth; he stands  
With head bowed low, and stains with falling tears  
His cheeks. Among his father’s friends the child  
Goes hunger-driv’n, and plucks the cloak of one,  
The tunic of another; one of them,  
Moved to compassion, proffers him a small  
Chalice; he bathes his lips, but cannot wet  
His palate; and another lad that still  
Hath both his parents living, from the feast

Thrusteth him forth, and strikes him with his hands,  
Chiding: 'Begone! thy father hath no share  
In this our banquet.' Thus the boy returns  
All tearful to his desolate mother — he,  
Astyanax, who on his father's knees  
Of yore ate marrow only and the flesh  
Of fatted sheep; and then, when sleep o'ercame  
His sense, and ceased his childish play, he slept  
Within his nurse's arms, with joy-filled heart,  
On his soft couch. Yet must he suffer now  
Full many a hardship, missing his dear sire —  
He, called Astyanax, the city's king,  
By Trojans, since thou only didst defend  
Their gates and their long walls. And now beside  
The beakèd galleys, from thy parents far,  
Shall writhing worms, when dogs have had their fill,  
Consume thy naked form; yet here within  
Thy halls rich delicate garments lie, by hands  
Of women wrought. All these will I consume  
With fire; no good can come from them to thee,  
Since ne'er can they enfold thy rest; but they  
Shall show thy splendor to the populace  
Of Ilium, men and women." Thus she spake,  
Weeping, whilst all the women groaned around.

## BOOK XXIII

### THE FUNERAL OF PATROCLUS

The Greeks continue to mourn for Patroclus; a funeral feast is shared, and preparations for the burial begun. Patroclus appears to Achilles in his sleep, urging that the burial be performed speedily to permit the repose of his soul, and that his bones be laid in the same urn in which those of his friend shall eventually rest. Trees are felled in the forests of Ida for fuel; Achilles and the Myrmidons lead the funeral procession, and the chief with others cuts off his locks as an offering to the dead. The multitude having been dismissed, the funeral attendants wrap the body in the fat of slain victims, and on the pyre with it are placed horses, dogs, and the bodies of twelve young Trojan captives put to death by Achilles. The pyre is not ignited till, at the prayer of Achilles, conveyed by Iris, Boreas and Zephyr send their blasts to kindle it, when it is speedily consumed, Achilles continuing to lament beside it. Meantime Apollo and Aphroditè preserve from injury and decay the body of Hector, which has been left unburied. The pyre of Patroclus having been extinguished, the bones are placed in a golden vase, wrapped in caul, and buried; a mound is reared over the spot. Funeral games are then held in honor of the dead, the prizes being offered by Achilles, and consisting of caldrons, tripods, maidens, horses, etc. A chariot race is first proposed. Antilochus, son of Nestor, one of the contestants, is instructed by his father. Eumelus

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and Diomed run closely for first place; the scourge, stricken from Diomed's hand by Apollo, is restored by Pallas, who breaks the chariot-yoke of Eumelus, permitting Diomed to gain the first prize of a maid and tripod. Antilochus wins second place from Menelaüs by rushing past him in a narrow part of the course, the Spartan king fearing to continue at full speed. Eumelus, the ablest of the contestants, arriving last, is consoled with the gift of a corselet; Antilochus, being awarded the second prize of a mare, is upbraided by Menelaüs for his trickery, and offers to surrender the mare to him; but Menelaüs restores it in memory of the services rendered to him by the house of Nestor, who, in commemoration of his former prowess, receives the fifth prize of a goblet as a keepsake. A boxing match follows, won by Epeius; a wrestling contest, in which Ajax Telamonius and Odysseus divide the honors; the foot-race is won by Odysseus from Ajax the son of Oileus, who has been made to stumble by Pallas; in the contest of spears Ajax Telamonius and Diomed contend with indecisive result and divide the trophies. The quoit-throwing match is won by Polypoetes. Meriones wins the archery contest from Teucer, who has omitted to invoke the gods; the target being a dove attached to a pole made from a ship's mast. Finally a caldron is awarded to Agamemnon as the ablest spearman of all.

BOOK XXIII

THUS throughout Ilium mourned they. But  
when now

Back to the Hellespont the Argives came,  
And to their barks, some scattered, every man  
To his own ship; howbeit Peleus' son  
Would not allow his Myrmidonian train  
To be dispersed; but thus his charge he gave  
Before his followers, lovers of the fray:

“O Myrmidons, ye drivers of swift steeds,  
My trusty comrades, let us not unyoke  
Our solid-footed coursers from before  
Our chariots; but with chargers and with cars  
Go we to mourn Patroclus; 'tis the last  
Meed of the dead. But when we have our fill  
Of miserable mourning, loose we then  
Our steeds, and all take here our late repast.”

Such were his words; then moaned the gathered  
throng,

Led by Achilles. Thrice around the slain  
They urged their fair-maned coursers, whilst they  
wept;

For Thetis stirred their hearts with the desire  
To make lament. Bedewed were the sea-sands,  
And wet the warriors' armor, with their tears;  
For such a man they mourned, a chief so strong  
To rout the foemen. 'Mong the rest began



Pelides his incessant moan, and laid  
On his friend's breast his slaughter-dealing hands:

“ All hail to thee, Patroclus, though thou bide  
In Hades' mansions; now at last shall I  
Bring to achievement all that I before  
Promised,— that I would drag dead Hector here  
And give his carcase to the dogs for food,  
And would before thy pyre behead twelve fair  
Children of Troy, in anger at thy fall.”

So said he; planning for the noble foe  
Further disgrace, he cast the corse to lie  
Face-downward in the dust beside the bier  
Of Menœtiades. The warriors laid  
Each man aside his shimm'ring brazen arms,  
Unyoked their lofty-crested battle-steeds,  
And by the bark of swift Æacides  
Sate down in countless numbers, whilst he spread  
Before his host a feast to cheer the heart.  
And many a snowy bullock then beneath  
The steel, death-stricken, quivered,— many a sheep  
And bleating goat; and many a porker too,  
White-tusked and rich with fat, there roasting hung  
Over Hephæstus' glowing flames; and blood  
Welled forth in cupfuls all around the slain.

Meanwhile the captains of the Argive host  
Led their commander, Peleus' son, the fleet,  
To noble Agamemnon. Scarce could they  
Prevail upon him, for he mourned at heart  
For his companion. When they neared the tent  
Of Agamemnon, speedily they bade

The clear-voiced heralds set upon the fire  
A massive caldron, hoping to prevail  
Thus upon Peleus' son to cleanse his frame  
Of blood and gore; yet stubbornly the chief  
Refused to bathe, and swore an oath beside:

“Nay, not by Zeus, supernal and supreme  
Among the gods; it is not meet that I  
Should suffer cleansing water to come near  
My head, ere on the funeral pyre I lay  
Patroclus, and heap earth to form a mound,  
And cut my locks, since never shall my heart  
Again know grief like this while still I keep  
My place among the living. Let us now  
Observe this hateful feast; but when the day  
Shall dawn, do thou, O Lord Atrides, give  
Command that wood be brought, and all such store  
As may befit a slain man doomed to pass  
To realms of mist and shadow; that the flame  
That wearieth not may speedily destroy  
The dead man from our sight, and thus allow  
The warriors to resume their wonted tasks.”

Such were his words; the men gave willing ear,  
Complying, and each speedily prepared  
His evening meal and supped; none went bereft  
Of equal portion. When desire for food  
And drink was o'er, the others sought for rest  
Their tents; but Peleus' son, deep groaning, lay  
'Mong all his Myrmidons upon the strand  
Of many-echoed Ocean, in a space  
Cleared of the dead, where dashed upon the shore

The ocean-billows. Now when sleep embraced  
The hero, and diffused its gentle spell  
About him, and relieved his breast of care —  
For weary grew his glorious limbs, the while  
He was pursuing Hector by the wall  
Of windy Troy — there came to him the shade  
Of poor Patroclus; ay, the image seemed  
The warrior's very self — his splendid eyes,  
Stature and voice; the vesture was the same,  
That clothed his form. Above Achilles' head  
Patroclus stood, accosting him, and spake:

“Thou slumb'rest, O Achilles, and of me  
Art all forgetful. Ne'er in life didst thou  
Neglect me, yet in death dost do so; speed  
To bury me, that presently I pass  
The gates of Hades; for the shadows here,  
Phantoms of dead men, keep me far away,  
Nor suffer me to pass the river's tide  
To mingle with them: vainly rove I through  
Hades' wide-portalled hall. Now proffer me  
Thy hand, I beg with tears — I shall return  
No more from Hades when ye grant to me  
The meed of flame. We never shall sit more  
Apart from our companions, framing plans —  
No more in this life; hateful fate hath yawned  
For me,— the fate that claimed me as its prey  
From my birth-hour. And thou art destined too,  
O godlike chief, to perish 'neath the wall  
Of Ilium's high-born warriors. Furthermore,  
Thus charge I thee, imposing this behest,

If thou wilt heed me. Do not lay my bones  
Apart from thine, Achilles; let them be  
Placed by thine own; since both of us were reared  
Within thy palace, when Menœtius brought  
Me to thy house, a lad, from Opus, where  
I had committed homicide, a dire  
Offence. Unwittingly, in boyish rage,  
In anger o'er the dice, a youth I slew,  
Amphidamas's son; and Peleus then,  
The chivalrous, received me to his hall,  
And reared me with kind care, appointing me  
Thine own companion. Let our ashes then  
Within the self-same urn be hid from sight,—  
The golden double-handled funeral-urn  
Thy mother, queenly Thetis, gave to thee."

Achilles swift of foot thus answ'ring spake:  
"Why, sacred presence, hast thou made thy way  
Hither to me, and giv'n me these commands  
In full detail? Yea, verily will I,  
E'en as thou bid'st, obey thee — bring to pass  
All, all that thou requirest. Only stand  
Nearer, and let us for a brief space cast  
Our arms about each other and thus find  
A measure of contentment in our tears."

The warrior spake, and stretched forth loving  
arms,  
Yet embraced naught; like smoke the phantom  
passed  
Wailing beneath the earth. Amazed, the chief,  
Upspringing, beat his hands, and mourned aloud:

“ Ah, surely, in the halls of Hades bides  
Some shadow or some image, though there dwell  
No mind within it; for the livelong night  
Stood poor Patroclus' phantom at my side,  
Mourning and weeping — his true counterpart,  
And wondrous, laying many a charge on me.”

So spake the chief, and stirred in all their hearts  
Longing to weep; and dawned, while still they wept  
Around the piteous corse, upon their tears  
The rosy-fingered morning. And meantime  
King Agamemnon sent from every hand,  
From all the barracks, mules and men to bring  
The fagots; and a noble man was roused  
To bear his part,— Meriones, the squire  
Of bold Idomeneus; and forth now fared  
The warriors, wielding axes in their hands  
For felling, and well-twisted cords; before  
The men the mules went. On the laborers came;  
Up-hill and down-dale passed, from side to side,  
Straight or obliquely; and attained full soon  
The mountain-glens of Ida, where with speed  
Their long-edged axes felled the oak-trees crowned  
With lofty foliage; crashing fearfully  
They fell. The Argives cleft them,— bound them  
fast

Upon the mules, that sundered with their feet  
The ground, as through dense coppices they sped,  
Eager to reach the plain. The woodmen all  
Bore trunks of fallen trees; for such command  
Was giv'n them by Meriones, the brave

Idomeneus's follower. In a row  
They dropped the gathered timbers on the shore  
Of Ocean, where Pelides had decreed  
The rearing, for himself and for his friend,  
Of a great burial-mound. When they had cast  
The mass of fagots down, that all the place  
Was girdled round, they sate them down in bands,  
And lingered. Instantly Achilles bade  
His warlike Myrmidons to gird their arms  
Of bronze about them, and to yoke the steeds,  
Each warrior to his chariot; and they sprang  
To don their mail; while mounted to their cars  
The charioteers and their companions too  
That fought beside them. First of all the host  
The horsemen went, and after them the cloud  
Of infantry came following, in a mass  
Uncounted; in the midst his comrades bore  
Patroclus; and they covered the slain chief  
With their shorn locks, down-dropt; but the divine  
Achilles, following, held within his hands  
The hero's head, and mourned,—escorting now  
A noble comrade to the shadow-land.

When now they gained the place that Peleus' son  
Showed them, they laid their burthen down, and  
heaped

Abundant wood about him; but, intent  
On other purpose, swift Achilles took  
His stand at distance from the pyre and shore  
His tawny mane, luxuriant, for the tide  
Of the Spercheius tended, and o'erlooked

The wine-hued deep, and sorrowfully said:—

“Spercheius, 'twas an idle vow my sire,  
Peleus, once made to thee, that when I came  
Again to my loved native country, I  
Should shear my locks to thee, and offer up  
A sacred hecatomb, and sacrifice,  
There at thy sources, where thy hallowed grove  
And odorous altar lie, entire rams  
Twoscore and ten. Thus vowed the patriarch—  
thou

Hast not fulfilled his purpose. Therefore, since  
To my loved land I now shall nevermore  
Return, I will bestow my locks upon  
Patroclus, my brave friend, to bear away.”

So saying, in his loved companion's hands  
He placed the locks, and all the hearers' hearts  
He stirred to tearful grief; now would the day  
Have darkened whilst they wept; but Peleus' son,  
Approaching Agamemnon, swiftly spake:

“Atrides, to thy words our host will yield  
The readiest obedience; ev'n of plaint  
There may be surfeit. From the funeral pyre  
Disperse them now and bid them to prepare  
Their evening meal; we others, we to whom  
The body is most precious, will attend  
To these devotions; none the less, allow  
Those chief in rank to tarry with us here.”

When Agamemnon, widely-ruling, heard  
These words, he instantly dispersed the host  
Among their shapely galleys; yet remained

The mourners by the dead, and heaping high  
The fagots, reared a pyre of fivescore feet  
On every side; and on its summit laid  
The dead, in sorrow. Many a goodly sheep  
And bent-horned bullock, trailing-hoofed, before  
The pyre was flayed and well prepared; from all  
The carcasses great-souled Achilles took  
The fat, and overlaid from head to feet  
The body of his friend, and all around  
Piled the flayed bodies. Likewise did he place  
Upon the pyre two-handled jars, well filled  
With honey and with unguents, set to rest  
Against Patroclus' bier; and utt'ring loud  
Laments, four steeds of arching necks he cast  
Upon the pyre in ruthless haste. The hounds  
That shared the chieftain's meat were nine; and  
twain

He hurled beheaded to the flames; and threw  
After them, slain with brazen brand, twelve brave  
Sons of the high-souled Trojans, for his heart  
Was full of cruel purpose. Then he cast  
Into the pyre the iron strength of flame  
That should possess it; uttering aloud  
The name of his loved friend, he groaned and spake:

“ All hail to thee, Patroclus, e'en within  
The mansions of the lower world; for now  
Have I accomplished all things which before  
I promised unto thee. Twelve noble sons  
Of the magnanimous Trojans doth the flame  
Consume with thee — ay, all; but for the son



Of Priam, Hector, never will I yield  
Him to the fire, but to the dogs, for food."

So threatened he; yet round the Trojan chief  
No dogs were busied;—none, for day and night  
Did Zeus's daughter, Aphroditè, keep  
The beasts at bay, anointing well his frame  
With oil of rose, ambrosial, that the foe,  
In dragging on the body, might not harm  
The hero's flesh. Then from the firmament  
Phœbus Apollo made dark mist descend  
Upon the plain,— veiled all the spot from sight  
Where lay the Trojan's body, lest too soon  
The ardent heat of the sun might parch the flesh  
Upon the limbs and sinews of the slain.

Nor was the pyre of Menœtiades  
Consumed; and other thoughts now filled the mind  
Of Peleus' son, divine and swift; he stood  
At distance, and invoked the winds,— the twain,  
Prayed Boreas both and Zephyr, with the vow  
Of precious gifts; and pouring forth the wine  
From a gold chalice, earnestly besought  
Their coming, that the bodies thus might be  
Quickly consumed, and hasty flame might seize  
The fagots. As she heard his prayer, the fleet  
Iris, as intermediary, sped  
To where the winds dwelt. There within the hall  
Of stormy Zephyr, in a gathered throng,  
At festal banquet sate the winds; and now  
Came Iris, winging nigh, and took her stand  
Upon the stony threshold. At her sight

Upstarted all; each called her to a seat  
Beside him; but she would not sit, and spake:

“No time have I for resting; I must haste  
Back to the streams of Ocean, to the land  
Where dwell the Æthiops, where they offer up  
Their hecatombs to heav'n, that I may share  
The sacred banquet. But Achilles prays  
To Boreas, vowing noble sacrifice,  
And to the echoing Zephyr, that ye speed  
To Troy, and wake to flame the pyre where lies  
Patroclus, mourned by all Achæa's host.”

She spake, and went her way. The winds up-  
sprang

With a great roar, and drave the clouds in flight  
Before them. Swiftly came they; o'er the deep  
Their breath went forth; and 'neath their shrilling  
gales

The waves were stirred. They gained the fertile  
lands

Of Troy and fell upon the pyre, and loud  
And furious roared the blaze. The livelong night  
Did their united currents beat the flames  
With piping blast; all night did Peleus' son,  
Holding a double-handled chalice, dip  
From out a golden wassail-bowl the wine,  
Outpoured it o'er the earth, and drenched the  
ground,

And called upon the shade of the ill-starred  
Patroclus. As a father mourns who burns  
The ashes of his new-wed son, whose fate

Grieves his unhappy parents; even so  
Achilles made lament, as he consumed  
His comrade's ashes; whilst he slowly crept  
Beside the pyre and moaned incessantly.

Now at the hour when riseth to men's sight  
The star of dawning, heralding the day  
Upon the lands,— the day-star that precedes  
The morning light, whose saffron robes are spread  
Upon the salty deep,— the funeral pile  
Burned low, its light extinguished; then returned  
Homeward the winds across the Thracian deep,  
That groaned with swoln waves tempest-tossed.

And now

Did Peleus's son, withdrawing from his place  
Beside his comrade's pyre, sink down to rest  
In weariness, whilst o'er his senses came  
Swiftly sweet slumber. In dense throngs the host  
Now flocked around Atrides; and the roar  
And din of their on-coming roused the chief  
From slumber; and he raised himself, and spake:

“ O son of Atreus,— all ye that command  
The Panachæans, ye are first to pour  
A dash of sparkling wine, to quench the flame,  
Upon the pyre — o'er all of it where spread  
The fury of the fire; and let us then  
Gather the ashes of Menœtius' son,  
Distinguishing them well; for they may be  
Discerned full readily; the hero lay  
Upon the centre of the pyre; the rest,  
Warriors and steeds, in undistinguished mass

Were burned about its edge. We then will place  
The ashes in a golden urn, and fold  
Round them a double layer of fat, till I  
Myself am hid in Hades. 'Tis my will  
That no vast mound be reared, but only one  
Of seemly bulk; ye other Greeks may heap  
This broad and high — ye who remain within  
The many-seated galleys after me."

So spake he, and they hearkened to the fleet  
Scion of Peleus. First they show'ed upon  
The pyre their gleaming wine, where'er the flame  
Had touched, and thick the embers fell; and now,  
Letting fall tears, the shining bones they gleaned,—  
Their gentle-hearted comrade's — gath'ring them  
Into a golden urn, and folded o'er  
The mass a double layer of fat, and wound  
All in a soft fine linen shroud, and laid  
The ashes in the tent. The toilers soon  
Rounded the barrow; first about the pyre  
Laying foundations, speedily they cast  
The piled-up earth above them. Thus they heaped  
A burial-mound, and so returned. Meanwhile  
Achilles bade the people wait, and made  
The wide assembly sit; whilst from the barks  
He brought forth trophies,— caldrons, tripods too,  
Coursers and mules, and oxen strong of frame,  
And hoary steel, and damsels girdled fair.

And first for the swift charioteers the chief  
Proposed rich trophies; — these: a maid to wife,  
Well versed in works of useful skill; beside

A tripod set with handles, that contained  
Full two and twenty measures; these should be  
Giv'n to the foremost; then, to him who gained  
The second place, a courser, six years old,  
An untamed mare that carried a mule's foal  
Within her womb. A caldron, never yet  
Hung o'er the fire, all shining still and fair,  
Of twice two measures' volume, was the prize  
Set for the third; he that came fourth might claim  
Two golden talents, and the fifth a bowl  
With double base, unsullied by the fire.  
Then rose Achilles 'mongst the Greeks and  
spake: —

“ Atrides and ye other well-greaved Greeks,  
Within the stadium here the trophies lie,  
Waiting the drivers of the cars. If we,  
The Greeks, did at the funeral games contend  
Of any other warrior, then myself  
Should win the foremost prize, to bear away  
To mine own tent; ye know how far my steeds  
Excel the rest; for deathless is their race; —  
Poseidon's gifts were they unto my sire,  
Bestowed by him in turn on me. Yet now  
Will I and mine uncloven-footed steeds  
Remain inactive; they have lost the fair  
Renown of him, their charioteer, so mild  
Of nature, who so often o'er their manes  
Poured liquid olive-oil, first having laved  
Them well with limpid water. Idle now,  
They mourn their charioteer; with manes that hang

Low to the ground, they stand with sorrowing hearts.

But ye, the rest, throughout th' encampment make Your preparations — all ye Greeks that trust Your battle-cars, firm-jointed, and your steeds."

So spake Pelides. They that drave the fleet Coursers were roused; and foremost far upsprang Eumelus, king of men, Admetus' son, Dear to his sire, excelling in the art Of guiding coursers. After him arose The strong Tydides Diomed, and led Beneath the yoke the steeds of Tros,— the same He wrested from Æneas once, when he Was saved from fate by Phœbus. After him Came tawny Menelaüs, the divine Scion of Atreus. 'Neath the yoke he brought Fleet chargers,— Æthè, Agamemnon's mare, And his own horse Podargus. The first-named Was giv'n the monarch by Anchises' son, Echepolus, that he might not attend The king to wind-swept Troy, but might abide At home amid his pleasures; he was giv'n Great wealth by Zeus, and in the spacious land Of Sicyon dwelt. This mare he coupled soon, All straining for the start. Antilochus, The fourth, arrayed his fair-maned coursers,— he, The glorious son of Nestor the proud chief,— Of Nestor, son of Neleus; and his pair, Natives of Pylus, bore with flying feet His chariot onward. By the hero's side

Now stood his father couns'ling prudently  
His son, already most expert, and spake: —

“ Antilochus, though young, thou hadst the love  
Of Zeus and of Poseidon — every art  
Of horsemanship they taught thee; hence small need  
For me to teach; for well thou knowest how  
To bend about the goals; but yet thy steeds  
Are tardiest in the course, and this, I fear,  
May cause thee loss. The other charioteers  
Drive nimbler steeds than thou, but yet surpass  
Thee not in science. Store thy mind, dear child,  
With skill of every sort, that now the prize  
Escape thee not. The feller of the oak  
Is mightier far through skill than strength; by skill  
The pilot safely guides the flying bark  
Over the wine-hued ocean, though the blasts  
May buffet it; the charioteer through art  
Wins from his rival. He that trusts his steeds  
And chariot, winding thoughtlessly and far  
Hither and thither, finds his horses range  
At random o'er the course, nor doth he hold  
Them in control; but the experienced man,  
Though worse the steeds he drives, doth ever keep  
His eye upon the goal-post — makes the bend  
Close by its side — forgets not, when he may,  
To strain the oxhide reins, but with firm hand  
Controls them, waiting watchfully the chance  
To pass the leader. I will indicate  
The goal to thee, so plain, thou canst not fail  
To make it clearly. Rising from the ground,

A fathom tall, a seasoned tree-trunk stands,  
Of oak or pine, resisting the decay  
Of stormy rains; 'gainst which at either side  
Just at the meeting of the ways there rest  
Two snowy stones, whilst all the course around  
Is smooth and level; — either 'tis perchance  
Some long-dead mortal's tomb, or else a mark  
Erected there by men of former years,  
A turning-post: Achilles now, the fleet,  
Ordaineth it a goal. Guide thou thy steeds  
And chariot close beside it; thou meantime  
Within thy plaited battle-car must bend  
Slightly to leftward; goad the right-hand steed,  
And cheer him onward, slack'ning too thy hold  
Upon the reins; the left-hand courser so  
Must brush the pillar, that the nave that turns  
Within the firmly-fashioned wheel may seem  
To graze the column's upper end; yet shun  
The contact with the stone, lest thou perchance  
Shouldst wound thy horses, and should wreck as  
well

Thy chariot, thus to fill the rest with glee  
And bring reproach upon thyself; but, boy,  
Let prudence be thy sure defence. For if,  
When thou hast turned the pole, thou hast outrun  
The rest, no rival then, however fast,  
Can overtake or pass thee, though divine  
Arion drew his chariot, the swift steed  
Of King Adrastus, and of heav'nly race,—  
No, nor the horses of Laomedon,



Bred in this land, and eminent for speed."

Neleian Nestor spake, and took once more  
His seat, when thus he had informed his son  
Of each chief matter. Now Meriones,  
The fifth to start, made ready for the race  
His fair-maned coursers. To their cars climbed  
now

The drivers; lots were cast; Achilles shook  
The lots together. Forth now leapt the fate  
Of Nestor's son, Antilochus; the chief  
Eumelus won the second choice, and next  
In turn Atrides Menelaüs came,  
Famed with the spear. The fourth place at the  
start

Fell to Meriones; the fifth and last  
Tydides for his chargers won, although  
Surpassing all the others. Now in line  
They waited, and Pelides, from his place,  
Pointed where on the smooth plain stood afar  
The marked-out goals; and to observe the race  
Bade godlike Phœnix, follower of his sire,  
Sit close beside it, thence to watch the course  
And to proclaim his sentence truthfully.

Then all the rivals raised above their steeds  
The whips, and cheered them on, with eager hands  
Plying the reins. Now rapidly they cleared  
The plain with flying feet, and left the barks  
Behind them; and beneath their bosoms rose  
The dust that seemed like storm-cloud or like blast  
Of hurricane; whilst in the wind's breath streamed

The coursers' manes; and now the chariots sank  
Close to the teeming earth, now leaped on high,  
Swinging aloft in air. The charioteers  
Stood in their places, whilst each throbbing heart  
Yearned for the trophy; each man urged his steeds  
That dust-swathed skimmed the plain in rapid flight.

But when at length the fleeing horses gained  
The final course, returning toward the strand  
Of hoary ocean backward, then was seen  
The mettle of each one; the coursers' speed  
Was strained to th' utmost; and with sudden dart  
Eumelus' rapid chargers leaped before  
The rest; and after them the horses came  
Of Diomed, of Trojan breed,— behind,  
Not far, but very nigh; for still they seemed  
About to climb the leader's car; and aye  
The back and ample shoulders of the chief  
Were warmed beneath their breath, as in their flight  
They bent their heads above him. Diomed  
Had passed his rival then, or made the race  
Of doubtful issue, but that Phœbus, filled  
With rage against Tydides, from his grasp  
Struck the bright scourge. From his indignant eyes  
Welled forth the tears, on seeing the mares fly  
Far faster than before,— his steeds meantime  
Retarded, since the goad was lost. But yet  
The treach'rous plotting of the Archer-king  
'Gainst Tydeus' son did not elude the eye  
Of Pallas. Swiftly speeding, she came near  
The shepherd of the host, and to his hand

Restored the scourge, infusing in his steeds  
New strength. Anon the angry goddess ran  
After Admetus' son. She brake in twain  
The yoke that held the coursers; and the mares  
Ran from the course, apart; the chariot-pole  
Trailed on the ground, and down the driver rolled  
Out from his seat beside the wheel; the flesh  
Was stript from elbows, nostrils, lips; whilst o'er  
The brows was crushed the forehead; and his eyes  
Were filled with tears — his strong voice choked.

The son

Of Tydeus' swerved his steeds' uncloven feet  
Aside, and suddenly forth darted far  
Before the others; for Athena lent  
His chargers mettle and vouchsafed the chief  
The triumph. Next in order Atreus' son  
Pressed on,— the tawny Menelaüs; next  
Urged Nestor's son the coursers of his sire:

“ Now to the race, ye also; strain your speed  
E'en to the utmost. 'Tis not my command  
That ye should match these others here — the steeds  
Of Tydeus' son, which Pallas hath endowed  
With nimbleness, and giv'n to that bold chief  
The trophy; yet the coursers ye may pass  
Of Atreus' son; and be not left behind,  
But make all haste, lest, female though she be,  
Æthè may shame you. Noble horses, why  
Be distanced now? For this do I declare  
Full plainly — it shall surely be fulfilled:  
Ye shall receive no kindness at the hands

Of Nestor, shepherd of the host; for he  
With his keen brand will soon despatch you twain  
If through our slothfulness we bear away  
Th' inferior trophy. Follow close and speed  
Swiftly as may be — this myself will I  
Contrive and plan with heedful mind,— to slip,  
Where the way narrows, past Atrides' steeds."

He spake; the coursers, in their dread to be  
Thus taunted by the prince, a little time  
Sped faster. Presently Antilochus,  
Steadfast in combat, marked a strait defile  
Where ran the deep-hewn course. A channel here  
Furrowed the earth, where water, gathered tide  
Of stormy winter rains, had broken through  
The path, and hollowed all the place; and nigh  
Pressed Menelaüs, shunning anxiously  
Collision of the wheels. Antilochus  
Swerved here and reined his solid-footed steeds  
Out of the way, a little to one side,  
And sprang in swift pursuit, whilst Atreus' son,  
Alarmed, to Nestor's scion called aloud:

"Thou drivest recklessly, Antilochus!  
Restrain thy steeds — the path is narrow here,  
And in a broader way thou soon mayst find  
The chance to pass me; but beware lest thou  
Dash 'gainst my chariot and destroy us both."

He spake, but Nestor's scion drove his steeds  
Faster than ever, urging them along  
With goad-pricks, feigning not to hear. As far  
As a quoit travels, from the shoulder hurled

By a strong man to test his youthful might,  
So far the coursers ran abreast; — the mares  
Of Atreus' son were stayed behind; the king  
Himself forbore to urge them, for he feared  
Lest in the narrow way the strong-hoofed steeds  
Might strike against each other, and o'erthrow  
The plaited chariots, whilst their charioteers  
That pressed to gain the triumph might be hurled  
Down in the dust; and thus upbraidingly  
Called Atreus' fair-haired son to him aloud:

“There is no mortal man, Antilochus,  
More pestilent than thou; th' Achæans called  
Thee wise, but falsely. Get thee gone! yet thou,  
Save with an oath, shalt never gain thy meed.”

He ceased, and to his chargers called aloud:  
“Halt not, nor stand with stricken hearts; the feet  
Of these your rivals, and their knees, will fail  
Sooner than yours; the prime of both is past.”

He spake; the coursers feared the king's rebuke,  
And fleeing onward neared the leaders soon.

Meantime in the arena the Greek host  
Sate watching for the horses as they sped  
'Mid dust-clouds o'er the plain. Idomeneus,  
The Cretan leader, marked them first, for he  
Had taken seat outside the stadium,— high  
Upon a lookout, whence he heard afar  
And knew the cheerer's voice, and marked a steed,  
Splendid of aspect, leading; bay of hue  
Save on the forehead, where a snowy mark,  
Round as the moon, appeared. The Cretan king

Rose from his place, and to the Greeks thus spake:

“O comrades, Argos’ counselors and chiefs,  
Do I alone distinctly mark the steeds,  
Or do ye also? Others seem to me  
To be the leaders, and no more the same  
Appears the charioteer. Those mares, before  
Outstripping all the rest, I ween, must now  
Be hindered on the plain; I marked them fly  
Round the goal foremost, yet nowhere mine eyes  
Can now descry them, though to every side  
I view the Trojan plain. I trow, the hand  
That drave them dropt the reins, and thus became  
Unable to control them safely round  
The terminal; and as they made the bend,  
Occurred mischance, and there the charioteer,  
Methinks, was dashed forth, and the chariot too  
Shattered in fragments, whilst the mares he drave  
Swerved wildly from the course, their senses all  
Distracted. Rise ye also and behold; —  
I cannot well distinguish; yet doth seem  
The man to me to be that chief, of race  
Ætolian, prince among the Argive host,  
Brave Diomed, steed-taming Tydeus’ son.”

Then swift Oïlean Ajax thus in tones  
Of contumely scoffed: “Idomeneus,  
Why dost thou thus habitually play  
The chatt’rer, whilst far hence the bounding mares  
Fly o’er the spacious plain? Thou’rt not so far  
The youngest of the Greeks, nor do thine eyes  
Gaze from thy head most piercingly; yet still

Thou pratest without end. Thou hast no need  
To be thus boist'rous-tongued; for others here  
Are ranked thy betters. Nay, those mares, the same  
That led, lead still — Eumelus' steeds; 'tis he  
That wields the lines and onward comes apace."

Indignantly replied the Cretan king:  
"O perverse Ajax, in dispute and strife  
Alone excelling, in all else thou art  
Inferior to the other Argives, since  
Thou art of churlish nature. Stake we now  
A tripod or a caldron, and select,  
Both of us, Agamemnon, to proclaim,  
As judge, whose steeds are leading; that thou thus  
Mayst own thy fault and pay the forfeit meet."

He spake; fleet-footed Ajax instantly,  
Oïleus' son, upstarted to reply  
Indignantly with harsh abuse; and now  
Betwixt the twain had ris'n still further strife;  
But forth stood Peleus' son himself, and spake:

"No longer, Ajax and Idomeneus,  
Exchange thus angry railings, for it ill  
Beseems th' occasion. Ye yourselves would blame  
Another giving such offence. But keep  
Your seats within the stadium, and thence mark  
The coursers; they themselves will soon arrive  
Here, pressing for the trophy; each of you  
Shall then discover which of the Greek steeds  
Are leading, and which gain the second place."

So said he, and the son of Tydeus drew  
Nigh at full speed; continually he plied

With his whole arm the scourge; his chargers came  
Bounding in air, and traversed with swift feet  
The course, while still upon their driver fell  
The particles of flying dust; the car,  
O'erlaid with cov'ring tin and golden, sped  
Rolling behind the steeds, as still the twain  
Flew swiftly. In the mid-arena came  
The chieftain to a halt; while from the necks  
And bosoms of the steeds the sweat in streams  
Gushed to the ground; and to the ground the chief  
Leaped from his shimm'ring car; the scourge he  
    leaned

Against the yoke. Nor did brave Sthenelus  
Loiter, but grasped the prize with eager hand;  
He gave the damsel to be led away  
By his proud comrades; the eared tripod too  
Gave them to bear; and loosed himself the steeds.

Next did Antilochus, from Neleus sprung,  
Urge his swift horses, having passed, by guile,  
And not through speed, Atrides; yet e'en so  
Did Menelaüs keep his flying pair  
Close to his adversary. And as far  
As from the following wheel a courser runs  
That straining to full speed, across the lea  
Bears lord and chariot, brushing 'gainst the tire  
With his tail's tip; so near he runs, nor wide  
The interval as o'er the broad expanse  
Of plain he speeds; so far fell Atreus' son  
Behind unblamed Antilochus; although  
Distanced at first by full a discus' cast,



He gained upon him soon; the fiery strength  
Of fair-maned Æthè, Agamemnon's mare,  
Increased apace, and if the course had lain  
Longer for both, Atrides would have passed  
The son of Nestor by, nor left the race  
In doubt. Idomeneus's valiant squire,  
Meriones, a jav'lin's throw behind  
Atrides came; the fair-maned steeds he drave  
Were slowest-paced of all; and he least skilled  
To guide his chariot in the course. Behind  
The others all Admetus' scion came,  
Dragging his splendid car, and drave his steeds  
Before him. Swift Achilles, at the sight,  
Felt moved to pity for him, and before  
His Argives rose and thus in winged words spake:

“The best of all the charioteers drives last  
His steeds of hoofs uncloven. Let us yield  
To him the second trophy, as 'tis meet,  
And let Tydides bear the first away.”

He spake, and all applauded what the chief  
Commanded; now had he bestowed the mare  
Upon Eumelus, for the Argive host  
Approved the act, had not Antilochus,  
Brave Nestor's son, stood forth, and thus appealed  
For justice to Achilles, Peleus' son:

“Achilles, great will be my wrath 'gainst thee  
If thou shalt consummate the sentence thou  
Hast just pronounced; thou art about to take  
Away my prize, consid'ring that although  
The charioteer was skilful, his swift steeds

And chariot suffered harm. He should have prayed  
Th' immortals; then had he not proved the last  
Arrival in the contest. If thou feel  
Pity for him, and thus it please thy heart,  
Within thy tent there lieth plenteous store  
Of gold, brass, cattle, maids beside, and steeds  
Of solid hoofs; of these thou well mayst take  
And give him an e'en richer bounty, now  
At once, or later, that th' Achæan host  
May praise thine action. Yet the mare do I  
Refuse to yield; let any chief who will  
Essay in fight to win her from my hands."

He spake; then smiled Achilles, brave and fleet,  
Rejoicing for Antilochus,— for he  
Was his dear friend,— and answered in winged  
speech:

"Antilochus, since thou wouldst have me bring  
Some other trophy from my tent to yield  
Unto Eumelus, also this will I  
Bring to fulfilment. I will give to him  
The corselet which I wrested from the chief  
Asteropæus,— brazen, fitted round  
With bright tin edge; a gift of worth 'twill be."

Achilles spake, and to Automedon,  
His well-belovèd follower, called, to bring  
Forth from the tent the trophy; and he sped  
And brought it; in Eumelus' hands the chief  
Placed it, and he received the gift with joy.

Then 'mongst them Menelaüs rose with heart  
Grief-stricken, burning with indignant rage

'Gainst Nestor's son. The herald, in his hands  
Placing the sceptre, bid the Argive host  
Keep silence whilst the godlike warrior thus  
Spake forth: "Antilochus, so wise esteemed  
Before, what hast thou done? Thou hast brought  
shame

Upon my prowess, checking in the race  
My steeds, and thrown thine own, inferior far,  
Before them. Come, ye couns'lors now and chiefs  
Of Greece, and judge betwixt us twain, nor show  
Favor to either party, lest the word  
Should pass throughout Achæa's bronze-mailed host:  
' 'Tis by deceit that Atreus' son hath now  
Vanquished Antilochus, and leads away  
The mare, because although far worse the steeds  
He drave, the charioteer in skill and might  
Excelled his rival.' I myself will speak  
As arbiter; no other Greek will blame  
My sentence, as I think, for it shall be  
A righteous one. Antilochus, divine  
Of nurture, stand here, as 'tis meet, before  
Thy steeds and chariot; grasp the slender scourge  
With which thou drav'st them late, and lay thy  
hand

Upon the steeds, and swear by him who shakes  
And who upholds the earth that thou didst not  
Trammel my car by wilful treach'rous art."

The wise Antilochus thus answ'ring said:  
"Restrain thine anger now, for I am far  
Younger than thou, O King; thou passest me

In years and valor both. Thou know'st what are  
A youth's excesses; nimbler wit hath he,  
Yet slender his discretion. Let thy heart  
Bear with me therefore. Freely will I yield  
The mare I won, and if thou shalt require  
Aught else, of greater value, from my house,  
This also, heav'nly-nurtured! fain would I  
Give to thee straightway, rather than to lose  
Thy favor all my days and be esteemed  
A guilty sinner by the heav'nly host."

So spake brave Nestor's son, and brought the  
steed,

And gave to Menelaüs' hands. The heart  
Of Atreus' son grew warm, like dew that lies  
Upon the growing harvest-ears in time  
Of bristling fields; so, Menelaüs, thou  
Felt thy heart warmed. In wingèd words he  
spake:

"This time, Antilochus, will I give o'er  
Mine anger — yea, though wroth,—since in the  
past

Thou ne'er wast foolish or distraught; but now  
Thy youthful spirit mastered thee. Beware  
How on the next occasion thou beguile  
Thy betters thus. None other of the Greeks  
Could thus have won me o'er, I ween; but thou  
Hast with thy noble sire and brother toiled  
And suffered much for my sake; hence will I  
Heed this thy prayer, and yield as well the steed,  
Though fairly mine, that these who see may know

I am not arrogant nor harsh of heart."

He spake, and to Antilochus's friend  
Noëmon gave the mare to lead, whilst he  
Took the bright caldron. Next Meriones,  
The fourth, as he had raced, bore off the two  
Talents of gold. The fifth prize still remained,—  
The double-handled bowl. Achilles bore  
This through the concourse of the Greeks, and gave  
To Nestor, and beside him standing, spake:

"Accept this, aged sire, and let it be  
An heirloom, to thy memory to recall  
The burial of Patroclus, whom no more  
Shalt thou behold among the Greeks; and I  
Bestow, although unearned, this trophy now  
Upon thee,— thee, who never more shalt fight  
With fists, nor wrestle; — never enter more  
The contest of the lance, nor ply thy feet  
To run; for cruel age now burd'neth thee."

He spake, and placed the gift in Nestor's hands,  
Who took it joyfully, with swift reply:

"Yea, dear son, truly all these words of thine  
Are seasonably spoken; for my feet  
And limbs are firm no more, nor do my hands  
Move freely from the shoulder. Would that I  
Were still in youthful vigor, strong in might  
As when th' Epeian populace, within  
Buprasium's walls, gave burial to their king,  
To Amarynceus. Prizes were ordained  
By the king's sons; and then no warrior there  
Was proved mine equal — of th' Epeian host,

Nor of the Pyliaus either, nor great-souled  
Ætolians. In the boxing-match I gained  
The prize from Clytomedes, Enops' son,  
And beat in wrestling the Pleuronian chief,  
Ancæus, who withstood me; I outsped  
Iphiclus, though so nimble, in the race,  
And Phyleus with the jav'lin I surpassed,  
And Polydorus. Only with their steeds  
The sons of Actor passed me — numb'ring more,  
Threw them before me, for they grudged that I  
Should win the victory; the chief prize remained  
To be awarded in this race. These two  
Twin brothers were; one guided aye the steeds,—  
Guided them constantly; the other cheered  
Them on, and plied the scourge. Yea, such was I  
In bygone days; let younger men take part  
Now in such deeds; for though I then was chief  
Among the heroes, I must now comply  
With what sad age demands. Go, bury now  
Thy comrade with due funeral honors; I  
Accept this readily, rejoiced at heart  
That thou dost aye remember me, who feel  
For thee such friendship; thou forgettest not  
To yield to me the honor which I claim  
My due among the Greeks. For this may heav'n  
Bestow its bounteous blessings now on thee."

He ceased; Achilles, having lent his ear  
To all this praise from Neleus' son, retired  
Among the dense Achæan throng; and next  
Appointed prizes for the stubbornly-

Contested boxing-match; he led and bound  
A mule within the arena, six years old,  
Unbroken, difficult to tame, but strong  
To endure labor; for the vanquished too  
Set he a chalice with two bowls, whilst he  
Arose and stood, addressing the Greek host:

“O sons of Atreus and ye other Greeks  
Well-greaved, we bid two men, the doughtiest, fight  
With fists to win these trophies, with their hands  
Well raised to deal the blow. Let him to whom  
Zeus granteth best endurance, as must be  
By all the Greeks acknowledged, lead away  
To his own tent the patient mule; the cup,  
As his reward, the loser well may claim.”

Such were his words. Then instantly upsprang  
A chief experienced in boxing, strong  
And great of frame: Epeius he was hight,  
The son of Panopeus; he laid his hand  
Upon the toil-enduring mule, and spake:

“Let him come nearer, him who is to win  
The chalice double-cupped, for I declare  
No other Greek shall lead the mule away  
By besting me in boxing, since I claim  
To be the champion. Doth it not suffice  
That in the field I am less strong? None can  
Become expert in all things. Thus do I  
Speak forth, and it shall surely come to pass:  
That I will crush my adversary's flesh  
And break his bones; and let the mourners bide  
Here in a body,— they that are to bear

That other hence when conquered by my hands."

He spake, and all sate mute and dumb. Alone  
Stood forth Euryalus, a mortal peer  
Of gods. Mecisteus was his sire — the same,  
Son of Talaüs, who to Thebes repaired  
When *Ædipus* had fallen, to attend  
His obsequies; and who had vanquished there  
All the Cadmeians. O'er Euryalus  
Labored Tydides lance-renowned, and gave  
Him words of cheer, since eagerly the chief  
Desired his triumph. Round his waist he bound  
His girdle first, next giving to his hand  
The cestus with its thongs well-trimmed from hide  
Of a field-bedding bullock. Now the twain,  
Both strongly girded, to the middle ring  
Advanced,—with sturdy arms upraised to fight  
Fell each on each at once, their mighty hands  
Mingling together; and a dreadful sound  
Of crashing jaws was heard; the sweat in streams  
Poured from each limb. Epeius the divine  
Sprang at his foe, and, as he peered around,  
He smote his cheek; nor could the victim keep  
Longer his footing; for his glorious limbs  
Sank 'neath his weight. And as, when Boreas'  
blast

Ruffles the waves, upon the weedy strand  
Forth leaps a fish, and the black billow then  
Again engulfs it; so the stricken chief  
Leapt high and fell. Great-souled Epeius' hands  
Lifted the vanquished; meantime, gath'ring 'round,



His fond companions stood, and through the throng  
Bore off Euryalus, with trailing feet  
And venting clotted blood, with head that hung  
Low to one side; and seated him — his mind  
Still stupefied — amongst them; then they went  
To fetch the double chalice as his meed.

Straightway the son of Peleus offered more  
Prizes, and showed them to the Argives — these  
The third in sequence — for the fiercely waged  
Strife of the wrestlers; as the victor's share  
A massive tripod which already hung  
Over the flames, and which among themselves  
The Greeks accounted worth twelve beeves; then led  
Into their midst a damsel who should fall  
Prize to the vanquished; versed in many arts,  
Deemed of four bullocks' worth; and rising, stood  
Erect and thus addressed Achæa's host:

“Come forward now, all ye that would essay  
This contest.” So he said; anon upsprang  
Great Telamonian Ajax; with him came  
Odysseus, he the many-counselled, skilled  
In subtle wiles. With girded loins both sped  
To the mid-space, and grasped with massive hands  
Each other's arms, as in a high-roofed hall  
The rafters, fitted by some architect  
Of high renown, are joined, to fend the blasts  
Of violent winds. The wrestlers' backs gave forth  
A cracking sound beneath the stubborn strain  
Of dauntless arms; adown their bodies streamed  
Moist sweat; and many a weal upstart, dark —

Purple with blood, on flanks and shoulders, while  
They struggled still for vict'ry and to gain  
The fair-wrought prize. Odysseus could not trip  
Ajax, nor bring him to the ground, nor he  
O'erthrow Odysseus, for that chieftain's might  
Held firm and strong. But when at length the host  
Of well-greaved Greeks grew wearied, in these  
words

Great Telamonius to his rival spake:

“Laërtes' son, Odysseus, high of birth  
And many-counselled! either raise thou me,  
Or let me do the same to thee; and all  
The issue shall in Zeus's care abide.”

He spake, and lifted up Odysseus, who,  
Forgetting not his cunning, smote behind  
The hollow of his rival's knee, and made  
His limbs sink; on his back he dropt, and fell  
Odysseus on the other's chest. The host,  
Amazed, beheld. Odysseus the divine,  
Patient in hardship, strove in turn to raise  
Ajax aloft, and slightly from the ground  
Stirred him, yet could not lift him up, but bent  
His knee; and both of them together fell  
To earth, and were defiled with dust. And then  
For the third time had they upris'n to strive  
In wrestling; but Achilles' self stood now  
Forth to restrain their eagerness, and spake:

“No longer struggle thus, nor wear away  
Your strength in toil; for victory belongs  
Alike to either party. Then receive

Prizes equivalent, and go your way  
To let the other Greeks contend." He spake;  
They heard, and, readily complying, donned  
Their tunics, having wiped their dusty stains.

Then instantly Pelides offered more  
Prizes for fleetness: first, a silver bowl,  
Cunningly wrought; in volume it would hold  
Six measures, and its beauty was supreme  
O'er all the spacious earth. Sidonian hands,  
Cunning in works of skill, had forged it; then  
Men of Phœnicia o'er the darkling deep  
Had brought in their fleet, to place it there  
In a Greek port. To Thoäs then they gave  
The vessel as an off'ring; Jason's son,  
Euneüs, then bestowed it on the brave  
Patroclus to redeem Lycaon, child  
Of Priam, from captivity; and now  
The son of Peleus offered it a prize  
In memory of his comrade, to be won  
By him who in the test of flying feet  
Should prove the swiftest. As the second's meed  
He set a bullock vast of bulk and sleek  
With fat, while he that came the last should gain  
A gold half-talent. Then the chieftain rose  
And stood erect, addressing the Greek host:

"Ye would strive to gain this trophy, rise."  
So spake the hero; instantly upsprang  
Oïleus' son, fleet Ajax, and as well  
Crafty Odysseus; Nestor's son beside,  
Antilochus, he who in speed surpassed

All other youths. And now in single line  
They ranged themselves; the limit of the race  
Achilles pointed; and at straining speed  
The rivals hastened from the mark; and soon  
Ajax, Oileus' son, advanced before  
The others; close the great Odysseus pressed  
Behind. As when a graceful woman strains  
The shuttle to her bosom whilst her hands  
Draw woof-thread through the warp; — the shuttle  
lies

Close to her breast; e'en thus Odysseus sped  
Close after Ajax, striking with his feet  
The footprints of Oileus's son before  
The dust had veiled them; the pursuer's breath,  
As nimbly forward aye he sped, was blown  
O'er Ajax' head. Loud shouted all the host  
Of Argos, eager for his triumph, while  
They cheered him as he flew. And when the twain  
Were traversing the last course, suddenly  
Odysseus supplicated Pallas, queen  
Of lustrous eyes, to grant his heart's desire:

“Hear me, O goddess! Come and lend my feet  
Thy potent aid.” Thus prayed he, and his prayer  
Was heard by Pallas. She endowed his limbs,  
His feet, his hands, with suppleness; and when  
At length they were about to rush to grasp  
The trophy, Ajax stumbled as he ran —  
For Pallas tripped him — at the spot where lay  
In heaps the dung of lowing bullocks slain  
In memory of Patroclus by the fleet

Achilles; and his mouth and nostrils filled  
With the beeves' filth. The much-enduring brave,  
Odysseus, bore away the bowl, since he  
Proved the first comer; whilst famed Ajax seized  
The bullock, and stood grasping with his hands  
The rustic creature's horn, and spewing forth  
The filth, and thus before the people spake:

“Woe me! it was the goddess tripped my feet,  
Who, mother-like, hath ever in time past  
Stood as a helper by Odysseus's side.”

He spake; all laughed at him right merrily.  
And now the son of Nestor bore away  
The last prize, and spake smiling to the throng:

“I tell you all, my friends, though ye yourselves  
Are well aware of it, that even now  
Th' immortals honor elder men. For, while  
Oileus' son surpasses me in age  
But slightly, yet Odysseus here is both  
Of earlier stock, and from an elder race  
Of men descended; 'one who has attained  
A green old age,' men call him; yet hard task  
It is for any Argive, save the son  
Of Peleus, to outrival him in speed.”

So said he, paying compliment to fleet  
Achilles, who acknowledged it and spake:

“Such praise, Antilochus, shall never be  
Giv'n unrewarded; thou shalt have beside  
From me a gold half-talent.” Saying thus,  
The hero placed the treasure in the hands  
Of Nestor's son, who took the gift with joy.

Next into the arena Peleus' son  
Bore a long-shadowing lance, a casque and shield,  
And laid them down; — Sarpedon's armor, torn  
From him by Menœtiades. Once more  
Achilles rose and stood before the throng:

“ We bid two champions, whosoe'er may be  
Bravest, to don their mail and take in hand  
The jav'lin, sharp to sever flesh, and test  
Each other's mettle here before the host  
To win these trophies. He that first shall strike  
The comely flesh, and graze the entrails through  
The armor and the dark blood, shall receive  
From me this broadsword, silver-studded, fair,  
Of Thracian workmanship; the same I reft  
Once from Asteropæus. Both may wear  
This armor jointly, and for both I'll spread  
Within my tent a bountiful repast.”

He spake; and Telamon's gigantic son,  
Ajax, upstarted, and Tydides too,  
Brave Diomed; the champions, having donned  
Their mail on either side the throng, now came  
Together in the mid-space, eager both  
For battle, with ferocious looks; and all  
Th' Achæans saw, amazed. And when the chiefs  
Had come within close range, three times they  
sprang  
Each upon each, and thrice from nigh at hand  
Hurled shafts. Then Ajax pierced his foe's round  
shield,  
Yet attained not the flesh, for the cuirass

Beneath it well defended him. Meanwhile  
The son of Tydeus, reaching o'er the edge  
Of Ajax' massive buckler, with the tip  
Of his bright lance strove evermore to graze  
The other's throat. And now at length the host  
Of Greeks, in fear for Ajax, bade the twain  
Give o'er the fight, permitting both to take  
Their equal trophies; yet Achilles gave  
To Tydeus' son to bear away, with sheath,  
And baldric fairly trimmed, the massive brand.

Achilles next proposed a further prize,—  
An iron quoit, rough-cast, which in old days  
Eëtion hurled, the strong; Pelides, fleet  
And brave, on slaying him, brought it in his barks  
With other treasures. Now before the Greeks  
Uprose Achilles once again and spake:—

“ Rise, ye contestants for this trophy, now:  
For even though the winner's fertile lands  
Stretch far away, this iron at his need  
Shall serve him five revolving years; for he  
That tends his master's sheep, or he that tills  
His plough-lands, need not wend to town for lack  
Of iron; 'twill be ready at his hand.”

He spake, and Polypœtes, staunch in fight,  
Instantly rose; Leonteus next, the strong  
And godlike; Telamonian Ajax too  
And brave Epeius. When they now were ranged  
In order there, Epeius the divine,  
Grasping the mass of iron, swung it round  
And hurled it, 'mid the laughter of the host

Of Greeks. And after him Leonteus, sprung  
From Ares, cast it; then from his strong hand  
Great Telamonius threw the weight, and passed  
The others' marks. But when the warrior-chief,—  
When Polypætēs, seized the quoit,— as when  
A herdsman hurls his shepherd's crook; it flies  
Far whirling 'mong the kine; so far it sped  
Beyond the whole arena; and the throng  
Shouted aloud. Then stood the men-at-arms  
Of the strong Polypætēs forth, and bore  
To their deep barks the trophy of their king.

For archers next the chief proposed a prize  
Of violet steel; ten axes laid he down  
Of double edge, and ten of single; then  
Raised he a blue-prowed galley's mast afar  
On the sea-sands, and, by a slender line  
That caught her by the foot, to this made fast  
A timid dove, at which he bade them wing  
Their arrows. "He who with his shaft shall strike  
The dove, may lift, and carry homeward, all  
The double axes; whoso hits the line,  
Missing the bird — as being less expert —  
May have the single axes for his share."

He spake, and lordly Teucer, strong in might,  
Stood forth; Meriones as well, the brave  
Friend of Idomeneus. The bowmen cast  
Lots in a brazen helmet; Teucer drew  
The prior place, and instantly he sped  
An arrow in triumphant pride, nor made  
Vow to the Archer-king to slay to him



Of firstling lambs a noble hecatomb.  
The bird he missed, for Phœbus grudged that he  
Should victor prove; yet smote the cord, beside  
The foot, that held her; and the bitter shaft  
Cut it; the bird soared heav'nward, and the line  
Dropt loosened to the ground. The Argives filled  
The air with cheers. And now from Teucer's hand  
The Cretan quickly seized the bow; and long  
He held the arrow, aiming it; and made  
Immediate vow to yield the Archer-lord  
Of first-born lambs a glorious hecatomb.  
There far aloft beneath the clouds he spied  
The timid dove; and fairly 'neath the wing  
His arrow smote the circling bird. The dart  
Pierced her, and dropping at the archer's feet  
Plunged into earth. The bird, upon the mast  
Of the dark-blue-prowed vessel sinking, hung  
Her head; her wings drooped heavily; and fled  
The swift soul from her limbs. To earth she fell,  
Afar from where he stood; and wonder filled  
The Greeks as they beheld. The Cretan raised  
From where they lay the double axes all,—  
Numb'ring twice five,—and Teucer to the barks  
Bore off the single axes as his meed.

Next into the arena Peleus' son  
Brought a huge lance; a caldron too by fire  
Untarnished yet, embossed with blossoms, prized  
As worth a bullock. Now the chieftains skilled  
With lances rose; the sov'reign wide of sway,  
Atrides, and Meriones, the bold

Attendant in Idomeneus' train;  
To whom Achilles, great and fleet, thus spake:  
" O son of Atreus,— for we know how far  
Thou dost surpass all others, and dost hold  
The foremost place in strength and skill to wield  
The jav'lin,— take this trophy and repair  
Unto thy spacious barks. We give the bold  
Meriones the lance, if in thy heart  
Thou dost consent; for I advise it so."

Achilles spake, and Atreus' son, the king,  
Assenting, gave Meriones the brand  
Of bronze; and rendered to the herald's hands,—  
Talthybius's,— that prize beyond compare.



## BOOK XXIV

### THE RANSOM AND BURIAL OF THE BODY OF HECTOR

Achilles continues to ill-treat the body of Hector, dragging it about the tomb of Patroclus, but Apollo keeps the body fresh and uninjured. At a council of the gods Apollo censures Achilles' behavior as barbarous and unnecessary; Zeus rejects as impracticable the proposition to steal the body from Achilles, and sends Iris to summon to him Thetis, that she may use her influence upon her son to accept ransom for the body. Iris finds Thetis lamenting among her sister-deities of the sea; and returns with her to Zeus, who commands Thetis to visit her son, announcing to him the anger of the gods at his refusal to restore the body of Hector. This Thetis does, and gains her son's consent to a ransom; meanwhile Iris, at Zeus' command goes to bid Priam seek in person the Greek ships, bringing treasure to Achilles to be accepted in exchange for the body of his son. Priam reports Iris' message to Hecuba, who in vain seeks to dissuade him from such an errand. At Priam's command a mule-wagon is harnessed, in which is placed a splendid collection of gifts—robes, tripods, talents of gold, etc. The king, having made prayer and libation, answered by Zeus with the omen of a black eagle, sets out attended by only one herald, following the treasure-car in his chariot. Zeus sends Hermes to attend them and conduct them in safety to Achilles; Hermes joins them in the guise of a royal youth, answers the king's

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questions as to the body of his son, and induces the pair to accept his services as guide; he lulls to sleep the Greek sentries, and conducts Priam to Achilles' tent. The Trojan king enters and entreats Achilles' mercy, reminding him of the misery of his own aged father, and implores to be allowed to take the body of his son to Troy for burial. Achilles in pity consents; the two lament together. The treasure is brought into the tent; Achilles commands that Hector's body be washed and anointed; it is placed by Achilles himself upon a bier, which is then raised upon the car to be borne back to Troy. He regales Priam with a feast, and prepares couches for the visitors. At Priam's petition Achilles grants an eleven days' cessation of hostilities to permit the burial. Admonished by Hermes, Priam prepares to return; Hermes again guides the Trojans unseen through the Greek camp, and they return to Troy, bringing the body with them upon the wagon. Their coming is first marked by Cassandra; the people throng from the city to meet them. The lament for the dead is led by Andromachè, who bewails her impending fate and that of her son; by Hecuba, and last by Helen, who recalls the generous and kindly treatment of herself by Hector. The people labor for nine days to bring wood for fuel; the body is consumed upon a pyre; the flames having been quenched with wine, the bones are gathered and laid away in a shrouded urn; a mound of stone is heaped over the grave; after which the people feast in the hall of Priam in honor of the dead.

BOOK XXIV

**D**ISMISSED was now the gath'ring, and the  
host

'Mongst the swift vessels scattered, to prepare  
Their eventide repast and find delight  
In sweet repose. But yet Achilles, filled  
With thoughts of his dear follower, mourned, and  
sleep,

All-conqu'ring, could not master him, for still  
To and fro tossed he on his couch, and yearned  
For his Patroclus' manliness and might,  
Recalling all the labors which beside  
His friend he had achieved,— the grievous pains  
Endured with him; the warfare with strong men,  
The bitter billows traversed; — things like these  
Achilles recollected and let fall

A welling tear. Anon the warrior lay  
Upon his side, now prone, and now with face  
Upturned; then rose and stood erect, with mind  
Distraught, and wandered by the ocean's strand  
Aimlessly circling round. Nor did he fail  
To mark the break of day, when dawned its gleam  
O'er sea and shore; but yoking his swift steeds  
Upon his car, he bound behind it fast  
Hector to drag along, and thrice around  
His dead friend's tomb he haled him; then took rest  
Within his tent and left the warrior there

Stretched prone in dust. Yet did Apollo keep  
Defilement from the Trojan's flesh; — his heart  
Mourned for him e'en in death; and o'er him hung  
His golden ægis, keeping every part  
By all the outrage of his foe untorn.

Thus did the Greek humiliate in his ire  
The noble Hector; whilst the blissful host  
Saw with compassion; and they strove to move  
The conqueror of Argus, sharp of sight,  
To steal away the corpse. The others all  
Approved it; yet it pleased not Hera so,  
Nor yet Poseidon, nor the bright-eyed maid  
Athena; stubbornly endured their rage,  
Since sacred Ilium from the first became  
Hateful to them, and Priam and his race,  
Through Alexander's folly, who rebuffed  
Those goddesses, when 'mongst his herds they fared,  
Praising that other; and to him she gave  
That evil-fraught indulgence. Now when day  
Dawned for the twelfth time after this, thus said  
Phœbus Apollo to the deathless host:

“Cruel destroyers are ye, gods! Hath then  
Hector ne'er made burnt-off'rings in your sight  
Of thighs of beeves, and flawless goats? Yet, slain  
Although the warrior be, ye do not dare  
To succor and restore him to the eyes  
Of wife, child, mother; of his sire as well,—  
E'en Priam, and his people, who would soon  
Burn on a pyre, with fitting rites, their slain.  
Rather, O gods, would ye become allies

Of Peleus' son, the baleful,— him whose soul  
Harbors no justice, in whose breast there dwells  
Unbending purpose; fierce and wild of mood  
As lion, that obedient to the call  
Of his strong might and hardihood, assails  
The flocks of mortal men, his food to seize!  
So in Achilles' breast hath perished all  
Pity; he hath no more a sense of shame,  
That bane, yet benefit, to humankind.  
Another man may well have lost a friend  
Dearer — a brother, from the same womb sprung,  
Or son,— but though with sighs and tears, will yet  
Relinquish the departed one; for fate  
Giveth men's hearts to bear their woes; but he,  
Having destroyed the noble Hector, binds  
The body to his car to drag around  
His dear friend's tomb. From such a deed nor gain  
Nor glory can ensue; we well may be  
Wroth with him, valiant as he is; for 'tis  
But senseless earth his rage abuseth so."

Indignantly returned the white-armed queen:  
"Silver-bowed archer! such might be thy speech,  
Were ye to honor in a like degree  
Both Hector and Achilles. Yet the one  
Is but a mortal, suckled at the breast  
Of woman; but Achilles is the child  
Of a divinity whom mine own hand  
Nourished and cherished,— whom myself I gave  
As wife to Peleus — to a mortal well  
Beloved of heav'n; and all ye gods did share



The nuptial feast. Yea, thou thyself, ally  
Of impious sinners, ever faithless! thou  
Didst dine among the others, lyre in hand."

Then spake the Cloud-compeller: "Be not  
wroth,

Hera, with us of the celestial band;  
It will not be permitted both to share  
The selfsame glory; yet was Hector too  
The most endeared to heav'nly hearts, of all  
Mortals in Ilium — to myself as well,  
Since ne'er did he omit to render me  
Well-pleasing gifts — feasts, off'rings' savor sweet,  
Or outpoured wine; such honors as we claim  
As our prerogative. But all design  
To steal away the noble dead must be  
Abandoned; ne'er can we elude the sight  
Of Peleus' son, who night and day attends  
Like mother on him. If some god would call  
Thetis to come to me! that I might speak  
Words of wise counsel unto her, and so  
Achilles might accept redemption-gifts  
From Priam, and might render up the slain."

So spake he; tempest-footed Iris sped  
To bear the message; and, midway between  
Samos and Imbros' rock-bound isle, she sprang  
Into the sombre main, whilst, closing round  
Her form, the waters roared. Into the deep  
She sank as sinks a leaden weight, made fast  
To a field-bedding bullock's horn, to bring  
Death to voracious fish. There Iris found

Within her hollow grotto Thetis, while  
The other goddesses that rule the main  
Sate clustered round her; and amongst them she  
Bewailed her brave son's destiny; for fate  
Decreed his fall in fertile Ilium, far  
From his own country. Close to Thetis' side  
Stood the fleet-footed Iris, and thus spake:

"Thetis, arise; for Zeus, whose counsel fails  
Never, doth summon thee." Then answered thus  
Celestial Thetis of the silver feet:

"Why doth the great god summon me? I dread  
To mingle with the deathless ones; my heart  
Hath woes uncounted. Yet I go; whate'er  
He saith, his words shall never fruitless be."

So spake the peerless deity, and took  
Her dusky veil — no robe of deeper dark  
Hath ever been — and sallied forth, whilst fleet  
Iris, whose pace is as the wind's, before  
The goddess, guiding, walked; about their feet  
The sea-waves parted. Scaling now the high  
Headland, they leaped into the heav'ns, and found  
Chronus' far-seeing son; around whom sate  
All of the rest — the blissful heav'nly band  
That know not death. There Thetis took her place  
Beside her father Zeus, for Pallas made  
Room for her there; and Hera in her hand  
Set a fair golden cup, and cheered her heart  
With words of tenderness; and Thetis quaffed  
And gave the chalice back; whilst thus the sire  
Of gods alike and mortals 'gan to speak:

“ Celestial Thetis, thou hast sought our mount  
Olympian, though in sorrow; for thy heart  
Harbors a grief, as well I know, that yields  
No respite; none the less will I proclaim  
Why I have called thee hither. Nine days strife  
Hath ris'n among th' immortals o'er the slain  
Hector, and him that razeth city-walls,  
Achilles; and the others call upon  
The conqueror of Argus, sharp of sight,  
To steal the body; yet do I accord  
This honor to Achilles; since I fain  
Would hold thy rev'ence and thy friendship still  
In after-time. Now instantly repair  
Unto the camp, and thus enjoin thy child:  
Tell him the gods are wroth with him; that I,  
Especially among th' immortals, feel  
Angered, that in insensate rage he keeps  
The Trojan's body by the curvèd barks,  
Denying ransom. Haply will he fear  
My wrath, and ransom Hector; I meantime  
To Priam, the magnanimous, will send  
Iris, and give command to him to speed  
To the Achæan ships, to purchase there  
His son's redemption, bringing off'rings to  
Achilles, in the hope to melt his heart.”

He spake, and Thetis of the silv'ry feet,  
Celestial, disobeyed him not, but sprang  
Adown the peaks Olympian, till she came  
To her son's lodging. There she found the chief  
Groaning incessantly; his friends around

With busy haste were laboring to prepare  
The morning meal; within the tent a huge  
And fleecy ram had just been sacrificed.

Beside her son the queenly mother sate,  
And said, as she caressed him with her hand:

“How long, my son, wilt sit and eat thy heart  
Away with plaint and grief, whilst food and rest  
Are all forgot? 'Tis blessed yet to share  
The couch of love with woman; for not long  
Shall thy life last, mine own! but even now  
Do death and fate, the all-subduing, stand  
Close to thy side. Now quickly lend to me  
Thine ear; to bear the words of Zeus I came.  
He saith, the gods are wroth with thee; that he,  
Especially 'mong th' immortals, feels  
Anger, that in insensate rage thou keep'st  
The Trojan's body by the curvèd barks,  
And hast denied him ransom. Come, release  
Him now — accept redemption for the slain.”

Achilles, fleet of foot, thus answ'ring spake:

“So let it be, then; let the man who brings  
The ransom, bear away the dead, if thus  
Th' Olympian's self commands, and wills it so.”

'Twas thus that there among the gathered barks  
The son and mother talked of many things  
In swift-winged words. But Chronus' son mean-  
time

Sent Iris forth to hallowed Ilium's walls:

“Speed thee, swift Iris; leave th' Olympian  
throne,

And bid the great-souled Priam seek the barks  
Of Argos, there redeem his son, and bring  
The body back to Ilium. Bid him take  
Gifts to Achilles, thus to melt his heart;  
Alone — no other man of Troy must fare  
With him; except some herald ripe of age  
Who shall attend the king, to guide the mules  
And firm-wheeled car, and back to Ilium bring  
The corse of him whom great Achilles' hand  
Despoiled of life. Let Priam feel no fear  
Nor dread of death; a potent escort we  
Will grant him, ev'n the slayer of Argus, who  
Shall guide him onward, till he bring him nigh  
Achilles. When the king is led within  
His lodge, Achilles will himself refrain  
From slaying him, and hold in check the hands  
Of all the rest; he is not one to prove  
Rash, inconsiderate, or offending — nay,  
Right graciously will he a suppliant spare."

He spake; storm-footed Iris sped to bear  
The word, and came to Priam's hall. The sound  
Of mourning greeted her; within the court  
The sons sate round their sire; with tears they  
stained

Their robes. Amongst them there the ancient king  
Close folded in his mantle lay; and strown  
O'er head and neck was filth which with his hands  
He gathered, as he rolled in anguish. Through  
The house his daughters and his sons' wives made  
Lament, as they recalled to memory all

The numberless and brave that by the hands  
Of Argos' sons had perished. By the side  
Of Priam Zeus's envoy took her stand,  
And low-voiced said, whilst trembling seized his  
frame:

“Take heart, Dardanian Priam; let not fear  
Oppress thy heart; I come not to forecast  
To thee disaster,—rather with intent  
To do thee kindness. Tidings do I bring  
From Zeus, who, though enthroned afar, doth feel  
For thee compassion, and doth mourn thy woe.  
It is th' Olympian's will that thou redeem  
The noble Hector, taking gifts with thee  
Unto Achilles, thus to melt his heart;  
Alone — no other man of Troy must fare  
With thee; except some herald ripe of age  
Who attend thee and shall guide the mules  
And firm-wheeled car, and back to Ilium bring  
The corpse of him whom brave Achilles' hand  
Despoiled of life. Thyself need feel no fear  
Nor dread of death; a potent god shall be  
Thine escort; — e'en the slayer of Argus, who  
Shall guide thee onward, till he bring thee nigh  
Achilles. When thou shalt be led within  
His lodge, Achilles will himself refrain  
From slaying thee, and hold in check the hands  
Of all the rest; he is not one to prove  
Rash, inconsiderate, or offending — nay,  
Right graciously will he a suppliant spare.”

Fleet Iris spake, and went her way. The king

Unto his sons gave order to prepare  
The strongly-wheeled mule-wagon, and make fast  
The box upon it; then descended to  
His scented high-roofed cedar chamber, where  
Full many treasures lay contained. He called  
Unto his consort, Hecuba, and spake:

“ My hapless wife, an envoy hath appeared  
To me from Zeus Olympian, bidding me  
Repair to the Greek galleys and redeem  
My beloved son, and bring the Argive chief  
Gifts that may move him. Quickly answer now  
This that I ask — how doth the errand seem  
To thine own judgment? For myself, my mood  
And spirit strongly counsel me to fare  
Through the wide Greek encampment to the barks.”

He ceased; she wailed aloud, and answ'ring cried:  
“ Ah, whither hath the wisdom taken flight  
For which of yore, 'mong strangers as among  
Thy subjects, thou wert famed? How wouldst  
thou go

To the Greek ships alone, and meet the sight  
Of him,— that man, the slaughterer of thy sons,  
So numerous and so valiant? Sure, thy heart  
Is iron; for should that barbarian, fierce  
And faithless, once behold thee with his eyes  
And seize thee, he will neither feel for thee  
Rev'rence nor pity. Sit we now apart  
Here in our hall, and mourn; since potent fate  
Spun Hector's life-thread at his birth,— the hour  
I brought him forth,— decreeing he must feed,

Far from his parents, the swift dogs, beside  
That cruel foe, whose liver I would fain  
Clutch and devour; thus only my son's wrongs  
Could be avenged. Not playing any part  
Of coward slew he him, but standing fast  
To shield the Trojans and the Trojans' wives,  
Deep-bosomed, and regardless utterly  
Of 'scaping the encounter or of flight."

But aged Priam of the heav'nly face  
Made answer thus: "Nay, seek not to restrain  
My wish to go; nor prove thou here within  
My house a bird of evil-boding; nay,  
Thou canst not move me; if from any else,  
From any earthly mortal, this command  
Had come to me,—from prophet, seer or priest,  
We might account it falsehood, and still more  
Should turn from such behest; but now, since I  
Myself have heard the deity and seen  
Her face, I go; the utt'rance shall not prove  
A fruitless word. If I must perish there  
Beside the barks of Argos' bronze-robed host,  
Such is my will; for Peleus' son would take  
My life, the while I clasped within these arms  
My child, contenting my desire for tears."

He spake, and raised the rich lids of the chest,  
And lifted thence twelve mantles, passing fair;  
Twelve single robes, and coverlets, the same  
In number, and twelve splendid cloaks; beside  
As many tunics; adding half a score  
Talents of gold, well weighed. And next he drew



Forth two bright tripods; caldrons four; and last  
A chalice, exquisite, a gift received  
By Priam from the Thracians when they came  
On embassy; — a glorious treasure; yet  
Not even this the old man chose to spare  
To adorn his halls, but yearned with his whole heart  
To buy his loved son's ransom. Now he drave  
Forth from his porticos the gath'ring throng  
Of Trojans, as he chid them with harsh speech:

“Ye worthless slanderers, begone! Hath grief  
No place within your own homes that ye came  
Hither to trouble me? Or did ye deem  
It trivial, that on me Chronides Zeus  
Hath bestowed sorrows,—hath destroyed my child,  
Most brave? Ye also shall appreciate soon  
Your loss; for your Achæan foes will find  
Your own destruction now a lighter task,  
Since he is gone. For me, I crave to pass  
To halls of Hades ere mine eyes behold  
The spoil and devastation of our walls.”

So spake the king, pursuing, rod in hand,  
The throng of idlers; forth they fled before  
The old man's eager rage. With loud reproof  
He called his sons, upbraiding Helenus,  
Paris, and Agathon divine of mien:  
Pammon, Antiphonus, and, great in call  
Of war, Polites, and Deïphobus,  
Hippochoüs too and high-born Dius; nine  
The father called with stern rebuke, and spake:—

“Speed ye now, sluggard sons of mine that bring

Such shame upon me! Would that all of you,  
In Hector's stead, beside the speeding barks  
Together had been slain! Woe me, whose fate  
Is hapless quite! The bravest sons had I  
In all broad Troy; not one is left, I ween:—  
Mestor, the godlike; Troilus, in fight  
Of chariots famed; and Hector, 'mong his kind  
A very god,—not seemingly the child  
Of mortal, but of deity; all these  
Hath Ares slain; the infamous survive,—  
Deceivers, dancers, in the choral ring  
Alone excelling,—here at home the thieves  
Of lambs and kids! You, will ye not prepare  
My wagon quickly, heaping all these things  
Upon it, that our way be traversed soon?"

He ceased; in terror at his taunts, the sons  
Now lifted forth the van new-framed and fair,  
Firm-wheeled and shaped for mules; and next bound  
fast

The box upon it. From its peg they took  
The mule-yoke down, all wrought of boxwood, set  
With knob, and fitted well with rings; and brought  
Forth with the yoke its band of cubits nine  
In length. And next they set the yoke with care  
Upon the smooth pole's tip, and shot the ring  
Over the pin; then thrice they passed the band  
From either side about the knob and tied  
It firmly, turning down the end. And next  
Forth from the chamber brought they, and in piles  
Ranged on the polished wain, the boundless store

That should buy Hector's ransom; yoking then  
The pair of mules strong-hoofed and taught to toil  
In harness, which the men of Mysia gave  
Once as rich gifts to Priam; and led last  
The steeds of Priam, 'neath the yoke — the steeds  
Kept for his own use by their sire and fed  
At well-planed mangers by the king's own hand.

So now within the lofty halls the king  
And herald yoked their coursers, with their minds  
Intent on subtle counsels. Meantime drew  
Nigh them the anguished Hecuba. She bore  
In her right hand a golden chalice brimmed  
With wine of honeyed sweetness, that the two  
Might make libation ere they went. Before  
The chariot-steeds she took her stand, and spake:—

“Take now, and make libation to our Sire,—  
To Zeus,— and pray him that ye safely fare  
Homeward from 'mongst the enemy, since thus  
Thy spirit bids thee seek the fleet, though I  
Have wished it otherwise. But supplicate  
Chronides, wrapt in sable clouds, whose throne  
Is upon Ida, him whose gaze commands  
All Ilium; and entreat him that he send  
An omen, his swift courier, of all things  
That fly most cherished by himself, and most  
Endowed with strength, to soar on thy right hand,  
That thou, beholding with thy very eyes  
The signal, mayst in confidence proceed  
Forth to the galleys of the Greeks, that drive  
Swift steeds. But should the far-seeing king decline

To lend his messenger, then ne'er would I  
Thereafter urge or counsel thee to seek  
The Argive ships, though eager were thy heart."

And thus did Priam of the godlike face  
Make answer: "O my wife, I will not fail  
To heed this charge; 'tis good to crave of Zeus  
Compassion, and uplift to him our hands."

The aged monarch spake, and gave the word  
To the attendant stewardess to cast  
Clear water o'er his hands. With vase she stood  
And water, nigh him, and he laved his hands  
And took the chalice from his spouse. Within  
The middle of the court he stood, and spake,  
Pouring the wine, and raised to heav'n his eyes:—

"O Father Zeus, that rul'st from Ida's crest,  
Greatest, most glorious thou! vouchsafe that I,  
When unto Peleus' son I come, may gain  
The warrior's welcome and compassion. Send  
A sign too, thy swift courier, him of all  
Winged creatures strongest and by thine own heart  
Best loved, to soar on my right hand, that when  
Mine eyes behold, I trustfully may seek  
The galleys of the Greeks that drive swift steeds."

Thus prayed the king; and Zeus the Couns'lor  
gave

Heed to his prayer; and instantly he sent  
His hunting eagle of the marshes, known  
Likewise as "dappled"—of all flying things  
Most certain. Wide as is the door that guards  
The high-roofed chamber of a rich man, fast

Secured with bolts; so far to either hand  
His pinions spread; he seemed to them to dart  
Above the city on the right. The sign  
They marked exultantly, and all their hearts  
Were warmed within them. Now with eager speed  
The old man mounted the bright car, and drove  
Forth from the porch and corridor that rang  
With many an echoed sound. The mules before  
His chariot drew the four-wheeled wain; these bold  
Idæus drove; behind, the coursers came,  
Urged on athwart the city at full speed  
By aged Priam, who pursued their flight  
With blow of lash; and following came the throng  
Of friends, in sorrow, as for one that fared  
Forth to his death. When from the city now  
They had descended, and had gained the plain,  
The sons and sons-in-law, returning, passed  
Back unto Troy. But Zeus's far-seeing eye  
Marked their approach as forth to view they came  
Upon the plain; the aged monarch's sight  
Filled him with pity; instantly he called  
Hermes, his dearly-cherished son, and spake:

“Hermes,—since 'mong the host immortal thou  
Especially delightest to attend  
Upon mankind, and hearken'st to the prayers  
Of whom thou wilt,—make haste; be Priam's guide  
Unto the hollow barks of Argos, so  
That none may see,—no other Argive mark  
His presence, till Achilles' side he gain.”

So spake he, and the courier, he that slew

Argus, obedient, bound beneath his feet  
His shapely sandals, all ambrosial, wrought  
Of gold, which bore him with the wind's breath o'er  
Limitless land and watery wave; and took  
The rod with which th' enchanter charms to rest  
The eyes of men at pleasure, and awakes  
Others from slumber; bearing this in hand,  
The conqu'ror strong of Argus flew, and gained  
The Troäd and the Hellespont, and sped  
Forth on his quest; a princely youth he seemed  
With youth's first beard, in youth's most winsome  
years.

When Priam and his follower now had left  
Ilus' great burial-mound behind them, there  
Within the stream they stayed the mules and steeds,  
That they might drink; for darkness now o'erspread  
The lands. As Hermes now approached their side,  
The herald marked him and to Priam spake:

"Beware, O son of Dardanus; for here  
Is matter for a cautious mind. I see  
A man who, so I trow, may quickly bring  
Us both to utter ruin. Let us seek  
Escape within our chariot, or embrace  
The hero's knees, and his compassion crave."

He spake; the aged man, in mind distraught,  
Was fear-struck; on his bending limbs the hair  
Rose, as he stood all dazed. Approaching came  
The Helper's self, and clasping by the hand  
The ancient monarch, questioned him, and spake:

"Whither, O sire, dost thou direct thy steeds

And mules athwart the ambrosial darkness, while  
Other men slumber? Dost thou then not fear  
The fury-breathing host of Greece, so nigh,  
Thy mortal enemies? If one of these  
Should mark thee, through the swift-descending  
gloom

Bearing such store of riches, what would be  
Then thy recourse? For thee, thy prime is past,  
And thine attendant here is old, nor can  
Shield thee against an enemy whose rage  
Shall rise against thee first. I will not harm  
Thee, sire, and I will keep from thee the hands  
Of others; like my father dear art thou."

Then aged Priam of the heav'nly mien  
Answered: "These things are as thou say'st, dear  
son;

Yet verily some god hath stretched a hand  
O'er me to shield, who at such happy time  
Hither hath sent, to meet me on my way,  
A trav'ler such as thou; for both in face  
And form thou'rt wondrous, and in mind discreet;  
Surely from blessed parents art thou sprung."

The guide, victorious over Argus, thus  
Answered: "Yea, all thy words, O ancient sire,  
Are opportune. Yet answer what I ask  
Truly: art thou dispatching all this store,  
So vast and rich, to foreigners, to bid  
For thee unharmed? or is't that all your host  
Is now abandoning Troy's sacred walls  
In fear, since such a warrior, the most brave

Of all, thy son, is slain? for in no wise  
He yielded to the Argives in the fray."

Then ancient Priam of celestial face  
Returned: "Who art thou, noble youth, and who  
Thy parents? for thou mentionest the fate  
Of my poor son so tenderly to me."

The guide, the vanquisher of Argus, thus  
Rejoined: "Thou then wouldst test me, ancient  
sire,

By questioning of great Hector. Oftentimes  
Within th' ennobling conflict have mine eyes  
Beheld him chase and slay beside their barks  
The Argive masses, whilst we others stood  
Amazed; for Peleus' son forbade that we  
Should share the battle, since his anger burned  
'Gainst Atreus' son. His man-at-arms was I;  
The same staunch galley brought us; of the race  
Of Myrmidons I came; my sire is hight  
Polyctor; rich is he, advanced in age  
Like thee. Six other sons hath he, and I  
Am seventh. 'Mongst us lots were cast; it fell  
To me to follow hither. Now have I  
Come plain-ward from the barks; for, when the day  
Shall dawn, the quick-eyed Argives shall engage  
The fight around the city; for they chafe  
At loit'ring here; no longer can their chiefs  
Keep back the eager warriors from the fray."

Then aged Priam, heavenly-featured, made  
Answer: "If thou indeed a follower art  
Of Peleus' son, Achilles, tell me then



Th' entire truth — is still my son beside  
 The barks, or hath Achilles hewn him limb  
 From limb and tossed him to the dogs for food?"

The guide, the Argus-slay'r, returned once more:  
 " Father, nor dogs nor birds have made repast  
 Upon thy son; still lies he there beside  
 Achilles' galley in the camp; and o'er  
 Him, lying there, twelve times hath dawned the day;  
 Yet uncorrupted is his flesh; the worms,  
 That devour warriors felled in flight, refrain  
 From spoiling. Though, when dawns the sacred  
 light

Of day, his conqueror hales him ruthlessly  
 Round his loved comrade's burial-mound, no harm  
 Doth he to him. Thyself, shouldst thou go nigh,  
 Shouldst see with joy how dewy-fresh he lies,  
 All cleansed of blood and nowhere stained; and  
 sealed

Are all his piercèd wounds; for many a hand  
 Cast lance against him. Thus the blissful ones  
 Of heav'n — for he was cherished in their hearts —  
 Slain though he be, still for thy brave son care."

He ceased; the ancient king, rejoicing, spake  
 In answer thus: "'Tis well, my son, to yield  
 Th' immortals seasonable off'rings, since  
 My child, if e'er he lived indeed, was ne'er  
 Unmindful, in his hall, of them that hold  
 Olympus; therefore even in his death  
 Do they remember him. But come, receive  
 From me this splendid tankard; shelter me

And guide me, with the help of heav'n, until  
I shall have gained the tent of Peleus' son."

The guide, victorious over Argus, spake  
In answer: "Thou dost tempt me, father, who  
Am younger; yet canst not induce me thus  
Without Achilles' knowledge to receive  
Treasures from thee. I fear him, and at heart  
I am ashamed to plunder him, lest harm  
Befall me in the future. Yet would I,  
E'en to famed Argos, willingly attend  
Thee as thine escort, in thy speeding bark  
Or following thee on foot; and then no man,  
Scorning thy guide, should come to blows with  
thee."

The Helper spake, and sprang with instant speed  
Into the car behind the steeds; his hand  
Grasped lash and reins; now breathed he noble fire  
Into the mules and coursers. When they gained  
The moat, and neared the tow'rs that fenced the  
fleet,

The sentry-bands were laboring to prepare  
E'en then their evening meal. O'er all their eyes  
The guide, the vanquisher of Argus, shed  
His slumb'rous spell; and straightway shot aside  
The bolts and oped the portals, leading in  
King Priam with the glorious off'rings piled  
Upon the wain. When now they had come nigh  
The lofty lodge which Myrmidonian hands  
Had built for Lord Pelides of hewn beams  
From fir-trees, and had roofed with shaggy reeds

Mown from the meadow, and encircled all  
The place with palisades close-set around  
A spacious court;— a single bolt held fast  
The door, a spar of fir-wood, which required  
Three Argives' strength to push home, and to raise  
The portal's pond'rous bar, three more;— I mean,  
Of th' other Greeks; Achilles' single hand  
Sufficed to shoot it to its place;— then he,  
Hermes the Helper, for the aged king  
Undid the portal, and conveyed within  
The glorious gifts for Peleus' son, the fleet,  
And now, dismounting from the chariot, spake:—

“ O aged man, a god immortal I  
Have come to thee, e'en Hermes; Father Zeus  
Gave me to be thine escort. Yet I now  
Must backward take my way, nor meet the eye  
Of Peleus' son; 'twould be a cause for blame  
For deathless deity in open wise  
Thus to serve mortals; enter thou, and clasp  
Pelides' knees; conjure him by his sire,  
His fair-tressed mother and his infant;— so  
Mayst thou to pity stir Achilles' heart.”

So Hermes spake, and now departing, passed  
To high Olympus. Priam leapt meantime  
Down from his chariot, leaving in his place  
Idæus, who remained to stay the steeds  
And mules. On went the aged king and gained  
The dwelling where Achilles, loved on high,  
Was wont to sit; and there within he found  
The hero's self. His comrades sate apart;

Two only,— these: Automedon the strong,  
And Ares' offshot, Alcimus,— beside  
Their master labored busily. But late  
From food and drink he had desisted; still  
Beside him stood the table. All unseen  
By these great Priam entered; to the side  
Of Peleus' son approached he close and clasped  
His knees, and kissed those dread and deadly hands  
That slew so many of his sons. As when  
Ruinous folly, dense and dark, comes o'er  
Some man, who having in his native land  
Taken another's life, is driv'n to roam  
To strangers' haunts, and in some rich man's hall  
Seeks shelter, whilst amazement, at his sight,  
Fills them that gaze — Achilles marveled so  
To see the godlike face of Priam, while  
The rest dumbfounded stood, and cast their eyes  
Round on each other. In entreating tones  
Priam invoked the chieftain, and thus spake:

“ O godlike chief, bethink thee of thy sire,  
Whose years have numbered e'en as mine,— who  
stands

Upon old age's mournful threshold, while —  
Thus it may be — his foemen all around,  
His neighbors, vex him; none hath he to save  
From strife and slaughter. None the less, whene'er  
He hears that thou art still alive, his heart  
Is glad, and daily hopes he to behold  
His loved son coming back from Troy. But I  
Am hapless quite. The bravest sons were mine

In all broad Ilium; now not one of these  
Is left me. Fifty numbered they when came  
The sons of Greece; nineteen of them were sprung  
From the same womb; the rest my consorts bore  
Within my mansions. Raging Ares made  
The limbs of most to sink in strife; but him  
Who was mine only hope,— who stood to shield  
The city and its populace,— thou but late  
Hast slain while battling for his fatherland,  
E'en Hector. For his sake I visit now  
Th' Achæan galleys, to redeem from thee  
His body, and I bring unbounded store  
Of ransom. But, Achilles, rev'rence now  
The gods, and show compassion unto me,  
Rememb'ring thine own father; I am more  
Hapless than he, and have endured a thing  
No other earthly mortal could,— to press  
To mine own lips my son's destroyer's hand."

'Twas thus he spake, and stirred Achilles' heart  
To grief for his own father; and he clasped  
The aged monarch by the hand, and pressed  
Him gently from him. So they mourned; the one,  
Mindful of man-destroying Hector, wept  
Incessantly, and rolled in dust before  
Achilles' feet; Achilles too shed tears  
For his own father, and again for lost  
Patroclus; through the palace rang the groans  
Of both. But when the godlike Greek at length  
Had had his fill of grief, when yearning passed  
From limbs and senses, straightway from his seat

He sprang, and clasped the aged ruler's hand  
And raised him, pitying his white beard and hair,  
And thus to him in wingèd accents said:

“ Ah, hapless! surely hath thy spirit borne  
Uncounted woes. How couldst thou dare to come  
To the Greek barks alone, and meet the eyes  
Of him that hath destroyed thy sons, so brave  
And numerous? Thou indeed must bear a heart  
Of iron. Come and take thy place upon  
This seat, and let us leave our grief to lie  
Buried within our hearts, though sorrowing; chill  
Lament can yield no gain; the gods have spun  
Such fate for hapless humankind — to live  
In woe, while they themselves can know no care.  
Upon the threshold of our Father stand  
Two earthen jars of gifts — one brimmed with ill,  
Such as the god bestows; and one replete  
With blessings. He to whom the pow'r that joys  
In thunderbolts assigns a mingled share,  
Encountereth now woe, now weal; but he  
To whom is giv'n a gift of dole, is made  
To suffer; o'er the sacred earth he roves,  
Pursued by ravenous hunger, and esteemed  
Neither by gods nor mortals. Even thus  
The gods to Peleus from his birth-hour gave  
Rich gifts; for first was he of all man's race  
In wealth and opulence, governing as lord  
The Myrmidons; and an immortal bride  
Was giv'n to him, a mortal. None the less,  
E'en upon him did heav'n bestow a share

Of ill, because no sons of kingly line  
Were born within his house; he had one child,  
Doomed to an all-untimely end. His age  
I cannot comfort; far from mine own land  
Here must I sit in Troy, and trouble thee,—  
Thee and thy sons. Thou also, ancient sire,  
We hear, wert well-endowed of yore; through all  
The lands that Lesbos, Macar's seat, confines,  
Lying to northward; all that Phrygia holds  
Beneath it, and the Hellespont, whose tide  
Knoweth no bounds, thou, aged sire, wert chief  
In opulence and in offspring both. But since  
The dwellers in the skies have brought on thee  
This bane, forever round thy city-walls  
Is strife and carnage of thy people. Stay  
Thy sorrows now, nor longer let thy heart  
Know unabated grief; thou canst achieve  
Naught by thy mourning for thy valiant child,  
Nor raise him back to life; ere that could be,  
Yet other sorrows thou must needs endure."

Then ancient Priam of the godlike face  
Returned: "Nay, heav'nly-nurtured! ask me not  
To rest upon the seat, whilst Hector lies  
Neglected there amid thy tents; but speed  
To set him free, in order that mine eyes  
May look upon him, and accept the store  
Of ransom which we bring thee. Mayst thou find  
Joy in these things, and gain thy fatherland  
In safety, seeing thou hast permitted me  
To live and look upon the light of day."

The swift Achilles frowningly replied:  
" Cease longer thus to chafe me, aged king;  
It is mine own will to release to thee  
Thy Hector. Unto me an envoy came  
From Zeus,— e'en she that bore me, she the child  
Of the old ocean-lord. And in my heart  
Full well discern I, Priam, nor canst thou  
Elude me, that some god conducted thee  
To the swift Argive barks. No mortal else  
Would venture, e'en though in full youthful prime,  
Into our camp; for ne'er could he evade  
The sentinels, nor readily unbar  
The bolt that keeps our portals. Then forbear  
To stir my soul to sorrow longer, sire;  
Else may I haply leave thee not unscathed  
Within my tents here, suppliant though thou art,  
And thus commit offence 'gainst Zeus' behests."

He spake; the old man tremblingly complied;  
And now Pelides, as a lion springs,  
Sprang from the doorway,— not alone; for two  
Attendants followed: brave Automedon  
And Alcimus, of all his men-at-arms  
Most honored by the hero after slain  
Patroclus. From the yokes they freed the steeds  
And mules, and brought the aged monarch's crier,  
The herald, in, and gave him place upon  
A stool. And next from out the polished wain  
They brought the boundless treasures that should  
free  
Hector. Two mantles left they there, beside



A woven tunic, for the prince to fold  
About the corse of Hector ere he gave  
To be conveyed to Ilium. Peleus' son,  
Calling his serving-women, bade them bathe  
And well anoint the slain, first having raised  
Hector from where he lay, to be unmarked  
By Priam, lest the father, when he gazed  
On his dead son, no longer might restrain  
The anger in his sorrowing heart, and then,  
Infuriated, Peleus' son might take  
His life, and violate our Sire's commands.  
And when the damsels now had washed the slain,  
Anointing him with oil, they folded round  
His form a splendid cloak and tunic; then  
Pelides lifted him with his own hands  
Upon the bier, and with his followers raised  
This to the polished wain. Achilles called  
The name of his dear friend, and moaned aloud:  
"Be not thou wroth with me, Patroclus, there  
In Hades where thou dwell'st, if word shall come  
To thee that I have rendered to his sire  
The noble Hector, since he proffered me  
A ransom not unseemly; and of this  
Will I apportion thee thy fitting share."

So spake the noble chieftain; then once more  
Passing within his tent, he sate upon  
The sumptuously-carven chair whence late  
He had risen, set against the wall,  
And facing Priam, saying thus to him:

"Thy son, at thy command, O ancient sire,

Hath been released to thee, and now he lies  
Upon the bier. As soon as dawns the day,  
Thyself shall see and bear him hence; but now  
Let eventide refreshment be our care.  
E'en Niobè, the golden-haired, denied  
Not hunger's call, though in her palace fell  
Slain her twelve children,— thrice three daughters,  
sons

As many, in the very flow'r of age  
And strength. The sons Apollo, winging darts  
Forth from his bow of silver, slew, in rage  
'Gainst Niobè; the daughters by the hand  
Of Artemis, the arrow-show'ring maid,  
Perished, because the mother dared to vie  
With fair-cheeked Leto, saying Leto bore  
Two children only, whilst from her had sprung  
A numerous progeny; and therefore they,  
Being but two, slew all. For nine days' space  
They weltered in their blood; nor any hand  
Was there to bury them; Chronides turned  
Their people into stones; but when at last  
The tenth morn dawned, the gods celestial gave  
Them burial. Yet did Niobè give heed  
To appetite when with the rain of tears  
She had grown spent. And now, I ween, some-  
where

Among the crags, amid the lonely steeps  
Of Sipylus — the hills where, we are told,  
The nymphs celestial bed, that by the tide  
Of Acheloüs tread swift measures — she,

Though turned to stone, broods ever o'er the ills  
Sent by the gods. Then let us also now,  
Divine and venerable king, give heed  
To food; then mayst thou bear thy noble child  
Within the walls of Troy, and make lament  
For him, o'er whom shall many a tear be shed."

So spake the hero, and upstarting slew  
A ram of shining fleece. His serving-men  
Flayed it, and soon with busy toil prepared  
The victim; first they cut with practiced hands  
The flesh to pieces, fixing these upon  
The spits, then roasted these with patient art  
And drew all off once more. Automedon  
Took of the bread and portioned it arround  
The board in dainty trays, whilst Peleus' son  
Distributed the meat; the guests upon  
The viands thus prepared laid eager hands.  
And when desire for food and drink had passed,  
Dardanian Priam, looking on the chief,  
Marveled; so tall, so fair was he, he seemed  
Godlike. Achilles likewise, gazing on  
Dardanian Priam, wondered to behold  
His noble mien and hear his words. But when  
Both princes now had had their fill at last  
Of gazing each on each, the aged king,  
Divine of presence, was the first to speak:

"Heav'n-nurtured warrior, suffer me to gain  
My couch with speed, that we may both seek rest,  
Reclined in peaceful slumber. Ne'er beneath  
Their lids mine eyes have closed, since Hector fell

Slain by thy hand, but aye I groan and brood  
O'er myriad sorrows, rolling in the mire  
Of the closed court-yard. Now at length have I  
Tasted of food, that had till now not passed  
My lips, and down my throat poured gleaming  
wine."

So spake the monarch; and Achilles bade  
His handmaids and his serving-men prepare  
Couches within the portico and place  
On them rich blankets, purple-dyed, o'erspread  
With coverlets above, and over all  
To lay the woollen mantles that should fold  
The slumb'rer. From the dining hall, their hands  
Bearing the torch-light, passed they, and with speed  
Prepared two couches; while with bant'ring words  
Thus to his guest the fleet Achilles spake:

"Dear, venerable father! take thy rest  
Without the lodge, lest hitherware should fare  
Some Grecian couns'lor — one of those who aye  
Come to sit by me to unfold their plans,  
As is their right. Should one of those espy  
Thee through the black swift-sinking night, he soon  
Would make report of it to Atreus' son,  
The people's shepherd; thus delaying thee  
In ransoming Hector. Answer me and tell  
Truly: What space of days will serve thy need  
For honoring with solemn rites the brave  
Hector? Inform me, that I may abide  
Here meantime, and restrain my warriors' hands."

Then aged Priam of the heav'nly face

Replied: "If then, Achilles, thou consent  
 That I grant Hector burial-rites, 'twill be  
 An act to win my gratitude. Full well  
 Thou art aware how we of Troy are pent  
 Within our city-ramparts, and 'tis far  
 To fetch wood from the hills. Our men, beside,  
 Dread the task sorely. Thrice three days would we  
 Lament the dead at home within our halls,  
 And on the tenth inter him, and ordain  
 A banquet for the populace; and raise  
 To him a mound th' eleventh day; and on  
 The twelfth day battle, if there shall be need."

Replied Achilles, fleet of foot and brave:—  
 "This shall be done, O venerable King!  
 E'en as thou biddest; such space will I hold  
 The strife in check, as thou enjoimest me."

So having ended thus his words, the chief  
 Clasped at the wrist the ancient man's right hand,  
 That he might fear no harm. They passed to  
 rest,—

The herald and the Trojan king,— within  
 The vestibule before the lodge, their minds  
 Busied with subtle plans. Achilles took  
 His own repose within the inner part  
 Of his fair-fashioned dwelling; by his side  
 The damsel fair of cheek, Briseïs, slept.

All night the other gods, and men with steeds  
 And battle-chariots, soundly slept, o'ercome  
 By balmy slumber; yet the pow'r of sleep  
 O'ercame not Hermes, Helper named; his thoughts

Were busied with devising how to bring  
King Priam from the galleys, yet unseen  
By the divine port-wardens. O'er the head  
Of Priam Hermes took his stand, and spake:

“Regardless quite thou seemest, ancient lord,  
Of threatened harm; so soundly slumb'rest thou  
'Mongst enemies, since 'twas permitted thee  
By Peleus' son. Thou hast indeed redeemed  
Thy son, and giv'n great treasure; yet for thee,  
A living captive, they,— thine offspring left  
Behind in Troy,— a threefold price should yield,  
Should Agamemnon, son of Atreus, come —  
And all the Greeks — to know thy presence here.”

He spake; the old man, terrified, aroused  
The herald. Hermes coupled soon the steeds  
And mules for them, and swiftly his own hand  
Guided them through the camp again, unseen  
Of any. When beside the ford they came  
Of that fair river, eddying Xanthus, sprung  
From Zeus th' undying, Hermes took his way  
Toward high Olympus, leaving them; and morn,  
The saffron-mantled, spread o'er all the lands  
Her radiance. Toward the walls they drave the  
steeds,

Groaning and sighing ever; the mules bore  
The dead. Ere any of the men of Troy,  
Or the fair-girdled dames, save her, had marked  
That they were nigh, Cassandra, beautiful  
As golden Aphrodite, saw, from where  
She had climbed high on Pergamus, the sire

She loved, as in his car he stood beside  
The herald who so oft had sent his call  
Throughout the city; and she recognized  
The dead man lying on his bier, and borne  
Along by mules. She raised her voice and cried  
Aloud, till all the city heard the sound:

“Trojans and Trojan wives! Ye shall behold  
Hector, if ye will come; if e'er your hearts  
Were glad of yore to see him as he came  
Back from the fight alive,—of Ilium's town  
And all her populace the delight and joy.”

'Twas thus she spake; no man, no woman, now  
Lingered within the walls; on every heart  
Fell woe too bitter to be borne. They pressed  
About the gates to meet their king, who came  
Bringing the dead. And first the cherished wife  
Of Hector, and his queenly mother, sprang  
To reach the well-wheeled wain, the while they tore  
Their locks, and touched the warrior's brow; whilst  
round

The people thronged, lamenting. All the day  
Till the sun sank, would they have mourned the  
slain

Before the city-portals, and shed tears,  
Had not the ancient king, from where he sate  
Within his chariot, spoken to the throng:

“Yield me the way; permit the mules to pass;  
When I have borne him to my hall, ye may  
Mourn as ye list.” He spake; they stood apart,  
And to the funeral-wain gave place. Within

Those far-famed halls his bearers bore the chief,  
And laid him on a piercèd couch, and round  
The body seated singers trained to lead  
The funeral-song; sad strains they chanted, while  
With sighs the women echoed them. 'Mongst these  
Began white-armed Andromachè to weep  
And wail aloud, the while she pressed the head  
Of Hector, slay'r of men, betwixt her hands:

“ This life hast thou departed, husband mine,  
Still young, and in thy dwelling hast left me  
Bereaved, and him, still but a babe, the child  
Of us, ill-fated parents. He, I ween,  
Will ne'er attain to manhood's strength; before  
That time can come, this city shall be made  
An utter desolation, now thou art  
No more, its sentinel, that didst defend  
Its gates, and in security didst keep  
Its faithful wives and tender babes! Those wives  
Soon in the wide hulls of the ships must be  
Borne hence,— I with the rest; and thou, my child,  
Shalt either follow where I go, and then  
Be set to labor, 'neath the eye of some  
Remorseless master, at ignoble tasks;  
Or else some Greek will seize thine arm and fling  
Thee from a watch-tow'r to a fearful end —  
Some man infuriate for a son or sire  
Or brother slain by Hector. Many a brave  
Of the Greek host bit dust within the grasp  
Of Hector, seeing that in the dolorous strife  
No gentle temper showed thy father; hence



The city's populace mourn him. Hector, thou  
 Hast brought upon thy parents woe and grief  
 Unspeakable; and there remain for me  
 The bitt'rest pangs of all — for thou couldst not  
 From thy death-bed extend to me thy hands,  
 Nor speak an earnest word which I might aye  
 By night and day remember, whilst I wept."

So sighed she through her tears; the women make  
 Answer with groans. Amongst them Hecuba,  
 With voice all choked with sobs, began to weep:

"O Hector, whom of all my sons I most  
 Tenderly cherished! Loved wert thou on high  
 Whilst yet thou livedst; the gods have cared for thee  
 E'en in thy death. For all my other sons,  
 Whome'er he captured, fleet Achilles sold  
 Beyond the desolate salt sea, to pass  
 To Samos, Imbros, Lemnos, where the air  
 Is dim with smoke-wreaths. But for thee, when  
 once

His long-edged brazen shaft had robbed thy frame  
 Of life, he dragged thee many a time around  
 The tomb of him, Patroclus,— of his friend,  
 Whom thou hadst slain; yet could not thus succeed  
 In raising him to life; now dost thou lie,  
 All dewy-fresh, like one but newly sent  
 To death, within the hall; thou hast the face  
 Of one whom Phœbus, silver-bowed, hath slain,  
 Stealing upon him with his painless darts."

So spake she, as she wept; the others' hearts  
 Were stirred to ceaseless sorrow. Third and last

Among them, Helen raised the plaintive strain :

“ Hector, most precious far to me of all  
The brethren of my spouse — since I am wed  
To heav'nly-featured Paris, him who brought  
Me hither unto Troy! Alas, that I  
Should not have perished ere that hour! For now  
The twentieth year arrives since thence I came,  
Leaving my native land. Yet ne'er have I  
Heard from thee taunt nor censure; but when they,  
Those others, in our palace-halls would cast  
Reproach upon me — any of thine own  
Brothers, thy sisters, or thy brothers' wives,  
Clad in their sumptuous attire, or she,  
Thy mother — for thy sire was ever mild  
To me as any father,— thou wouldst speak  
Persuasively to calm them, and wouldst curb  
Their insults with those gentle words of thine,  
And kindly presence. Now at once for thee  
And for myself, the hapless, must I weep  
With aching heart; in all wide Ilium now  
No friend have I, none to be kind — they all  
Abhor me, shudder at the thought of me.”

So wept she, the vast multitude around  
Sighed as they heard. The aged Priam now  
Spake to his host: “ Now, Trojans, ye must bring  
Fagots within the walls; and let your hearts  
Harbor no fear of treach'rous ambush laid  
By Argives; Peleus' son assured me, while  
Sending me from his sable ships, that he  
Would nowise harm us till the twelfth day came.”

He spake; and soon they yoked the mules and  
steers

To wagons, and assembled with all speed  
Before the city-portals. Thrice three days  
They labored, bringing wood in boundless store.  
But when the tenth day's radiance shot its beams  
On mortal men, then, shedding tears, they brought  
Brave Hector from the city, laid the dead  
Upon the summit of the pyre, and cast  
The brand to wrap him in a blaze. When day,  
Early-born, rosy-fingered, dawned, the host  
Now gathered round famed Hector's pyre. When  
all

Were met, first poured they wine, bright-gleaming,  
o'er

The pile, where'er had spread the flames, to quell  
Their furious strength; and then in sorrow,  
gleaned —

Brethren and followers — the white bones, whilst  
tears

Coursed down their cheeks. The ashes placed they  
then

Within a golden urn, and wrapped soft folds  
Of purple round it, laying it away  
In a deep grave, and heaped above it stones  
Many and massive. Thus with busy speed  
Reared they the mound; around on every hand  
Sat sentinels to watch lest, ere the task  
Should be completed, they should be assailed  
By the well-greavèd Greeks. So having raised

The tomb, to Troy returned they all; and soon  
Gathered within the hall of Priam, reared  
Of Zeus, and shared a bountiful repast  
In honor of the dead; and thus it was  
They buried Hector, tamer of the steeds.

THE END







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